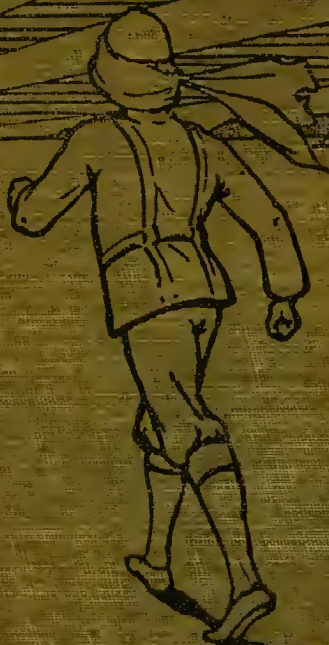


ASIA

To The Golden East!



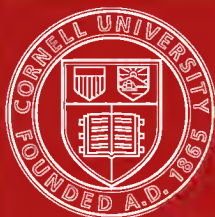
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Hubert
Holliday.

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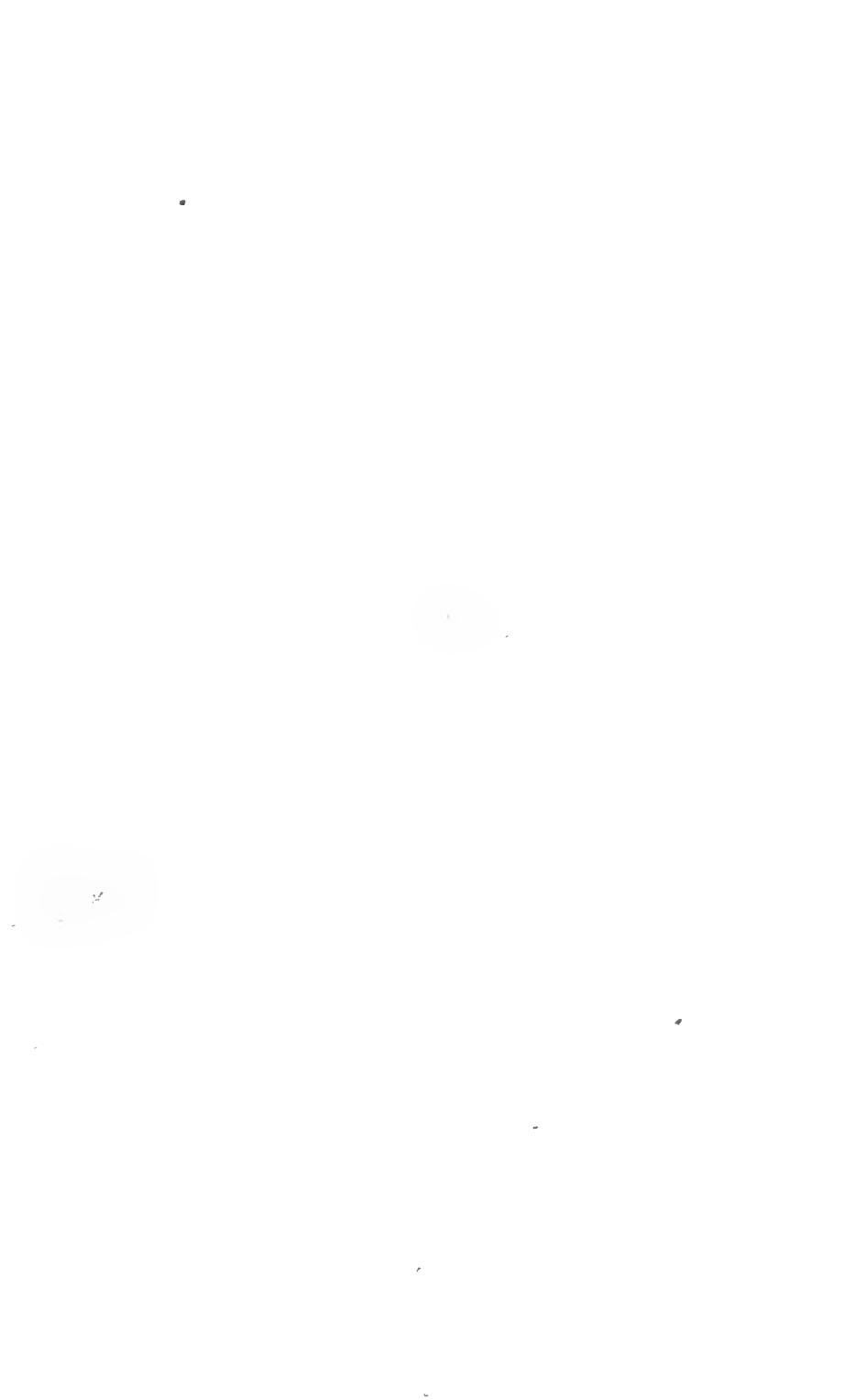
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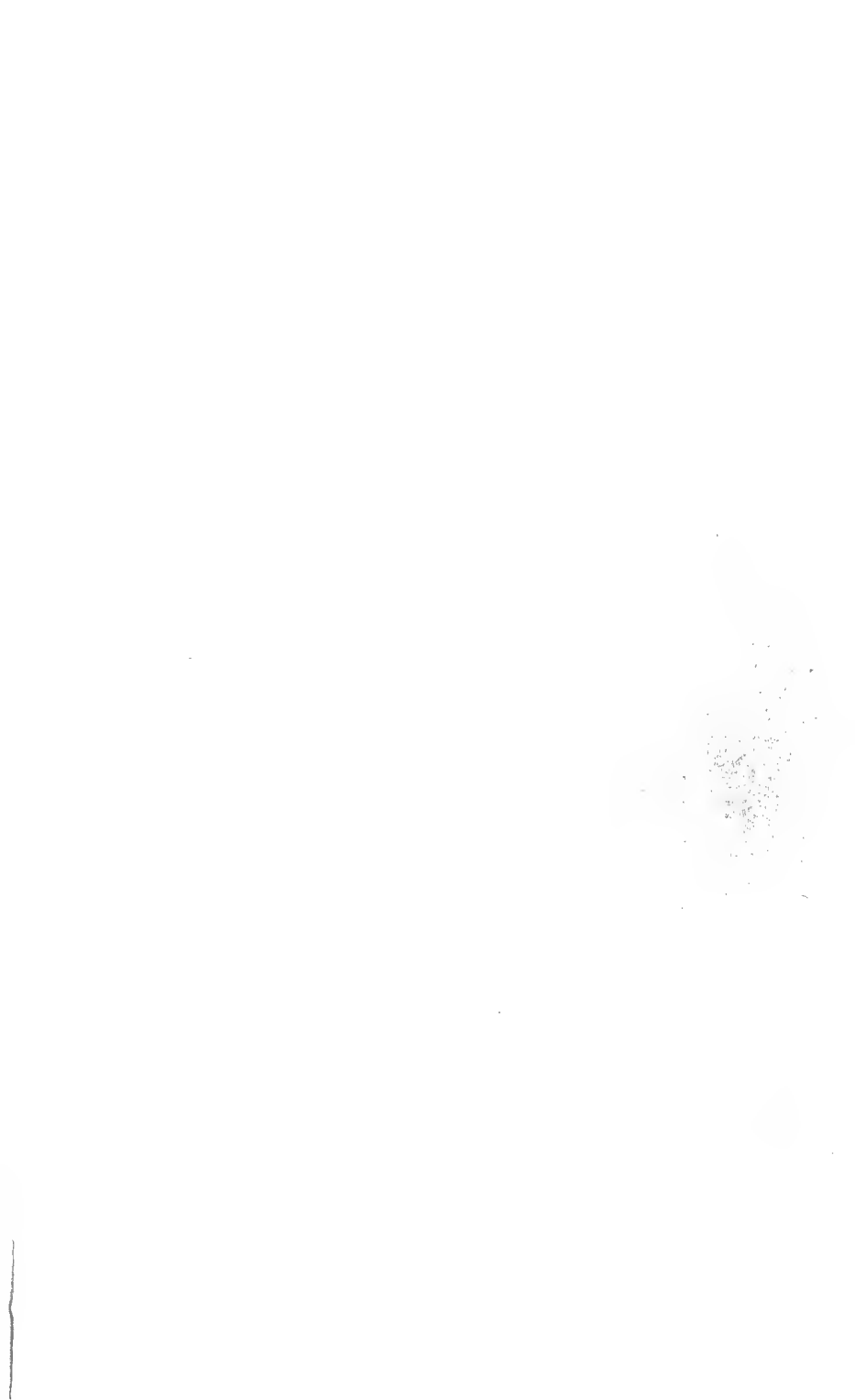


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TO THE GOLDEN EAST.







Yours faithfully
Hubert Holliday

TO THE GOLDEN EAST.

Being a résumé of the author's experiences in

INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, &c.

WITH NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.

By

HUBERT HOLLIDAY.

A. N. WALLACE, PRINTER,
KILMARNOCK.

1904.

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TO MY FATHER.

" There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
" And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
" Singing :—' Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
" ' And your English summer's done.'

" You have heard the beat of the off shore wind
" And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ;
" You have heard the song—how long ! how long ?
" Pull out on the trail again !

" Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
" We've seen the seasons through,
" And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
" Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

"

" O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light '
" That holds the hot sky tame,
" And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powered floors
" Where the scared whale flukes in flame !

" Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
" And her ropes are taunt with the dew,
" For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
" We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new."

Rudyard Kipling.

" And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth died out on my lips
" As I thought of the *fools like Pagett who write of their ' Eastern trips,'*
" And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land,
" And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand."

Rudyard Kipling.

PREFACE

AND AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

SHOULD anyone venture to read this work they will hardly fail to notice its egotistical tone. The constant use of the first person is certain to be found appalling. But while admitting this and other faults in this early effort the Author claims that, by his treatment, events—opinions—descriptions carry more weight, for they are easier to understand and come like words from a speaker's lips.

The Author is fully aware that much of the ground he covers is old, but the object of this work—so arduous in the compiling—is chiefly to enlighten those of his friends—by far the great majority—who from one cause or another have never quitted these islands. The whole work is a true chronicle of an actual voyage, and the writer believes that such information as reached him second-hand is on the whole reliable. Any errors that may have crept in the Author will be pleased to have pointed out.

Before laying aside his pen the writer feels bound to thank his many friends at home and abroad who, through their assistance—consciously and unconsciously—have amply lessened the labour and increased the value of this little book. Especially the Author's thanks are due to Mr. Charles F——, Captain E——, and his Officers and Engineers. And for much valuable information the "Calcutta Guide Book" is responsible.

KILMARNOCK,

June 3rd, 1904.

S.S. "GLAMORGANSHIRE."

THE "Glamorganshire" was built at Sunderland in 1900, by the Sunderland Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., and engined by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd., of the same town.

Length, 376 feet ; breadth, 48 feet ; depth, 40 feet ; displacement, 6,800 tons.

Speed, about 10 knots.

Engines—triple expansion condensing, having cylinders 25, 42, and 70 in. diameter by 45 in. stroke.

Diameter of Propellor Shaft, 13 in.

Diameter of Propellor over blades, 17 ft. 6 in.

Boilers—two in number, of the multi-tubular marine type, supplying steam to main engines at 190 lbs. per sq. in.

Saloon and First-class State Rooms lighted with electricity, supplied at 60 volts by a small "Castle" dynamo, by J. H. Holmes & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

STAFF :—				NATIONALITY :—	
Captain, Chief, 2nd, and 3rd Officers	...	...	...	} <i>British.</i>	
Chief Engineer and three Assistants	...	...	...		
Stewards—two	...	...	...		
Carpenter	...	...	...		
Quartermasters—four	...	...	...	} <i>Malays or Phillipinos.</i>	
Sailors, Firemen, Greasers, &c., about 35	...	...	...		
in all	...	...	...	} <i>Chinese.</i>	

EASTWARD HO!

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—GIBRALTAR ROCK—PORT SAID—COALING—THE SUEZ CANAL—PORPOISES—ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHTS—SUEZ.

IT was on the 13th of January, 1902, that the S.S. "Glamorganshire" left London, bound for the far East, taking with her three saloon passengers, of whom I was one.

We enjoyed a remarkably smooth passage for the time of year to our first calling place, Port Said, the worst of the weather being a few hours rolling in the Bay of Biscay.

On January the 19th, at about 1 p.m., we entered the Gibraltar Straits, passing the famous Rock within a quarter-of-a-mile. The day, unfortunately, was hazy or I could have photographed the fortress, called by some the Key of the Mediterranean. Be this as it may, only a few years have elapsed since the French Mediterranean Squadron slipped through by night, lights out, and, unknown to us, lay ready to fall upon the Channel Fleet.

The view of the Rock from the seaward was impressive. Streaming vapour wreaths partially obscured the higher

Eastward Ho!

parts, and to the casual observer the Rock presented an appearance not widely differing from other rocks, save only its vast size and curiously formed peak, that rises ridge-like from base to summit. Seen with the naked eye there is little to suggest the presence of men or guns, either on or in the Rock, but a glass reveals the cunningly contrived apertures from which artillery can command the whole strait. Britons should be thankful that this stronghold was regained before the days of perfected ordnance rendered it impregnable.

About nine, on the evening of the 27th, we made the Port Said revolving light, and an hour or so later the lights of the town lay in a flickering line on the horizon. At length the engines stopped, and, in response to our signal of a blue light, a pilot launch was quickly alongside. The pilot took charge, and, moving slowly between a double line of light-buoys, we entered the harbour, where, amid a deal of shouting, clanking of chains, and rattling of winches, we were made fast to the quay wall.

The Port Said authorities are fearful lest disease should be spread in the town by rats from infected vessels; they therefore enforce the use of a "rat screen" on all cables with which ships are moored. These screens are simply flat discs of sheet iron some two feet in diameter, which, fitting round the cable, effectually exclude the rodents—at all events the non-swimmers. The authorities, it should be stated, are careful to make a small charge for the use of the screens, which thus serve a double purpose.

By the time the "Glamorganshire" was moored it was eleven o'clock, but turning-in was obviously useless as the operation of coaling was to begin at once. The sight was

a novel one. Every ounce of coal was carried on board by hand. The workers were all Arabs, and if I may so say, they worked like niggers.

In an incredibly short space of time several large coal-lighters were alongside, and from these a number of planks were laid up the ship's side. Torches flared at various points, lighting up one of the weirdest sights imaginable. Up the planks in a never-ending stream swarm the sinewy, brown Arabs, smothered in coal dust, each bearing on his shoulders a basket of coal, perhaps a hundred-weight. Passing on to the bunkers they shoot their coal down the hatch, and return to the lighter by another system of planks, often flinging the baskets before them and bounding down the last plank with a wild unearthly yell. As they work they chant strange guttural songs, and these, the flickering torches, noises of shovelling and dropping coal, the whole enveloped in a sickening pall of coal dust, form a remarkable picture, not easily forgotten.

If necessary, vessels can be coaled at a rate of 400 tons per hour, entirely by hand, but I cannot say what number of men are required for this. The "Glamorganshire" took 650 tons in about 4 hours, and, at a rough estimate there were about 150 men on the job; but ours was only an ordinary case, devoid of all hurry.

I got a very fair snap-shot of a pair of Arabs coming over the side; these were taken early in the morning when the work was almost finished, but give an idea of the method of working.

Port Said itself, as a town, presents little or no attraction to the traveller. It consists of a good street on the water-front and a lot of minor streets of uninviting appear-

Eastward Ho !

ance. The Arab portion is, however, quite distinct from the European quarter. Among the most prominent buildings are the offices of the Suez Canal Company, the Eastern Exchange, a Store and Hotel combined, and the Custom House. A fine bronze statue of Lesseps erected on the western breakwater indicates with extended arm the entrance to his great achievement, the Suez Canal. The population of the town numbers some 42,000.

At 9 a.m. we cast off, and as we moved slowly towards the canal, had our last glimpse of Port Said under the blazing African sun. The fine lines of a vessel lying on our port quarter attracted my attention; it was the P. & O. Co.'s fast mail "Isis," sister ship to the "Osiris;" these boats ply between Port Said and Brindisi at an average speed of 22 knots, covering the distance in about 37 hours.

Passing the Canal Co.'s Offices and the Custom House, opposite which a small white Italian gunboat lay at anchor, we glided into the famous canal.

The Suez Canal, part of which is artificial, and part natural lakes, runs for a distance of some eighty miles through a low-lying, sandy plain, broken only here and there by heaps of salt and a few shallow, salt water lakes. Much of the banks is retained by stone embanking, but in places the sand alone serves to keep in the water. The average width is roughly fifty or sixty yards, though in some places much wider.

On the western bank runs a railway, connecting Suez with Port Said, while a few scanty trees are planted along this bank at intervals. A maximum speed of only five knots an hour is permitted, and each time two ships meet



*Port Said—The Harbour.
The Suez Canal Co.'s Offices in the distance.*

one of them must make fast to allow the other to pass. For this purpose there are stopping stations at regular intervals all the way, and by hoisting certain signals at these stations vessels are instructed which is to make fast. Preference is generally given to mail boats and those on government service. It was remarkable too, that the "Glamorganshire," for some reason or other, was each time compelled to give way.

The scenery of the canal is by no means beautiful, and there is a sameness about it that soon palls upon the eye. Occasionally a couple of *dahabiehs* slide lazily by, the dark-skinned Arabs at the tiller languidly regarding the great iron ship with her churning screw; or rarer still, a man goes by on the back of a swaying camel. The silence is always profound, save when a train passes with rattle and rush, amid a cloud of hot sand.

Sometimes at sundown a large herd of camels is to be seen returning with their attendant Arabs from the constant work of repairing the banks. Here and there a dredger is at work, not of the type seen on our English rivers, but designed to work near the side discharging the mud on to the open desert by means of a pipe some thirty yards in length.

Porpoises are very plentiful in the canal, and have a curious habit of moving along a few yards ahead of vessels in the manner of an escort. I spent some time watching their antics in company with my fellow-passengers. The water being rather opaque the creatures are not easily seen until they leap, which they do with astonishing regularity. As you watch a huge grey torpedo-shaped object shoots from the water close under the bows and vanishes with a

Eastward Ho!

sounding plunge, only to repeat the performance a few minutes later. The porpoises in the canal often attain to a large size and are very fat; of those I saw the largest may have been ten or twelve feet long, and not less than two-and-a-half feet in diameter at the thickest part.

But it is by night that the Canal presents its most fascinating side. Every vessel carries a powerful electric search-light, for the purpose of revealing the channel and giving due warning to other ships; they are provided by the ship's agents at a charge of £8 per trip; this includes two mechanics to arrange and operate them. They consist of a small turbine-driven dynamo, the necessary wires, and the search-light itself, the latter so powerful that the banks of sand are turned to driven snow. A faint idea of the power of these lights will be gathered when I say that one on a vessel half-a-mile distant threw quite a distinct shadow of hair and eyelashes. The chief officer's shadow, thrown from the forecastle head on to the chartroom front, was easily recognisable, and, strange as it may appear, the shadow scarcely exceeded life size, although it fell fully a hundred feet from where the officer stood.

It may be of interest to mention here that it costs a vessel over £1,000 to pass once through the Canal, but even at that price is more economical than going round the Cape of Good Hope.

We left the Canal early on the morning of the 29th of January, and after lying at anchor for a few hours off Suez entered upon the second stage of our voyage.

CHAPTER II.

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA—PING-PONG—BRITISH CRUISER
AND OTHER VESSELS—STRAITS OF BAB-EL-MANDEB—FLY-
ING FISH—CHINESE NEW YEAR—RAT HUNTING—ARRIVAL
AT PENANG.

THIS part of the trip proved not a little monotonous, occupying, as it did, three-and-twenty days before we dropped anchor at Penang; but by dint of much novel reading, boxing, futile attempts to catch dolphins, consumption of vast quantities of tobacco, and a daily bout of "ping-pong" we managed to pass the time. Ping-pong is great fun at sea, and the strongest point in its favour is that the balls don't wait for you to seek them but generally roll either to you or your opponent; this tends to preserve tempers on both sides. The sea air, however, had in course of time a demoralizing effect upon the racquets, which were of the drum type, so much so that we had to fall back upon "Chips," the carpenter, who soon supplied us with a pair of wooden ones.

All the way to Penang the weather continued brilliantly fine, and we passengers felt the heat to some extent, though the captain and officers assured us we were fortunate in having it so cool.

On January 31st, about 10.30 a.m., we were overtaken and passed by the P. & O. Mail. A strong glass revealed the name "Persia" on the black bows, while the buff coloured deck-houses, awnings fore and aft, the whole surmounted by two big black funnels, shewed up clean and

Eastward Ho!

bold against the deep blue of sea and sky. An hour later she was hull down, only a distant tail of smoke marking the spot where she had vanished.

On Monday, February 3rd, at 6 a.m., I was roused from sleep by the captain's voice shouting that a British Cruiser was in sight. Sitting up I put my head through the port-hole and beheld a big black hulled vessel, topped by four buff-coloured funnels, gliding solemnly by. As she passed we dipped our flag, and in response the ensign at her mizzen dropped and rose again. No sign she gave but that; and yet we knew she was full of men and felt a passing thrill that we were British born.

A few minutes afterwards a cloud of smoke appeared in our rear, which, after a careful scrutiny, Captain E—— declared to proceed from an Orient Liner. Hand over fist she drew up with us and passed so close that we could see those on board with the naked eye. It was the "Omrah" bound for Australia, and doubtless doing her sixteen or seventeen knots. I could not help remarking to the second officer that she looked rather small.

"Oh," said he, "that's on account of the great diameter of the funnel; she really is a big boat, somewhere near ten thousand tons." I daresay this was the true explanation of a curious optical illusion.

Later, in the afternoon of the same day, we passed through the smaller straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, which lie between the mainland of Arabia and Perim Island, a British coaling and signal station. The hills and rocks are hereabout of most grotesque forms, one especially I remember that like a crouching lion seems to guard the narrow strait.



Coaling at Port Said, Egypt.

The following day the "Glamorganshire" succeeded in passing a vessel which had led us all the way from Suez, and to which the captain referred as an "Oil Tank." It was one of the "Shell Line" oil steamers, and bound for Yokohama as we learnt by signal.

We passed the island of Socotra on the 6th of February, but too far off to see more than a bare outline.

Flying fish are plentiful in these latitudes, and were constantly to be seen rising in shoals before the advancing ship.

A small group of us were talking on the main deck one evening, when something flew close past my face and struck the second officer; he stooped and picked up a tiny fish that wriggled like an eel. It was some six inches long and had a pair of wings at the shoulders, not unlike those of a dragon-fly but larger and stronger. Small as it was, we all three tasted it at breakfast next day; it reminded me most of sole, I think. We dried the wings and pressed them as a sort of souvenir. The fish was a blue-green colour with a silvery belly.

On the 8th of February the crew, Chinamen for most part, celebrated their New Year, which is regulated by the moon, and falls therefore on various dates. The chief features of the ceremony consisted of a day-long course of gambling freely interspersed with Chinese crackers, and concluding with a feed of unusual sumptuousness. But to really see this feast in all its magnificence go to China.

On the 11th, Shrove Tuesday, we passed the island of Minikoi with its revolving light that marks the half-way line between Suez and Penang. This in itself would have

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been most satisfactory, had not the cook omitted to serve up the traditional pancake; the fault, however, being remedied next day, peace reigned once more.

St. Valentine's day arrived and with it the welcome news that four large rats had been captured by the steward. Our satisfaction was all the deeper because we had aboard two rough-haired terriers. It may be our idea of sport is somewhat brutal, but I contest that rats are very destructive, and especially so at sea where they are best kept down, if possible.

Albeit, the encounter was of a very brief nature, each dog accounting for his brace of rats in something under thirty seconds and looking round for more; finding these not forthcoming each bestowed a few final favours upon the vanquished and were returned to their kennels on the poop.

The same day Ceylon was sighted far and faint on the port bow.

One day, from the recesses of the storeroom, the steward produced a litter of seven young rats. They were not more than two inches long, and still had their eyes shut.

I saw my first shark on the 19th, or rather saw the signs of him, for the shark does not actually shew himself, only a fin at times; but, once you have seen the peculiar commotion he makes, like a series of rings in the water, you can never mistake it.

The same day several shoals of *Benito*, sometimes called "jumping jacks," were sighted; these creatures skim along the surface of the sea rippling it like a breeze, rather a striking effect during a dead calm.

At length, on the 20th of February, at 9.30 a.m., the "Glamorganshire" entered Penang Harbour and came to anchor. Our stay here was to be brief and we accordingly made for shore with all despatch, but what we saw and did there shall be reserved for another chapter.

Eastward Ho!

CHAPTER III.

SANPANS—SHOREWARDS—RIKISHA COOLIES—SCENES
IN GEORGETOWN—TIFFIN—A GHARRY DRIVE—A GRANITE
QUARRY—THE BOTANICAL GARDENS—THE SWIMMING-
BATH—THE WATERFALL—TEA—STREETS BY NIGHT—
ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.

BEFORE ever the "Glamorganshire" had come to a standstill she was hustled at every point of the compass by dainty, gaudy-painted *sanpans* propelled by lithe brown Malays. Like all or nearly all Eastern oarsmen they rowed with their faces turned towards the prow, which is decidedly better for seeing purposes than the English method.

The *sanpan* originated, I believe, in China, but modifications of it are found in the Malay Straits, Java, and Japan. The Chinese and Malays paint eyes on either side of the bows, for, as the former characteristically remark, "No got eye, no can see! No can see, no can savvy!" Instances are on record of this superstition necessitating the addition of eyes to British and other vessels, as "John," before trusting himself in any ship will frequently rush forward in search of the indispensable eye; and should it be absent makes for *terra firma* at once. Strangely enough the Japanese and Javanese *sanpans* lack these eyes, though in other respects they do not greatly differ from those in use in China and Penang.

In one of these *sanpans* then, we three passengers were taken ashore, and it is matter for small wonder if we



*The Pilot-boat at Penang
being towed alongside the "Glamorganshire."*

attracted a large share of attention, considering the diversity of our attire. We went prepared for heat and it was well we did.

First there was D—— attired in green-hued flannels (not a pronounced green, of course) and a weird hat of Zulu manufacture, who by reason of an incipient knowledge of Malay was voted leader of the party; then followed B——, resplendent in grey flannel bags, black alpaca jacket and white pith helmet, his appearance rendered the more remarkable by brevity and a limp, resulting from his having broken his leg some years previous; and last, though I hope not least, myself in a garb similar to that of D——, but enhanced by the addition of a camera on my back, an open umbrella in my hand, and a straw hat on my head.

Our arrival on the quay created a greater sensation than either we anticipated or desired, more especially among the *rikisha* coolies, to whom by persistent walking we tried to explain that we did *not* require a lift. But they grew all the more attached to us accompanying us everywhere for fully an hour, when it suddenly seemed to occur to them that they were wasting their time and so departed. I must admit a *rikisha* ride required great self-denial to refuse for the heat was terrific. In spite of umbrella, straw hat, and the lightest of clothes I perspired continuously and copiously, and my companions were in much the same condition.

Georgetown, as the town is called, is the chief place on the island of Penang and one of the busiest ports in the Straits Settlements. It is rather densely populated, mostly by Malays and Chinamen, though there are a fair number of Europeans. The street that fronts the harbour presents an

Eastward Ho!

ever changing kaleidoscope of oriental scenes, rich with the blazing colours of the east. Lines of heavy, yak-drawn wagons, high-heaped with merchandise, the lazy drivers half asleep in the broiling sun, the solid wooden wheels raising thick white clouds of dust; wild-looking Malay women, basket on head, with hair unkempt and black as night, and cheap bracelets and anklets that clinked and jingled step by step; swaying *rikishas* diving through the traffic, the coolies with lowered heads beneath their cone-shaped sun hats; now a swarthy native gliding by with baskets of cool fruit, oranges, bananas, melons; excited groups of chattering stevedores and merchants; occasionally an Englishman, in cool white clothes, *topi* on head, moving disdainfully through the press with that air of calm self-reliance that all the world knows and fears; and here and there the yellow skin, cunning eyes, and plaited pigtail of a shrewd celestial.

After the heat and dust of the harbour front we were glad of the comparative cool and shelter afforded by Beach Street which runs right through the heart of the town. The inner man now began to assert himself and we enquired for the Oriental Hotel to which we had been recommended. We were directed along Light Street, a thoroughfare shaded by magnificent trees, in which is situated the Court House, while almost immediately opposite is a broad stretch of turf—the Recreation Ground—where cricket, football, and tennis flourish all the year round. During the heat of the day exercise is impossible, but at about 4 p.m. when the sun begins to drop to the horizon, a few Englishmen may generally be seen practising at the nets or punting a “pill” about; and no doubt occasional matches take place.

At 12.30, in a somewhat exhausted condition, we reached the hotel, only to learn that *tiffin* was not ready until 1.30 ; so we filled in the interval with a game of billiards accompanied by some iced lager which we fully appreciated.

Tiffin or lunch proved highly satisfactory, and to me the menu presented many novel features. Chief of these were pumpkin soup and a real Indian curry, which by the way is rarely, if ever, met with in this country. It consisted of the usual boiled rice, curried chicken, curried vegetable, and some twelve or fifteen different kinds of flavouring, each item handed singly by clean little China boys, moving rapidly in silent slippers over the stone floor.

The doors and windows of the *tiffin* room, all flung open, front the sea whence was wafted a cool breeze, its effect increased by the incessantly swaying *punkahs*. On the whole it was a novel and enjoyable meal.

After *tiffin* we lounged on the verandah, smoking and listening to the murmur of the sea that laps the retaining wall of the terrace thirty yards away.

About three o'clock we made a move, and, having hired a *gharry*, a sort of cab without sides or back, but curtained against the sun, were driven to the Botanical Gardens some three miles from the town. Our way lay through an avenue of tropical trees and palms of every description ; thick clumps of bamboos interspersed with banana trees, the ripe fruit hanging in huge clusters ; cocoa-nut palms with the nuts high up in their great green husks, and many others quite unknown to me.

Every here and there we passed a *bungalow* or villa in a sequestered clearing, the gardens radiant with brightest

Eastward Ho!

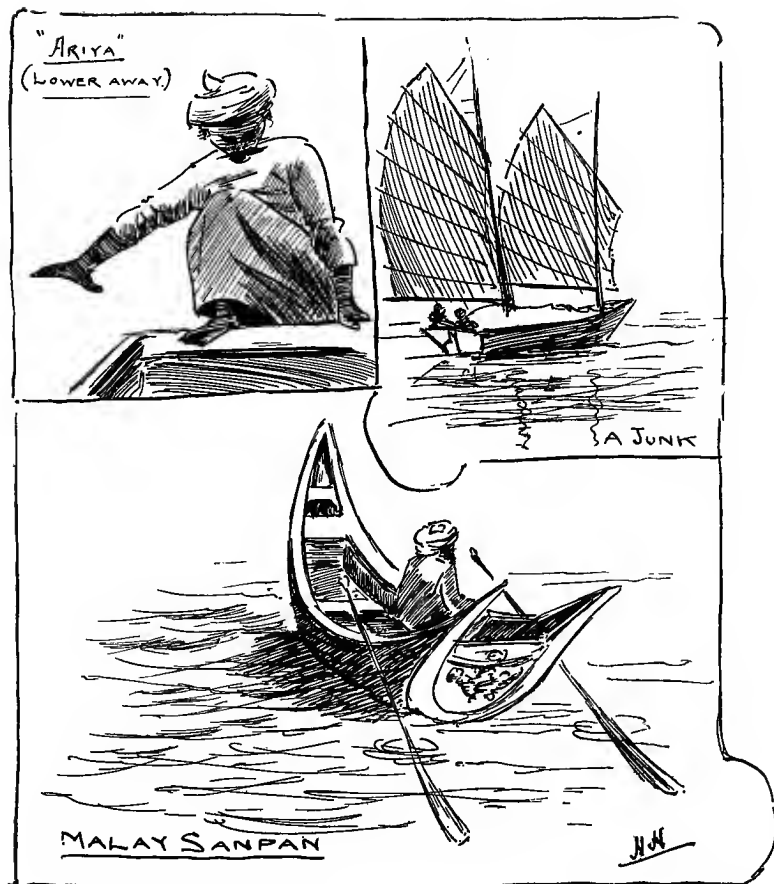
flowers; these are chiefly occupied by Europeans, though some, our driver explained, are the property of wealthy Chinamen.

Now a small group of native huts would burst into view, many built on piles on account of the heavy rains and damp fever-laden mists that follow; and the scantily-clad Malays blinked lazily at us from where they lay full length in the deep shade.

At times a solitary *rikisha* rattled by over the dusty white road, its occupant nodding, peacefully unconscious; an occasional *coolie* staggered along under the weight of two heavily laden baskets slung on a supple bamboo; here, a wayside caterer, in the shadow of a stately palm, exposed for sale on a strange contrivance—half stove, half table—his wares of doubtful taste and yet more doubtful digestibility; there, in a dense thicket, a woodman plied his axe or trimmed the trees he had felled; and ever on man and beast, wood, way, and water poured down that merciless, tropical sun.

Once we passed close to a granite quarry, where brown knots of natives were busy laying bare from the red soil gigantic blocks and boulders of the precious speckled white stone; some with levers were detaching portions blasted from a greater mass, others removing the valuable sand in carts, and others again, among them several women, sifting and sorting the smaller fragments into various heaps; the red hillside with its white streaks of granite presented a scene of ant-like activity.

At length, our *gharry* stopped in the shadow of lofty trees, and we alighted to be at once pounced on by a graceful Malay youth attired in a simple *sarong*, who, all



SKETCHES AT PENANG.

unbidden, constituted himself our guide. He led us by a winding gravel path into the gardens, across a stream to a cool fern grotto, sprinkled by tiny natural fountains, where a couple of native gardeners were busying themselves with the plants. Being no botanist, I cannot describe the trees and flowers as they deserve, but suffice it to say we found them all very wonderful, eyes and nostrils alike appreciating their charms.

As we pushed on amid a delicate fragrance of flowers we were confronted by a notice board, bearing the following legend, "To the swimming bath." Every member of the party instinctively and tacitly turned up the path, but our disgust was profound on reaching the *bath*, to find it but a deep rocky pool fed by a thin trickling stream. Moreover, a second notice announced that no bathing was allowed between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., while the shed that had once done duty as a dressing-room was so dilapidated and worm-eaten that we gave up the idea and returned to the main pathway.

We next visited the orchid houses, which Mr. J——, part owner of the "Glamorganshire," who had joined us at Port Said, assures me are very fine and contain some rare specimens. Our guide then led us towards the waterfall, the principal feature of the gardens, which, resplendent with palms and tropical vegetation, lie tucked away in the highest fold of the valley.

Our way lay up a steep, winding path, and it was here that the guide shewed us some of the curious "sensitive plants" as they are called. They are very small with purple stems, from which jut tiny fern-like tufts, and when touched with the finger shrink together and recoil like living creatures.

Eastward Ibo!

Presently we reached a small plateau, where the Georgetown authorities have constructed a reservoir fed by the fall, and the water, considered the finest in the East, is offered to visitors just as it is. We all three tried it and found it capital.

The last part of the ascent is terribly steep and laid with rough logs to facilitate climbing. At last the top was gained, and passing over a small bridge we beheld the fall that descends, a spray-like shower, in two distinct leaps sheer from the lip of the cliff two hundred feet above. At the foot of the fall is a small shrine, but the priest was absent on the day of our visit.

It was a few minutes before we tired of the fall, and we then began the descent by another path on the opposite bank of the stream. Suddenly arose a weird sound like the scraping together of two branches.

"What's that strange noise?" I asked.

"Oh, that," replied B——, who, by the way, was born out East and knows all about it, "that is a kind of beetle."

"It must be a large one to make all that row," I suggested, but here the matter dropped and I got no further information.

We reached our *gharry* safely, and, after our silent guide had closed the door, rewarded him with the magnificent sum of five cents, whereat he grinned and seemed very well satisfied.

The drive back in the cool of the early evening was delightful after the heat of the day, and we were fully able to appreciate the sights of the streets as we neared the hotel. B——, who was feeling tired, excused himself and went on

board, while D—— and myself drove to the hotel and ordered tea. I shall always remember that tea, simple as it was, as one of the most contenting meals of a lifetime. We had a pile of sandwiches between us and a pot of tea. How many sandwiches I ate I cannot say but know I had at least three cups of tea, and when tea and sandwiches had alike vanished D—— looked at me and I looked at him ; and then I said, “ Order some bananas.”

He did so, and we were not sorry. I can't describe those bananas. They were splendid, fresh, cool, neither too hard nor too soft, and simply delicious. The man who first introduces bananas of that type to the British public deserves to succeed.

We had our meal on the verandah fanned by the cool breeze that in the evening comes up from the sea, and after a quiet smoke strolled out into the streets, lit by hundreds of Chinese lanterns hung before the shops ; but the tropic moon floating in the purple blue heaven eclipsed them all. The dense foliage of the trees stood out in clean, black silhouette against the gleaming sky, and the weird shivering sound of thousands of crickets in the branches filled the whole air.

The streets were thronged with natives, some squatting in groups before the shops, some returning in batches from the day's work, others walking in twos and threes conversing earnestly ; but turn to right or left, stand still, or move, the never-ending, bewildering jargon of that uncouth tongue was in the ears. Half-an-hour proved enough for us and we set our faces harbourwards, arriving on board at about nine o'clock thoroughly tired out.

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The following morning I was up fairly early and spent some time sketching the bargees and cargo workers. The Malays are exceedingly picturesque, brown, sinewy, and generally of fine physique. The helmsman of a heavy *lighter* (no pun intended) always catches the eye; there is usually about him an indescribable air of ease and grace, and when, as he sometimes requires to do, he throws the whole weight of his body on the tiller, his scanty dress reveals his every muscle, and the fierce sun shews up the figures clean and bold in attitudes unconsciously striking and impressive. While watching them I chanced to witness what might have been a very serious accident.

Some rolled steel girders of considerable section were in process of unloading slung from the ship's derricks, hoisted and lowered into *lighters* alongside. A particularly long one was being lowered when the sling-chain slipped, not having been fixed in the middle of the girder, and while one end of the latter rested on the side of the *lighter*, the other, escaping from the chain, fell across some stout planks laid crosswise over the *lighter*. These snapped like match-wood, and the girder end dropped with a crash against the bottom of the *lighter*, narrowly missing three or four Malays, who, seeing the danger made a bolt for the other end just in the nick of time. The girder came to rest with one end in the bottom of the *lighter* and the other propped against a heavy crossbeam; had it fallen bodily nothing could have saved the men.



*The Waterfall,
Botanical Gardens, Penang.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE "ORIENTAL"—HUMOURS OF SANPAN TRAVELLING—
—AN ARGUMENTATIVE BOATMAN—THE LAST OF PENANG—
ISLANDS OF THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO—SINGAPORE—S.S.
"HAMBURG"—A RIKISHA RIDE—THE HOTEL DE LA PAIX
—THE CHINESE QUARTER—FULL MOON FESTIVITIES.

JUST before breakfast a steamer appeared round the northern point of the island, and I learnt from the chief engineer she was the P. & O. Mail "Oriental," bound for Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. When breakfast was over we found she had dropped anchor some three hundred yards away, her black bows pointing in our direction; it is hardly necessary to add that the gaudy *sanpans* and cargo *lighters* were already alongside.

Mr. R——, the chief engineer, informed me that he was acquainted with Mr. Y——, chief of the "Oriental," and very kindly gave me a card of introduction to the latter. I was glad of the chance of inspecting the boat, so invited B——, and went over with him in a *sanpan*. A fresh breeze was blowing and the water was choppy, but we got on to the ladder without anything worse than a wetting. We enquired for Mr. Y—— and were directed to his cabin, where he soon joined us. On perusing the card he looked up with a pleasant smile. "Fancy," he said, "its fourteen years since R—— and I last met."

He received us most kindly, conducting us through the saloons, music room, and smoke room, which, though the "Oriental" is by no means the largest of the P. & O. fleet, are spacious and elegantly appointed. *Punkahs* are rigged in the saloons, and also in some of the state rooms, while a

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host of liveried stewards flit up and down the carpeted passage-ways attending to hungry passengers.

We next proceeded to the decks, of which there are several, the sun-deck, I believe, being reserved for first saloon passengers. The scene here was a busy one; some passengers in the hurry of departure, some clustering round to say good-bye, and others in excited groups pointing out to each other various features of interest. One lady and gentleman, both of generous proportions, had some difficulty in getting themselves and their luggage into a bobbing *sanpan*, but at last the feat was accomplished, the lady subsiding on to her seat with a flop that must have seriously affected the boat for the moment.

We had a look at the Lascars raising cargo by means of almost noiseless hydraulic cranes, very different affairs from the rattling winches of the "Glamorganshire"; in fine, Mr. Y—— was good enough to shew us the whole ship, with the exception of the engines; this was a disappointment for me, but as he explained some repairs were in hand and had to be completed by mid-day, ready for moving.

Finally, after a delicious drink of iced ginger ale, Mr. Y—— shook us both by the hand and sent us down the gangway thoroughly pleased with our visit, and charged with an ironical message to Mr. R—— that he would not forget to keep the "Oriental's" tail-light burning in case we ran him down.

On our return journey the tide was so strong that we had to make for the shore and creep round close in to it until the "Glamorganshire" lay behind us; then, it was only with great difficulty and much labour on the part of our boatman, that, having dropped gradually round the

stern, we regained, inch by inch as it seemed, the gangway. The usual dispute about the fare followed. We had previously arranged to pay forty cents, but our worthy friend pointed out that owing to the current he had been obliged to cover three or four times the actual distance between the two vessels. This was all very true and not his fault or ours; still, a bargain is a bargain, and this we tried to impress upon him. He demurred and expostulated, and eventually went off grumbling with sixty cents.

An hour later the "Oriental" sounded her whistle, hove up anchor, and, brushing aside the tenacious *sanpans*, glided majestically out of the harbour to disappear in a few minutes behind a bend of the narrow strait. At 9 p.m. the same day, her cargo discharged, the "Glamorganshire" bade farewell to Penang, and started on her two days' run to Singapore, reaching the group of islands, on one of which stands the city, on Sunday, the 23rd of February. Here we picked up a pilot and got our letters.

The islands are very numerous and some are of great beauty, covered with luxuriant vegetation, palms always predominant. There were scores of tiny boats dodging hither and thither in the narrow channels, fishing or conducting a small local trade, and considerable care had to be exercised to avoid running them down, for they think nothing of sliding by just under a vessel's nose.

On one of the islands the Shell Transport & Trading Co., petroleum merchants, have a depôt, and the large grey circular tanks containing the oil look strangely out of place, rising on the sandy foreshore, backed by green waves of foliage. Truly commercial enterprise knows no limit.

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Rounding the last island we encountered a powerful tide that swung the great ship about like a mere log; we stemmed this safely, and a moment later, bathed in the rays of the westering sun, the great city of Singapore, with its several spires and numerous blocks of public and official buildings, burst into view. The sight was superb. Row behind row of clustered shipping lined the harbour, and here and there appeared the outlines of a man-of-war, while two or three queer looking craft with canvas bellying in the breeze stood out in the offing.

A clock on the quay struck five as we came slowly alongside and made fast in section five of the Tanjong Pagar Dock. Singapore was D——'s destination, and he soon departed in company with a China "boy," who, resplendent in an ill-fitting semi-English suit and brown billy-cock had been sent to meet him, looking, as D—— facetiously remarked—"a first-class bounder." Before D—— went I promised to look him up at his hotel.

Our berth was uninteresting in the extreme; on the one side was the wooden wharf with its long low timber go-downs, roofed with corrugated iron, and on the other the harbour, or rather a part of it, for the main portion, where most of the vessels lay, was hidden by a projecting jetty and buildings.

Ten minutes later, however, a diversion was caused by the arrival of the German Mail, "Hamburg," homeward bound. She glided gently in to the martial strains of her own band, her decks thronged with passengers, looking from water-line to funnel tops spick and span as a new pin.

After dinner B—— went off to look up a friend, and I, having written my letters, set out to post them and see how



Beach Street, Georgetown, Penang.

D—— was faring. A walk of fifteen minutes brought me into what is known as North Bridge Road; this runs through a part of the Chinese quarter right into the European portion of the city, some two miles distant from the docks. Here I had my first *rikisha* ride. I presume that nearly everyone has seen a *rikisha*, but for the benefit of those who have not it may be likened to a cross between an overgrown mail-cart and an undersized hansom; it has two wheels, a folding hood, and no step, entrance being effected with the shafts resting on the ground.

I hailed a *rikisha*, then, got in and directed the *coolie*, a Chinaman, to go to the Hotel de la Paix.

Mr. R—— had explained to me where the place was, cautioning me not to cross a certain bridge, but to turn to the left before reaching it. This I fully intended to do, but upon seeing the bridge some thirty yards away and no sign of a corner, ordered the *coolie* to retrace his steps and take the previous one. He complied at once, and before I had time to realize it I was whisked away into a perfect maze of Chinese streets, where, in the glare of thousands of lanterns, hordes of Celestials jostled and jabbered. The scene was positively bewildering.

It soon occurred to me that we were on the wrong road, so I yelled to the fellow to stop; I then repeated "Hotel de la Paix, Hotel de la Paix," some twenty times over, but he failed to "savvy." Had it not been for the timely appearance of a Chinaman that knew some English, the hotel would not have known me that night; as it was, the idiotic *coolie* deposited me at the Hotel de l' Europe, and then grumbled on receiving twice his legal fare; the Singapore *rikisha coolie* has this, at least, in common with our London "cabby."

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Luckily the Hotel de la Paix was close at hand, and I soon found myself seated in the cool, red-tiled hall, awaiting my friend who was dining.

The whole front of the hotel consisted of a verandah and central hall, held up by massive square pillars, and garnished with palms and other plants; it contained a pair of billiard tables, and one might play here in comparative coolness. From my position I had a glimpse of the *tiffin* room, where dinner was in progress, numerous light-footed China *boys* hovering silently in and out, to the monotonous creaking of the *punkahs*. Usually a *punkah* is a curtain of serge or other material depending from a pole that hangs by two cords from the ceiling; in large rooms there are generally several in a line ten or twelve feet apart, and connected by ropes at either end of their respective poles; finally a rope is led through the wall to the *punkah-wallah*, who pulls it slowly to and fro, causing the *punkahs* to swing and fan the persons beneath.

Presently D—— appeared with a beaming countenance, a sign of his having recognised me. I suggested a stroll, but he had promised to wait in for a friend, who, he said, might arrive at any minute. We had a drink and a chat, during the course of which, it was arranged that I should call for him the following evening, and I set out to walk back to the docks.

From the bridge the road was practically straight and I had no difficulty in finding the way. In the Chinese quarter I had ample time to observe that something important was taking place.

The streets were crowded; strange tinkling music—bells, fiddles, drums, gongs, pervaded the evening air. An

upward glance revealed the cause; it was the full of the moon, an ever sacred time to the "heathen Chinees," for then he pays it his monthly due of worship.

Through the open doors of the Malay theatre, gay with coloured lanterns, floated a weird music, that throbbed away and lost itself in the sea of babbling voices in the street.

Rikishas with difficulty forced a passage through the pack, the *coolies* every few paces giving a brisk "Hai, hai," to clear the way, and once they had a chance making the most of it, often swooping round corners quite recklessly; yet few collisions result as far as I saw.

Here and there I observed knots of Hindus, an occasional Arab, and Punjabis or Sikhs of the native troops, of which latter more anon.

I found the "Glamorganshire" all right and slept the sleep of the weary.

CHAPTER V.

THE SINGAPORE CATHEDRAL—RECREATION GROUND
—SHOPPING—THE KING OF SIAM—SINGAPORE COAL
COOLIES—CHINESE PASSENGERS—THE BOTANICAL GAR-
DENS—DEPARTURE FROM SINGAPORE.

THE next morning, February the 24th, I had a very interesting and quite unlooked for experience. I had gone to Singapore early to have a look round and make a few small purchases, and proceeded first to the Cathedral that rears its lofty spire from the centre of a tree-girt square in the heart of the European quarter. The interior is white-washed, and a fine stained-glass window tops the altar, while, above the dark carved pews hang a double row of the indispensable *punkahs*. It was wonderfully cool inside, being thoroughly ventilated by slatted wooden windows, though the sun glared fiercely without. A calm peace pervaded the place in direct contrast to the rush and hurry of the money-grubbing crowds in the streets.

Leaving the Cathedral I made for the English shops and passed close to the Recreation Ground, a large oblong stretch of magnificent turf; at one end stands a handsome pavilion, and tennis courts are marked at one side, the remainder of the ground being reserved for cricket. The ground itself is fenced off from the public thoroughfares that embrace it on all four sides, and shady trees are planted at intervals, through which a glimpse is afforded of the blue sea, with the shipping at anchor in the harbour.



*Light Street, Georgetown.
The Court-house stands among the trees to the left.*

Having crossed a bridge that spans a creek upon whose waters endless strings of barges glide to and fro, I found myself in the neighbourhood of the English shops of which Singapore boasts a fair assortment. But I soon discovered they have a tendency to overcharge the unwary. I wanted a pith helmet or *topi*, as they are called, and entered Robinson's in Raffles Square. My order was taken by a polite, fair-haired, fellow-countryman who looked delightfully cool in his shirt sleeves ; as for me, I was melting.

I selected a helmet and was waiting for my change when the shopman called my attention to the other end of the shop.

"Look at those people," said he in a low voice, "that's the King of Siam and suite. Come a bit nearer." He led the way across the shop to a sheaf of golf sticks which he turned over and held up as if for my inspection, talking away quite casually all the time.

"Yes sir, these are first quality, we've just got them in—that's the King in front and his brother just behind ; the women are some of his wives ; that one in the yellow trousers is his sister ; take a good look at them, they won't notice."

I eyed them thoroughly and with much interest. The King and his brother, both men of young appearance, were in ordinary European dress, and did not look in the least like royal personages ; they had moustaches and their hair was cut short. The females, of whom there were three or four, affected a more distinctive garb, consisting, as far as I could see, of ordinary bodices, with the lower limbs enveloped in what at first appeared to be knicker-bockers ; in reality they were only pieces of coloured silk wrapped round

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the legs, brought through from behind, and caught up to the bodice in front, while below were black stockings and shoes. Their jet black hair they wore short, reaching to about the nape of the neck, with a few ornaments on the top of the head. Altogether their appearance was somewhat ludicrous, and by no means imposing.

As they left the shop I followed close on their heels, watched them into a couple of carriages that were in attendance, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of the ladies expectorate on the road the pink juice from something she was chewing, just as the driver whipped up his horses. I don't think it was *betel-nut*, which is more of a brown colour; but whatever it was it surprised me not a little at the time.

The afternoon I spent on board watching the double operation of coaling and cargo discharging. The Singapore coal *coolies* are a distinct race of men known as "Klings," like the Chinese in some respects, but, as far as I remember, without the pig-tail. They are burnt brown by the sun, and exceedingly muscular though not tall. Working in pairs, they carry the coal in baskets slung upon a bamboo, moving one behind the other at a slow jog trot. Their wages, I am told, are at the rate of one-and-a-half cents per pair for each load, so that roughly they must make sixty-six journeys per day to earn half-a-dollar each or rather less than a shilling. This is heavy work under a blazing sun with an average load of two hundredweights, but they buckle to like men.

The wharf was densely thronged with a motley crowd of *coolies*, hawkers, and a large number of Chinese, male and female, coming on board the "Glamorganshire" to secure

comfortable quarters on deck for the passage to Hong Kong. We took 180 of them altogether, and I shall refer to them again later on.

As arranged, I called for D—— at his hotel about eight o'clock that evening, when he explained that a band was to play at the Botanical Gardens from nine to twelve, and proposed that we should take a double *rikisha* and proceed thither.

You don't have to wait long for a *rikisha* in Singapore, seeing that there are some ten thousand of them, and we soon found ourselves seated in one, not comfortably it is true, but still seated. We had inadvertently engaged a single *rikisha*, and were so squeezed together that breathing was difficult and conversation impossible. D—— directed the *coolie*, in Malay, in words with which I afterwards became unpleasantly familiar; they sounded something like this: "Chiboong boongah, jitanglin."

The man appeared to "savvy," as they say out East, and started off down the Bridge Road, in the direction of the Tanjong Pagar Dock.

"It seems to me we're on the wrong road," I observed, after a quarter of an hour's slow progress.

"That's what I think," returned D——, and, tapping the fellow on the shoulder with his cane he repeated the words previously given. The only effect of this was to bring the *rikisha* to a standstill, while our *coolie* indulged in a reflective scratching of the head; finding no enlightenment from this he hailed a passing brother *coolie*, and laid the case before him, while D—— endeavoured to further explain matters by repeating at short intervals the absurd phrase, "Chiboong boongah, jitanglin."

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At length the new comer appeared to grasp the situation and signed to us to enter his machine, which we did, having first rewarded our former *coolie* with an ill-earned five cents. We were now in somewhat better case as the second *rikisha* proved to be a double one, but, alas for our hopes, no nearer the gardens than before.

Whether it was that D——'s knowledge of Malay was unsatisfactory, or that our friend the *coolie* was unusually or purposely dense, I cannot say, but certain it is he hauled us doggedly round Singapore, in and out of some of the lowest quarters he could find, for a solid hour, until our patience completely evaporated and we ordered him to go to the hotel. Even that seemed beyond his powers of comprehension, and had we not fortunately emerged into the main street just then, our chances of seeing the hotel that night would have been but small.

From that point, however, we knew the way, and D—— kept the man right. We reached the hotel about ten in the worst of tempers but brightened up a trifle over a drink, after which I bade D—— good-bye and returned to the "Glamorganshire."

Such was the fiasco of the Singapore Botanical Gardens, which to this day I am unable to locate.

At ten o'clock the following morning an excited crowd began to press round the S.S. "Hamburg," which, decorated with scores of flags, was on the point of departure for Europe. The real reason for the fuss was the embarking of the Crown Prince of Siam, who was going to Europe to visit several foreign Courts. I would have mingled with the crowd myself had it not been so hot; as it was I marked



S.S. "Hamburg," of the North German Lloyd Line.

the great vessel swing out from the wharf and move slowly down the narrow strip of water to the harbour's outlet, amid the plaudits of the assembled sight-seers and the fainter sounds of music from the band. In a few moments she had rounded the bend, leaving a great black cloud of smoke hovering in the stagnant air.

Precisely at noon of the same day, February 25th, the "Glamorganshire" cast off from her moorings, turned her bow Eastward again and began the passage to Hong Kong. A few of our friends had deserted us at Singapore, namely D—— and a small contingent of burly Irishmen for the Singapore Police; of the latter little had been seen for they spent a good part of the day in their bunks, and volunteered few remarks when out of them. Let us hope that these several strangers in a strange land may safely find their feet and outlast the rigours of a trying climate. Compared with other Eastern cities Singapore is not a bad climate, though the heat is great during the day and one cannot be too careful about diet; still there is always a cool sea breeze in the evening, a boon not granted to all hot places.

CHAPTER VI.

DIVING BOYS—CHINESE GAMBLING PROPENSITIES—
COOKING FOR THE COOLIES—HONG KONG—BRITISH WAR-
SHIPS—THE HARBOUR BY NIGHT—CHINESE SWINDLERS—
THE THEATRE.

FOR some distance from the wharf we were escorted by a couple of the justly world-famous diving boys, closely associated in the mind with Aden. I took them to be Malays and much admired their adroitness. In their small hollowed canoes, they paddle alongside and invite you to throw a coin for them, crying momentarily in a shrill treble "Makee dive, makee dive." You throw in a ten cent piece. The nearest boy drops his paddle and dives, to reappear in a remarkably short space of time holding up the coin to show that he has it. By this time, perhaps, his canoe and paddle are some yards away, but with a few strong, swift strokes he reaches them, clambers into the canoe, dashes the water from his eyes, tosses the coin deftly into the nose of the boat, and grasping his paddle comes eagerly up for more.

This pair dived several times for coins thrown by B—and myself, while the Chinese passengers on the front well-deck contributed their share; but from first to last one coin alone escaped them, and that through falling too close to the ship's side.

Very little of interest befell during the seven day's run to Hong Kong, but I found plenty of amusement in observing the behaviour of the Chinese passengers. There were a few women among them, who, however, kept discreetly un-

der temporary tents they had rigged on the hatches, which was thoughtful of them, for they were anything but elegant. The men spent the greater part of the day in gambling, which is unquestionably the master passion with the Celestial, and very prevalent among other Asiatics though in a less degree. Sometimes they used Chinese cards, sometimes ordinary dice, while the stakes consist of so many pieces of Chinese "cash," a small brass coin with a square hole through the centre, valued at about the thousandth part of a dollar. It must take a considerable time to win a dollar at one "cash" per throw. The object of the square hole is for threading the coins on a wire for convenience of carrying.

Once a player was apparently accused of cheating and a terrific "hullabaloo" prevailed for five minutes; however, when the disputants were on the point of coming to blows, order was at length restored, and the game proceeded.

I always used to be up early and watch them at breakfast, for I think the Chinaman is seen at his best when taking his "chow." When a large number of *coolies* travel by sea two or three cooks always attach themselves to the party, and provide three meals a day at a fixed rate per man. They do all the cooking in the open air, and as the chief dish is plain boiled rice, this is no difficult task under ordinary conditions.

On the present occasion there were two iron cauldrons, one of colossal dimensions, the other somewhat smaller; and in these the rice was boiled. At about 8 a.m. the culinary operations were almost complete, and, while one of the cooks administered to the seething mass of rice a final stir with a broomstick or other convenient article, a hungry

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crowd of greasy, yellow-faced, unwashed Celestials, swarmed round holding out their baskets to be served.

The rice, dirty and unappetising, was then ladled out, and each man returned in triumph to his family party who were awaiting his return squatted round a small chaos of dishes, saucers, chopsticks, and divers piquant looking pickles and flavourings in messy jars and bottles.

Then the feast began, and it always seemed to me to be a sort of contest for the purpose of ascertaining who could put away the largest quantity of rice. Somehow, the *coolies* that fetched the rice always brought too much, and what remained was always thrown overboard; they seemed to have no idea of saving it. One party, evidently a cut above the common herd, had a small pot of their own, and in it the cook prepared their own rice, clean and white, like that we use at home.

They handle their chopsticks very skilfully, rarely drop anything, and are able to pick up the tiniest scrap of food with the most consummate ease.

The day before we reached Hong Kong the weather was very rough, and the cooks had their work cut out to keep the cauldrons from capsizing; but by dint of lashing them to the bulwark stanchions and judicious propping with sticks, they kept them in position. The mid-day meal was not eaten that day, seeing that most of the *coolies* had soon parted company with their breakfast; this was not surprising as the ship rolled heavily all day, and I felt decidedly "squeamish" myself. The morrow, however, saw the end of their sorrows, for at 4 p.m. we entered the harbour of Hong Kong, and half-an-hour later came to our moorings beside one of the Kowloon jetties.



Diving Boys, Singapore.

Long before we made fast boat-loads of Chinamen seeking friends and relations had come alongside, catching hold of our bulwarks with bamboo boat-hooks, up which they fearlessly swarmed like a lot of monkeys. The scene of wild confusion that ensued, while friends were trying to get at one another, baffles all description ; and the chattering was deafening. I was really glad to see them disappear with their traps, which they did, immediately the gangway was up, taking with them the unpleasant odour that for a week had hung about the ship.

Hong Kong with its fine natural harbour merits a lengthy description, for on them very largely depends Britain's prestige in the East, the island colony being the chief funnel through which English produce is poured into the vast empire of China.

The island of Hong Kong forms with the mainland of China, which at this point for fifteen miles inward now belongs to us, a perfect natural harbour, capable of floating the largest vessels of to-day. Kowloon, on the mainland, is separated from the town of Hong Kong by a strip of water, perhaps a mile in width. Communication between the two places is readily effected by the neat double-prowed boats of the Star Steam Ferry Co., which ply to and fro at intervals of ten minutes. They have separate decks for first and second class passengers at fares of fifteen and five cents respectively ; Chinamen travel second class as a rule, but those who can afford are not prohibited from going first.

It is probably safe to say that Hong Kong harbour is one of the busiest in the world. Everywhere large vessels lay at anchor or beside the jetties discharging or taking cargo ; dozens of busy little steam launches with shrill

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whistles, threaded a way in and out among the shipping; heavy lighters, junks and barges, laden with merchandise of every description sailed clumsily to and fro, or, when the wind failed, were urged along by gangs of sturdy Chinese oarsmen, standing to their work, their faces towards the prow; gaudy *sanpans* danced along here and there like tiny toy boats, while grim, stern, immovable among the merchant toilers, lay several British warships like dogs on guard. Chief of these was the "Terrible," a long, low, black-hulled vessel, with four long funnels, whose men and gunners under Captain Percy Scott attained at Ladysmith undying fame. There were also H.M.S. "Eclipse" and "Albion," with several torpedo boats and destroyers, the whole constituting quite a formidable squadron.

Further afield lay some foreign warships, Russian and German colours being most prominent, but all arrayed together these were outnumbered by the British vessels; and in any case Hong Kong, innocent enough to the casual observer, is considered proof against attack.

Lines of discreetly concealed forts, their guns trimmed to completely command the harbour, flank the bases of the surrounding hills, while beneath the water are torpedoes and mines ready for instant use by the mere passing of an electric current.

At night the town presents an aspect of almost fairy-like beauty. From the water's edge to the summit of the famous peak, that backs the town, flash countless lights, multiplied a hundredfold by the dancing waters of the harbour, and supplemented by the red and green lights of the ferry boats and launches; such is the scene from the Kowloon side.

On the evening of our arrival I went ashore with Captain E——, taking my camera with some photographic films I wanted developing. We crossed by the steam ferry, which discharges its passengers just opposite the Hong Kong Hotel, a large building of brown stone, and took *rikishas* to the store of a Chinese stevedore. The latter, who spoke excellent English, was very polite, changed me some money and sent one of his men to shew me the way to the photographer's. Here I expected to be confronted with all sorts of difficulties; but no, the young Chinaman said, "Yes sir, we develop films. Wait a moment, please."

I waited a short time and was then invited to go upstairs. The "boy" led me up and up till at last we found ourselves in a long studio, through which we passed to a dark-room beyond.

With the utmost dispatch the films were removed from their cases and put in a dark box, and a minute later I was back in the shop writing my name and address on an envelope and hearing the "boy" announce, that he would send the films in two days. Ye gods! and this is uncivilized China!

They were equally civil at another Chinese shop I patronized, but, as I afterwards discovered, rather too sharp in a different respect. I only went in to buy a shaving-brush and was coming out with it, when my eye fell on some walking-sticks. I had left mine behind, at home. I would buy a new one here cheap, I thought. Having examined the batch, I selected a light cane, brown in colour, with a white-metal knob, which the shopman referred to as silver, and paid one dollar for it or rather less than two shillings. I thought it a good bargain at the time, but a few days later,

Eastward Ho!

in Shanghai, I fancy, I happened to scratch the cane somewhere near the middle when a kind of wax came off it on to my nail. After a good deal of scraping I had removed quite an appreciable quantity of this wax, and the explanation was revealed. The cane was cracked half way through and the wax had been used to conceal the defect. But I was to learn more of Chinese swindlers at an early date, as will hereinafter appear.

After purchasing the stick I walked at random along the same street—Victoria Street, the main thoroughfare of Hong Kong. There are many fine shops, both European and Chinese, and electric light everywhere. At length I reached an open space, with a large decorative building on the left, fronted by a fountain of artistic design, but rather inferior material, dated, if I remember right, 1864.

On a near approach the building proved to be the Town Hall, part of which is fitted up as a small theatre. I was delighted to find out from a handbill that there was to be a performance that evening; true, it was only a Variety Company; but when you remember the geographical position of Hong Kong, even that seems little short of a miracle.

There was no announcement of the hour at which the performance began, so I addressed myself to a burly policeman who stood near.

“What time does the show begin?” I enquired.

“Nine o’clock, sir.”

“That’s very late, isn’t it?”

“Oh no; they never begin before, it’s too hot.” This was a stretch of “Robert’s” imagination, for the weather was remarkably cold. I felt cold all the time we remained



a Singapore
Coal Coolie

at Hong Kong. Doubtless the manager arranged for nine o'clock in view of the very hot weather of the summer, when the thermometer often stands at ninety in the shade.

As it was only eight o'clock, I walked some distance further down the road, and returned in time for the performance. My seat cost me a dollar, and it was a dollar well invested. The Company, who called themselves the Sutton-Coghill Combination, hailed from America, and their united efforts would have done credit to any English music hall. Several of the items were familiar, namely "The Diadem," by the orchestra, "She is a sensible girl," and "Jack, the Handy Man," and heard in this far off land recalled with pride the brave little island whence the majority of the audience were sprung. The comic sketch, in which Harry Coghill himself appeared, was very funny, and I left the house well pleased, arriving on board shortly before midnight.

Eastward Ho!

CHAPTER VII.

KOWLOON—CRICKETERS—AN AFTERNOON CONCERT—
A CHINESE BARGAIN DRIVER—YARNS BY THE CAPTAIN—
THE PEAK TRAMWAY—THE SUMMIT OF THE PEAK.

THE following morning I explored Kowloon. Excepting the wharves and go-downs there was not a great deal to see, though there are a few nice houses, standing each in its own shady garden, where the Europeans reside that are employed by the Dry Dock Co., and the Hong Kong and Kowloon Wharf and Go-down Co., at one of whose jetties the "Glamorganshire" was discharging. People whose business is in Hong Kong live chiefly on or near the Peak, which is considered the healthiest locality. As a general rule Hong Kong is fairly healthy, though in the late summer there is a good deal of fever. During our visit water was very scarce, no rain of consequence having fallen for four months, and some anxiety prevailed. The weather continued cold, the sky leaden and overcast, but only a few drops of rain fell. At Shanghai also water was failing, but it rained heavily on several occasions, and Hong Kong would receive a share.

At Kowloon there is a barracks occupied by a regiment of native Indian infantry, lithe, dark-skinned fellows with curly black beards and bright black eyes. Their uniform is of *khaki*, with puttees and turbans to match, and becomes them admirably.

As I walked down a road leading inland towards the mountains I caught the sound of heavy firing in the dis-

tance, and surmised that the *Boxers* had risen and were on the warpath. The noise, however, proceeded from a party of bluejackets at a rifle range, the reports being multiplied by the reverberating hills around.

After viewing the broad unfertile plain where lay the range, I returned to the wharf by another road that skirted the barracks, a strange collection of straw-roofed wooden sheds, raised some three feet from the ground, in front of which tall Indian sentries stalked silently to and fro. Thence I threaded a way through some squalid Chinese streets and gained the harbour front.

I was amused that morning at receiving from one of the Indian warriors a most deferential salute. I stared about for an officer but none was in sight, evidently the salute was intended for me, though why I cannot imagine; perhaps he took me for an officer in mufti, and, if so, must have wondered why I ignored his salute. I laughed a little over the incident which, I confess, rather tickled my vanity.

An announcement in a local paper, of music on the Hong Kong parade ground, caused me to take the ferry that afternoon and search for the said ground. After passing the town hall I came to a large field, railed round and skirted by shady trees. This must be the place, I felt sure; but no—I heard the sound of ball upon bat and the familiar cries of the tennis court. It was the indispensable recreation ground, but in what a condition!

On a near approach I saw that the tennis courts were mere patches of dry sand, whilst the midfield, where the pitch is laid, was little better; scorched to a dingy brown without trace of green, so that one could hardly believe that grass had ever grown there.

Eastward Ho!

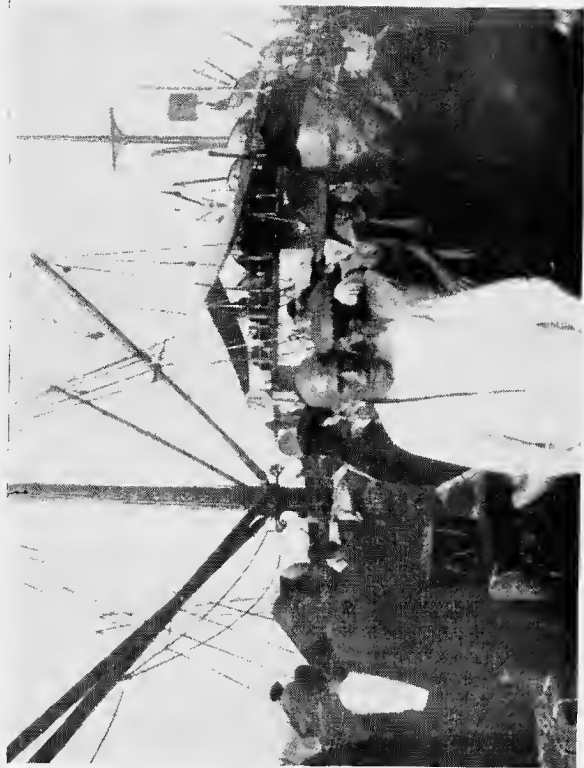
Several batsmen were practising at the nets, fed by Chinese bowlers of varying quality and style, and the outfielders were kept busy chasing the balls, which travelled like lightning on that bare sandy surface.

A pair of tennis players amused themselves by knocking the balls across the net raising clouds of dust, but the game must have lacked the usual interest as the state of the lines were not conducive to accurate scoring; moreover a jabbering crowd of yellow-faced Celestials grinning through the railings cannot fail to have a disconcerting effect upon the average player.

A passer-by directed me to the parade ground, which lay a short distance up a shady road that joined the main thoroughfare exactly opposite the cricket field. Here the band, to my surprise all Punjabis, had already assembled, and lay outstretched on the bare earth in various grotesque attitudes, seats of any kind being conspicuous by their absence. However, a few minutes before four, half-a-dozen soldiers emerged from a neighbouring barracks, bearing rough wooden benches without backs which they distributed about the field for the use of the public.

I sat down and waited for the first piece, speculating upon the capabilities of native bands generally. There was not long to wait. The band were now in their places; the conductor made a few preliminary waves of his baton; and with a crash they took up the opening bars of the "Washington Post."

It must be admitted that I was astonished; time and harmony alike were excellent, the equal of a good English military band, and putting to shame certain other groups of



*On the Wharf at the Tanjong Pagar Dock, Singapore.
Coolies embarking on the "Glanorganshire."*

performers who call themselves "bands." They rendered a capital programme, which included several up-to-date selections and some of the older favourites, the most noteworthy being from "Falka," the "Circus Girl," and "Florodora."

A goodly concourse of people had gradually assembled, amongst whom were many fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, and one of the latter the temporary Governor of the colony; the Governor proper was in England on leave.

Watching the crowd strolling idly round the band it was easy to believe oneself at home, save only for the chance sounds of foreign tongues—French, Spanish, Portuguese.

Next morning, March 6th, I emerged from the saloon to find a Chinese hawker on the prowl, seeking whom he might devour, and promptly fell a victim. His goods consisting chiefly of gold and silver filigree work, though I never thought the metal genuine, were pretty to look at, and, as I thought, inexpensive. I had been warned never to pay the prices demanded, and, so when the fellow wanted three dollars sixty cents for a couple of silver brooches and a pair of sleeve links, offered him three dollars. He closed at once, and, having paid him the money, I took the goods to the Chinese cabin-boy who is a reliable judge of such things.

"How much belong these, Charlie?" I enquired, shewing him my purchases.

After a singularly brief inspection, Charlie replied with a grin—"These b'long allee same one dollar."

I felt very small and hid the wretched things away in a bag, keeping the story to myself. But everyone must pay for experience, which reminds me of a few yarns told by Captain E—.

Eastward Ho!

"On one occasion, during my sailing ship days," says the Captain, "I purchased a necklace of pearls from a native in Calcutta, for which I paid only a few rupees. After we got to sea again I was turning out my chest, as sailors generally do once a week, and, taking out the pearls, fell to playing with them in an abstracted way, running them between my lips to test their smoothness. Judge of my surprise when I felt them turning sticky; and further wetting and a careful examination proved that I had purchased a practically valueless string of rice, prepared in some way to give a gloss and render deception complete."

"On another occasion," the Captain went on, "much more recently, I happened to be returning from the East, as passenger on one of the mails that call at Colombo, and here a Hindoo came on board with articles of jewellery for sale. He shewed me a gold ring set with a ruby, and a gold scarf-pin, which to the best of my judgment were really genuine, and for which he asked fifteen pounds. Well, to get rid of him I offered him two pounds ten shillings, saying that was all the money I had.

'Oh!' said he, '*Sahib* can have—can pay come back. I know *Sahib*.'

'No,' said I, 'I'll give you two pounds ten now, if you like, but not another penny.'

He shook his head.

'No can do—no can do;' and away he went.

Next day, just as the ship was leaving he reappeared and held out the goods saying—'*Sahib* can have—can do two pounds ten.' Like a fool I paid him the money and locked away the ring and scarfpin in my trunk. On my

arrival in England I handed the articles to my wife, asking her to have them valued, and she accordingly took them to a London jeweller,

‘The value of this ring, Madam,’ said the jeweller, ‘is eighteen pence, and of that pin one shilling!’

On considering the matter afterwards, I concluded that the cunning Hindoo had changed the things, for it is well-known that these fellows have ‘Brummagem’ duplicates of all their goods, absolute facsimiles, but utterly valueless.”

These anecdotes clearly show that anyone is liable to be cheated, and I felt that I had got off cheaply.

About lunch time a messenger arrived with my negatives, which had been carefully dealt with on the whole; three or four only were spoilt, and, in view of the small charge, five cents per film, and the Chinese origin of the photographer, I felt complaint unwarranted.

Lunch over, I shouldered my camera and took the ferry to Hong Kong to visit the famous Peak.

In earlier days there could have been very little level ground in the town, for I am told the flat space beside the ferry landing has nearly all been reclaimed by degrees from the harbour. Upon this space stand most of the larger buildings, blocks of offices, banks, and the afore-mentioned Hong Kong Hotel. Of these the greater number are constructed of granite, which is plentiful on the island, and are of imposing design; while the continual erection of fresh buildings bespeaks the prosperity and increasing demand for large business premises existing in the island colony.

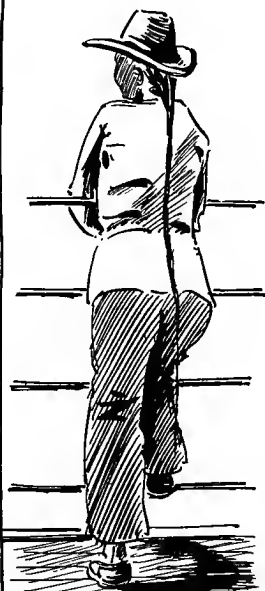
Eastward Ho!

Hong Kong extends far up the slopes of the hills, and all the streets abutting on Victoria Street have an appreciable upward trend towards the middle of the island.

The streets with their motley throng do not greatly differ from those of Singapore, but they are cleaner, and to my mind, lack something of the peculiar odour associated with almost all Eastern cities; an odour I understand entirely due to the presence of Chinamen and other Asiatics.

Walking past the cricket field I turned into the shady road that runs by the parade ground, and whose debouchment is marked by a signboard bearing the words, "To the Peak Tramway." After a gradual ascent past a homely church I reached the tramway terminus just in time for one of the cars. These are worked by the old wire rope method, one car going up as the other comes down; the power is supplied by an engine at the top, and the several stations are so arranged that when one car stops at a station the other stops at another, and so on. For first-class passengers the fares are fifty cents return and thirty for the single journey, and as I intended walking down I took one of the latter.

During the ascent a most delightful view appears, expanding and broadening as the summit is neared. Houses seem to lean over on account of the steepness of the incline, which in some places approximates thirty-five degrees. In proof of this, I remember, a gentleman got in just as we were about to start, and placed a box, evidently containing photographic apparatus, under his seat. After the car started I felt a tap on the shoulder, and turning round was addressed by a second gentleman: "Is this your box? You'll lose it if you're not careful."



"JOHN ADREAMS"



A TALLY CLERK.

AT SINGAPORE.

Looking at the box, I saw that it belonged to the man in front; it had slipped along under all the seats until stopped by the partition of the third-class compartment.

"No," I replied, laughing, "I fancy it belongs to this gentleman in front." The latter was much amused on seeing how far his property had travelled.

"Let it stay there," said he, "it'll only slide down again;" and there it accordingly remained until we came to a standstill at the top.

The top did I say? Well, it was the top of the tramway, but it was half-an-hour's walk to the summit of the peak.

Leaving the station, I saw on my left the Peak Hotel, a favourite resort of tourists, overlooking a deep, well-wooded gorge and the blue sea beyond. I seated myself on a bench and took a bird's-eye photograph of the harbour, and then began the steady climb to the signal station, some eighteen hundred feet above the sea level.

The pathways are of cement, well kept, and provided with ample gutters for carrying off the heavy rains that sometimes fall.

Near the summit stands a large red brick building, formerly a barracks, now a military hospital, and shortly after passing this I found myself at the top, where, on a patch of grass in the shadow of an old muzzle-loader, I sank down to admire the panorama that lay outspread below.

CHAPTER VIII.

PANORAMA FROM THE PEAK—THE DESCENT—VILLA RESIDENCES—THE GARDENS—A TRAMP ROUND KOWLOON—WOMEN COOLIES—NATIVE TROOPS—BLUE-JACKETS—FAREWELL TO HONG KONG—FOG AT SEA—A DISTURBING INCIDENT—THE YANGTSE KIANG—TARGET PRACTICE—ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI—BAD WEATHER—NO SMOKING—CHINESE WATERPROOFS.

BEYOND the harbour as far as the eye could reach, stretched the mainland of China, a series of blue ranges, rising peak behind peak in motionless grandeur; on a projecting tongue of low-lying land appeared the godowns and warehouses of Kowloon, dwarfed to insignificance, while just visible, like a toy ship beside a toy jetty, lay the "Glamorganshire;" then the long strip of calm water separating the island colony from its parent continent, broader at the middle where the harbour is, tapering to either end till lost in open sea; the harbour, thickly dotted with every kind of craft, moving and motionless, from the speck-like *sanpan* to the scarcely larger battle-ship.

Immediately beneath lay the town itself, roofs and streets clearly defined as on a map; the tiny church, the parade ground, the cricket field, upon whose surface a few white moving specks; nearer again the *bungalows* and villas straggling up the slope, fewer towards the summit, framed in a glorious setting of luxuriant tropical green.

The silence was almost unbroken, only from the town rose a faint murmur as of busy hands wielding the craftsman's hammer, while now and again the faint shrill whistle of a hurrying launch mounted towards the sky; then the deeper boom of a steamer, reverberating from peak to peak, and a small object crawled slowly across the harbour, seawards, a thin film of smoke streaking out behind on the still air.

Looking across the island one saw mountains everywhere, fringed by a soft silvery light where the coast-line meets the China Sea.

An hour passed before I felt inclined to move, and then more from necessity than satiety.

Near the summit stands a signal station, so placed that vessels going north can communicate with it at a great distance by flag code. This, however, I did not trouble to inspect.

The descent from the peak proved long and tedious, but I enjoyed the exercise it afforded. In places the paths are very steep, and one slips frequently, while to run would be fatal, for pulling up again would be practically impossible.

The track winds in and out among exquisite tropical foliage and pleasant villas, all with beautiful gardens and not a few with tennis lawns, whither in the cool of the evenings worried business men can retire after a day's grilling in the heat of the dusty town.

I kept meeting batches of *coolies* carrying fruit and provisions to the houses on the Peak—there are several practically at the top—often chewing a stump of the cool sugar cane as they trudged stolidly upward with their two

The Golden East.

baskets slung from a springy bamboo. Here and there a group would be resting, smoking small cigarettes, and as I passed would eye me curiously, chattering away in their uncouth tongue.

Presently I reached some public gardens and passed through them on my way; they were tastefully laid out with shrubs and bright flowers, and at a fountain in the centre a number of natives were busy filling buckets from the uninviting water; several Chinese nursemaids were in sight with their small European charges, the latter as happy, to all appearance, as with an English nurse.

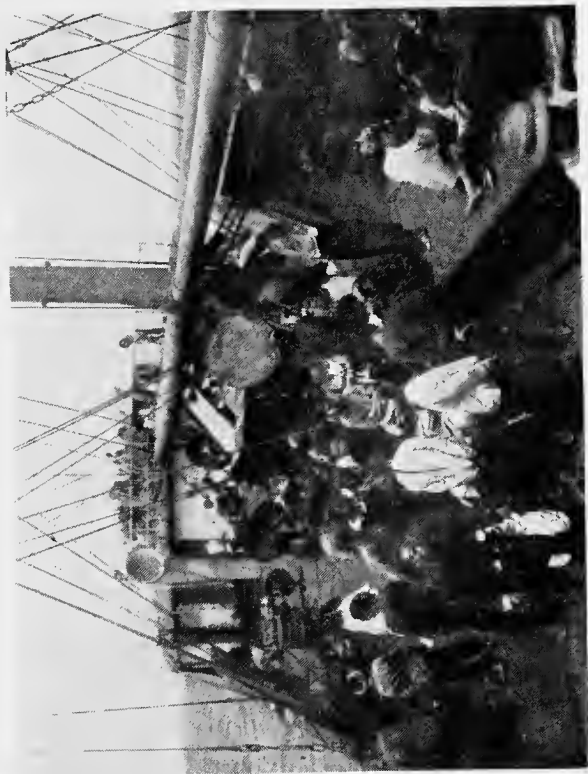
From the Gardens the distance was short, and half-an-hour later I was back on the "Glamorganshire," enjoying a good dinner after my long walk.

We were to leave Hong Kong the following afternoon, so in the morning I took a farewell tramp round Kowloon where trade and manufacture is rapidly taking root. Among other things is a large match factory, opened in 1901, where Chinese labour is almost exclusively employed, and profits proportionately high; for Chinese and eastern labour generally is preposterously cheap.

Further on I saw the Dry Dock, several vessels awaiting repairs, and hurrying crowds of workmen proving the briskness of trade.

The native town is fairly extensive, boasts shops in plenty and a covered market, while through the open window of a certain building I heard the unmistakable tones of a class reciting lessons; thus, education is not forgotten.

Further inland are cultivated areas devoted to the raising of vegetables, where men and women toil together, and



*Chinese Deck-passengers.
The central group are gambling.*

litters of pigs, ever dear to the Chinese heart, wander at will. Among the workers women *coolies* abound and seem to do as heavy work as the men; I saw a gang of them carrying baskets of flints slung across their shoulders, trudging bare-foot on the dusty road; their feet looked hard and horny, and I was sorry for the poor creatures.

As I returned, near the Officers' Quarters some of the Indian troops were at signal practice, wildly waving flags in their brown hands. Fine fellows they are, but what if they turned against us like the old Sepoys of the mutiny? Drilled to perfection, officered largely by their fellow countrymen, they carry the best weapons England can produce, and are brave as tigers. But confidence has, I think, disarmed them, and under British rule they are too happy to forfeit by rising the trust reposed in them.

A few minutes later I beheld another scene—a party of sturdy bluejackets on fatigue duty. They were drilling on a patch of ground far from level and by no means free from awkward obstacles, but wherever ordered there they marched, over stones, into holes, through tufts of thick, dry grass, and sometimes almost through a wall, till just in time came the command, “Right wheel,” and away they swung in a new direction. They were from H.M.S. “Terrible,” and looked equal to the reputation established in South Africa, where, perhaps, these very men had helped to drag the guns that did such yeoman service at the famous siege.

At three o'clock precisely, on March 7th, the “Glamorganshire” moved away from the Kowloon jetty, while her whistle thrice woke the echoes in the surrounding hills.

The Golden East.

As our prow began to turn towards the northern channel, a steam launch, panting and throbbing, came alongside with Mails and other packages for Shanghai, and these were unceremoniously hauled aboard as we moved out of harbour.

Very slowly we glided past H.M.S. "Terrible," and the other cruisers near her, dipping our colours as we came abreast; once clear of the shipping, however, full speed was put on, and an hour later the island of Hong Kong was rapidly fading from view.

About 9 p.m. the following night we encountered a dense fog, through which, for half-an-hour we had to feel our way, sounding the whistle once a minute.

Only those who have heard a steamer's whistle by night at sea can realise its penetrating, all-pervading effect; it is like the piteous appeal of a dumb animal for mercy. More than once during the long voyage has it burst upon my slumbers at dead of night, like some lone wanderer that seemed to cry, "Have a care, have a care," and, sitting up in my berth to listen, I have realised how completely in the hands of a higher power was every soul on board.

B—— was always affected by the whistle, and to-night *would* go and ascertain the cause of its blowing. I continued my perusal of the "Eternal City."

In two minutes he reappeared.

"I say, Holliday, it is thick; you can't see the fore-castle head."

"All right," still going on reading.

Donning an overcoat and thick gloves he went out again. Presently the whistle ceased its wailings, and Mr. B——, looking very like a drowned rat, returned with the

news that it was all over. I felt relieved, for fogs at sea are dangerous, and very prevalent at this season in the China sea, where navigators are often delayed days, sometimes weeks thereby.

On Sunday, March the 9th, an incident occurred that might have had grave results. It was just after breakfast ; a small steamer travelling the same way as the "Glamorganshire" got almost directly behind her, gaining slowly the while, so that danger of a collision arose. Just, however, as she seemed coming right into us, she altered her course, not a moment too soon, and went off at a tangent. The officers of the "Glamorganshire" were not a little perturbed and pronounced it a piece of sheer folly to run such a terrible risk ; they were also of opinion that the people on the other steamer wished to force us to alter our course, in utter disregard of all nautical rules.

Nothing further of interest took place during the brief passage to Shanghai, but B—— and I played ping-pong hard each day, with a keenness which, as far as I was concerned, was chiefly due to the fact that after he left there would be no one left to play with ; more especially as the implements belonged to him.

At 3 a.m., on March the 11th, I was awakened by a series of grating, rattling, and bumping noises, which, coupled with the stoppage of the engines, seemed to indicate that we were either aground or in collision. As will be surmised, however, such was not the case, for we had merely come to anchor outside of the bar of the mighty Yang-tse-kiang to await daylight and a pilot.

The Golden East.

On turning out at seven o'clock I found B—— already astir muffled in an overcoat, for in spite of a brilliant sun the wind was fresh and piercing.

Except for the absence of land it was difficult to believe we were still outside the bar, for the water was a thick mud colour, just like a river in flood. This colour remains practically unaltered all the way up to Shanghai, and is the normal colour of the great river, whose size may be imagined when I say that it colours the sea for a radius of over fifty miles from its mouth.

At nine o'clock we hove up anchor and began to move towards the bar, though I cannot be certain when we crossed it as the river is so wide that its banks are barely visible for some distance up.

During the forenoon I was startled by the sound of heavy firing, and rushing on deck was in time to see a British cruiser at target practice. She was steaming slowly seawards, and a faint white speck, two miles away, marked the spot where the target floated; two or three shots would follow in quick succession, and a series of splashes near the target showed that the aim was good. As we left her further behind the detonation reached us after the shot had been observed, and presently the noise faded to a dull roar, which at length the distance swallowed up completely.

At one o'clock the Quarantine Doctor boarded us, pronounced a clean bill of health, and departed in his launch to a large Russian gun-boat, which had just come up flying the yellow flag; and the "Glamorganshire" moved on up the river.

Soon we left the Yang-tse-kiang for one of its tributories, the Woosung River, equally muddy in colour. Houses



FOREMAN COOLIE

MALAY BARGE



AT SINGAPORE

could now be discerned on the low, green banks and not a few graves and coffins, of which more anon.

It was not until 4.30 that we drew alongside the Pootung Wharf, some three miles from Shanghai, and there made fast.

My first evening's impression of Shanghai was by no means encouraging, and took a day or two to wear off. Dinner was barely over when heavy cloud-banks rolled up from the west, and a cold drizzle set in, rendering a shore excursion out of the question for that night. Added to this both Mr. J—— and his valet were suffering from acute influenza, and altogether the state of affairs was most depressing.

The morning saw little or no improvement in the weather, but about noon the rain ceased and the temperature rose a little. Armed with a waterproof and umbrella I stepped ashore intending to explore the vicinity of the wharf. After tramping through a great deal of mud I emerged upon the open bank of the river, but, finding the mud getting thicker and progress finally barred by a filthy creek, I retraced my steps to the ship.

I noticed a "turret" vessel, the "Norman Isles," and one of the "oil tank" order, the latter discharging her cargo, and suddenly realised that I was smoking, for I had not till then noticed the many large painted signs, "Smoking strictly prohibited."

I hastily concealed my pipe, and began to watch the Chinese *coolies* trotting from ship to shore with the tins of oil slung upon the indispensable bamboo. At this season (March) the *coolies* wear their winter clothes, which are never removed until the summer, not even for washing purposes ;

The Golden East.

in this garb the *coolies* look exceedingly bulky and bulging, while the clothes themselves are, in most cases, extremely ancient, and were it not for cunningly contrived strings and bands would certainly fall to pieces.

During wet weather the *coolies* don, outside their ordinary clothes, a costume of dried grass, held in place by strings round waist and neck; this gives them an appearance of miniature hay-cocks and at the same time effectually keeps out the rain. Moreover, their wages are raised in wet weather from forty to sixty cents. per day, so I daresay they welcome the rain.

CHAPTER VI.

DISCHARGING CARGO—PETTY LARCENY—A CHINESE SANPAN—A HEARTY RECEPTION—COTTON MILLS—BROADWAY—CHINESE WHEEL-BARROWS—THE BUND—A FIRE—BAD COINAGE.

THE "Glamorganshire" was discharging a miscellaneous cargo of rusty scrap iron, old horse-shoes, boiler-plates, telegraph and fencing wire, and the like ; working in pairs the *coolies* contrived to carry tremendous loads, and as they worked they chanted a strangely fascinating accompaniment. It sounds something like a repetition of the syllables, " Uh-uh-o-ya-o-ya-uh-uh," the front man doing the bass and the other the tenor part, so to speak ; there is quite a tuneful ring about it which doubtless renders it a labour-lightener of no mean order.

At the ends of the jetties every particle of stuff is weighed, and then carefully stacked in the open space beyond, discrepancies being met by the shippers. The second officer, a Mr. K——, informed me that the utmost vigilance had to be exercised to prevent theft. " I have known cases," said he, " where the *coolies* each time they leave the ship's side with, say, a basket of old horse-shoes or small steel scrap, have contrived to slip a bit down between the jetty planks into a *sanpan* below ; and unless discovered early this often leads to a deficit of ten or twelve tons, no inconsiderable amount."

The Golden East.

"But what do they do with these old bits of iron?" I asked.

"Oh, sell them to native dealers or smiths, and get a good price for them too; old iron is worth something out in China."

This is merely one out of a thousand examples of the duplicity of the "heathen Chinese," so aptly and cleverly described by the late Mr. Brete Harte.

On the afternoon of the 12th of March, I made my first acquaintance with the city of Shanghai, sometimes called the "London of the East."

The Woosung river had first to be crossed by means of the ubiquitous *sanpan*. While in Shanghai I generally patronized the same man; he rejoiced in the melodious name of "Vigilant Sam," a title he fully deserved, seeing that he was always about and ready to ferry me over whenever I returned from the city.

The Chinese *sanpan* itself is rather an elaborate affair compared to most others, having a hood under which the passenger sits sheltered from the sun or rain, and an apron, adjustable at will, to keep out wind or any water that may be shipped. The method of propulsion is also peculiar. A heavy, broad-bladed oar is fixed in the stern by means of a pin with a ball at the end, which ball fits into a socket in the top beam of the *sanpan's* stern; thus, the blade is in the water while the handle of the oar projects several feet over the after end of the boat; near its extremity is tied a rope, the other end fixed to the *sanpan*. This constitutes the whole of the mechanism, and is handled in the following manner:—



*General view of the heights above Hong Kong.
On the right is an Hospital Ship.*

The operator stands at the starboard side of the oar which he grasps with his left hand, his right hand holding the rope; he then merely proceeds to push the oar handle to port and pull it back to starboard alternately, which has the effect of turning the oar over upon the ball and socket each time it reaches the end of a stroke, and consequently the boat is propelled by a movement similar to that of the tail of a fish. The oar-blade describes a sort of zig-zag in the water. I was much interested in the Chinese *sanpan*, and spent some time making a sketch of one.

By the time we reached the landing place a small crowd of *rikisha coolies* had assembled, having sighted their prey afar off, and only by threatening to use my stick did I force a passage through them. Hustled and badgered by this foul-smelling pack I grew desperate, and, stepping into the cleanest of the *rikishas*, was instantly whisked off up the road amid yells of disappointment from the owners of the unfavoured ones.

The weather had now brightened and the sun shone fitfully, as the *rikisha* swung out into the Yangtsepoo Road that leads to Shanghai. There was much to see as I rolled along but a rapid glance had to suffice for the meantime.

On the left, between the river and the road, lay a German barracks, composed of wooden buildings roofed with corrugated iron, a private in drab uniform and helmet standing sentry at the gate. Further on are several large cotton mills only recently opened, and, as I understand, already affecting the Manchester trade. All the way to Shanghai are timber yards, mills, engineering, and other works, including the Hongkew Slipway & Engineering Co.,

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testimony beyond question to the growing trade and commercial importance of the city.

By-and-bye the Yangtsepoo Road becomes Broadway, shops and houses rise thicker on both sides, first residential villas, and later on, business premises. A large, open space to the right, packed with the curious, clumsy, two-wheeled carts of the country, is one of the Chinese market places, and at certain times literally teems with blue-clad celestials buying and selling.

In Broadway the traffic is dense almost to congestion, *rikishas* fly in all directions, mingling with carriages, hired and private, Chinese barrows, cycles and heavy wagons. The Chinese wheelbarrow merits some description. It consists of a large cart-wheel running within an oblong framework with two handles, to which are fixed two legs for standing purposes, projecting at one end; these the *coolie* holds, while a rope, its ends attached to either handle, passes over his shoulders as an additional support.

The barrows are used for conveying either goods or passengers, and, to give an idea what can be done with them, I actually saw one man wheeling, apparently without difficulty, eight women and a child.

The passengers sit at either side of the wheel, which rises through the body of the barrow, resting their feet in rope slings provided for the purpose.

Sometimes a whole string of these barrows may be seen following one another, and their appearance when full of passengers is, to the unaccustomed eye of a stranger ludicrous in the extreme.

The private carriages are landaus or victorias, driven of course by Chinese coachmen, while at least one and often two footmen stand like statues behind. The liveries they wear are most picturesque, consisting of a round pork-pie hat of considerable height, and a long, loose coat caught in at the waist with a belt or cords like a dressing gown, and having heavy wrist-bands and collar. The most affected colours are dark blue, green, brown, and claret, with facings of silver, gold, or crimson, and the artistic effect is further enhanced by the neatly-plaited pig-tails of the wearers.

Through all this crowd my *rikisha* was skilfully steered along Broadway, and turning abruptly to the left passed under the windows of the "Astor House," Shanghai's largest hotel, rolled over an arch-like wooden bridge, and emerged upon the "Bund," a broad, extensive thoroughfare fronting the busy river and planted with fine trees. Here begins the British Concession extending for a mile or so to a second bridge, beyond which lies the French Concession; there is also a German Concession, but I am rather doubtful of its exact position.

After crossing the first bridge a small park is observed on the left, where Chinese nursemaids bring their small charges during the afternoons, while in the evenings a band sometimes performs. Near the park is a large monument cast in bronze, a broken mast with cordage and spars, sacred to the memory of the officers and men of some British ship whose name I have forgotten.

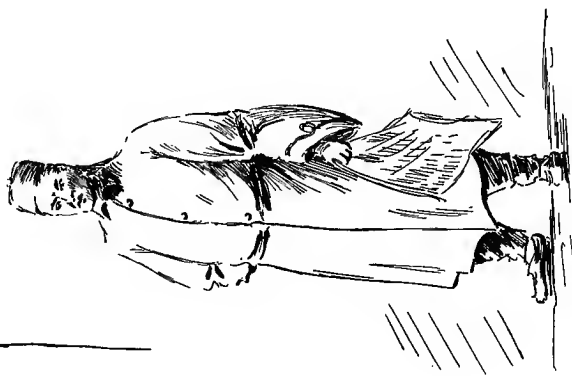
An abrupt turn to the right brought us to the English Post Office, and here I discharged my perspiring *coolie*, posted my letters, and set off on foot to explore the city.

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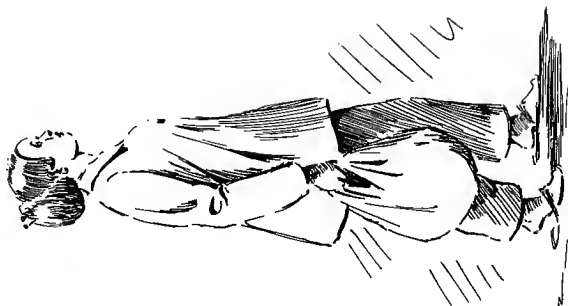
Ten minutes' walk carried me into the Nanking road, where I found a large crowd gathered round a corner shop. There had been a fire and the flames had just been extinguished, but the appearance of the house was woeful beyond description. The side and front were completely burnt out, while the floor of the upper storey was on the point of collapsing. This, however, had not deterred the owners of the premises from going up to secure such of their property as had escaped destruction, and each moment I expected to see them precipitated among the still smouldering debris below. The shop, a Chinaman's, was like all its neighbours, built entirely of wood, and I could not help thinking at the time what a blaze there would have been if the fire had got a real hold.

The Nanking road leads off at right-angles from the Bund, and at this end of it all the houses and shops are European. They are excellent shops but one and all preposterously expensive. I had a short talk on the subject with a shopkeeper one day, and asked him why everything was so dear.

"Well, sir," said he, "to begin with we have freights to consider; and then again rents here are exceedingly high. We are paying for our premises a rental that it could only command in London, and as a consequence are compelled to raise our prices thirty and forty per cent. to make any profit at all. Besides, all cash transactions are effected in dollars, which fluctuate so in value that the variation frequently swallows all profits. It is the same with us employees; we are paid in dollars; if the dollar goes down we are bound to lose; and at times food goes up proportionately and so we suffer a double loss."



— TYPICAL CHINESE
MERCHANT —



— CHINESE BUM BOAT
WOMAN —

SKETCHED AT HONG KONG

This explanation is fairly satisfactory, but does not always hold good. For instance, the "guilder" has a fixed value, and in Java, at Sourabaya, goods are more outrageously dear even than in Shanghai. But in Shanghai certain things are to be had at reasonable prices—books, for example. Brewer & Co. are selling sixpenny editions of English novels at thirty-five cents., or about 8d, but other editions are not so cheap. Heineman's paper-covered editions, run to 1.25 dollars, and the Tauchnitz editions are more expensive still.

After making a few purchases at Brewer's I went down a street entirely devoted to Chinese silk merchants. I entered one of the shops and bought several yards of silk, handing a number of dollars to the polite Chinaman who served me. He took the money away to the far end of the shop, whence proceeded much clinking and ringing of coins. In two minutes he was back again, holding up one of the dollars which the "ringer" had declined to pass; there was nothing for it but to offer another in exchange. This one passed the ordeal successfully, though for the life of me I could not detect the slightest difference between the two coins.

However, I determined to have an explanation at Brewer's, where I had received the money, and accordingly returned to their shop. The man who had previously served me came forward.

I said, "One of the dollars you gave me is a bad one. They refused it just now at a Chinese silk store," and I shewed him the coin in question. He examined it, and then said, "I don't see anything wrong with this, sir, but if you like I'll give you another, as it has our stamp on."

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"I think I'll have another, if you don't mind; it is an awful nuisance to be bothered with false coinage."

"Yes, and there is a lot of it about just now. You cannot be too careful. We employ a Chinaman to do nothing but examine and ring dollars; they detect bad ones with more certainty than we can, but even they are at fault sometimes."

There is more bad money in Shanghai than anywhere else in the East, at least that was my experience, and in consequence paper money, in the shape of five and ten dollar bills, is very largely used. Banks and many of the larger shops are in the habit of stamping dollars that pass through their hands, and will readily change these if difficulty is found in passing them. This is of considerable importance to the general public, and a safeguard against any appreciable loss.

Most of the dollars circulating in Shanghai are Mexican, though an occasional one from the Straits Settlements is met with; but much of the smaller coinage is Chinese, made to work in as fractions of a dollar. For instance, 1 mace 44 candarenes does duty as 20 cents. or $\frac{1}{5}$ dollar, while 72 candarenes is equal to 10 cents. or $\frac{1}{10}$ dollar; the five cent. pieces bear the Queen's head, and come chiefly from Hong Kong.

CHAPTER X.

SPRING CLEANING—SHANGHAI AND DISEASE—LETTUCE
'AND CHOLERA—TRAFFIC ON THE WOOSUNG—FARE DIS-
PUTES—A RIVER JUNK—BATTLESHIPS—THE LAST OF THE
TERRIERS.

DURING our ten days' stay in Shanghai Captain E— seized the opportunity of having the ship thoroughly done up and painted. The saloon was cleaned, painted, and varnished; the engine-room was re-decorated and grained all round, and, when finished, presented a most artistic appearance: but chief of all these operations was the chipping of rust from the iron well-decks. These, through former neglect, had become very rusty, and it was imperative that something should be done to prevent further corrosion.

Accordingly a large gang of men, armed with hammers and other implements of torture, started each morning at six a.m. chipping and scraping the rusty plates. The noise was deafening and irritating beyond measure, and generally continued without cessation until five p.m.

It will be apparent, even to the most unimaginative mind, that such a clamour, combined with rattling winches and other hideous noises connected with unloading, could hardly have a soothing effect on the nerves or induce peaceful slumbers.

A very brief experience of it caused Mr. J—, who, as previously stated, was suffering from influenza, to announce his intention of removing, ill as he was, to quieter quarters

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at some hotel. I should myself have followed his example, had not the state of my finances rendered such a course inexpedient, if not out of the question.

Perhaps it was wiser to remain on board in view of the disparaging accounts that reached us regarding the health of the city. Captain E——, who daily met in business many who thoroughly knew Shanghai affairs, brought back terrible tales of the ravages of cholera and scarlet fever. One case in particular so savours of the diabolical terror of these Eastern climates that I cannot readily forget it.

There was an English captain in command of a Chinese coaster, whose family, four young children and the mother, resided in Shanghai. During the father's absence one of the children contracted scarlet fever, and presently a second developed the symptoms. The mother nursed them, and was soon herself laid low with the disease. The two children died, whilst the mother recovered to find that a third child had been seized. At this point the father arrived from sea to learn that his family had been halved, to greet a sick child and an enfeebled wife. After lingering a day or two the third child joined the others, and soon the fourth and last child sickened and died.

Thus the unhappy father and his worn-out wife were left alone in their affliction.

The above is absolutely true, and probably only one of several very similar cases.

But scarlet fever cannot compare with cholera, which rages in Shanghai throughout the summer. Some say it is due to over-indulgence in fruit, though many cases have been traced to the lettuce used in salads.



*Victoria Street, Hong Kong.
The City Hall to the left.*

This lettuce is grown near Shanghai on the river banks, over the very places where lie the half-buried remains of Chinese bodies. It looks beautifully green and crisp, and has no disagreeable flavour; but the cholera germ is there, and those who eat, though they escape once or twice, may ultimately pay the penalty by death.

To-night a man is seen laughing and joking at the club, apparently in the best of health; a few hours later he complains of a pain and goes home; next day his death is announced, and his friends, before they have had time to realise it, are following his body to its last resting-place.

So much for the climate of Shanghai, the so-called "London of the East."

On the Woosung River the traffic affords a most interesting study of variety in the shipping line. All day long innumerable *sanpans* ply from bank to bank; so light are they that the strong tides have them almost at their mercy. I have watched a boatman forcing his *sanpan* along inch by inch against a heavy current, stolidly pulling and pushing his oar in a way that seemed to imply complete indifference to the result.

If a man ferries you over during a strong tide or in a fresh breeze he invariably tries to extort extra payment.

Once my friend, "Vigilant Sam," happened to be away and I had to hire a strange man. Sam used to charge ten cents either way, but this fellow demanded twenty. Moreover, the water was so low that I had to be carried on the back of a not too cleanly *coolie* before I could take my seat on the *sanpan*.

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"Coolie-money, coolie-money, master!" cried this individual, extending a grimy, brown palm, and I had to pacify him with five cents.

"Bad money, master; this b'long bad money!"

"No, no," said I, "that's all right." But it would not do for him so I changed it, whereupon he retired grumbling at the smallness of the amount.

Next moment the *sanpan* was tossing up and down on the dirty waters of the river, which was running very strong and chopped by a fresh breeze. I saw that it would be no easy task to reach the other side, but at the end of half-an-hour it was safely accomplished and I stepped ashore, handing the man his twenty cents.

"Oh, master, master!" he began, "Water very strong, makee plenty hard work."

"I have given you double fare already," I said, "Vigilant Sam he takes me over any time for ten cents," and moved away. "John," however, was not to be denied and, jumping on to the jetty, seized the back of my coat. This was too much to be borne meekly, and I raised my stick, which had the desired effect of sending him back to his *sanpan*. It is always best to be firm with these fellows, otherwise there is no limit to their impudence.

Besides countless *sanpans* there are almost endless strings of junks which sail by with astonishing rapidity. They are clumsy looking craft, but in the hands of the Chinese behave in a manner that would not disgrace a Clyde-built yacht.

The man in charge lives, eats, and sleeps on board together with his wife and family, and they contrive to make themselves quite as comfortable as those who live ashore.

"John" is always happy if he gets his modicum of rice and vegetable soup, and, though of a somewhat primitive character, the culinary operations are not uninteresting.

The kitchen, if so dignified a term may be applied, is usually in the stern, immediately aft, of the square hole that gives access to the cabin. It consists of a square hole sunk in the deck to receive a box-like iron stove with a round hole cut in the top; a charcoal fire is kindled inside the stove, and the large cauldron, in which water is boiled and all cooking performed, takes its place in the round opening above it.

When dinner is ready "John" ceases work (if, as is more probable, he has not already done so) and the various members of the family squat round the dishes containing the viands. Each has a bowl of rice, which, when empty, is replenished from a round basket with a wooden spoon, and dips his chopsticks in turn into the many basins before him which contain such delicacies as pickled beans, onions, and other things whose origin is wrapped in mystery.

There is always some sort of soup partaken of by everybody from the same china spoon; each in turn takes a spoonful and carefully replaces the spoon. Although this appears a sociable way of dining, I have observed that hardly a word is uttered; if anyone wants a thing he points to it, and the nearest man passes it.

Another interesting feature of the river is the daily passage of the river steamers that ply regularly between Shanghai, Hankow, and other places on the Yang-tse-kiang. To the casual observer these steamers might appear quite ordinary, but they have at least two curious features. Some of the boats have two funnels which are placed abreast and

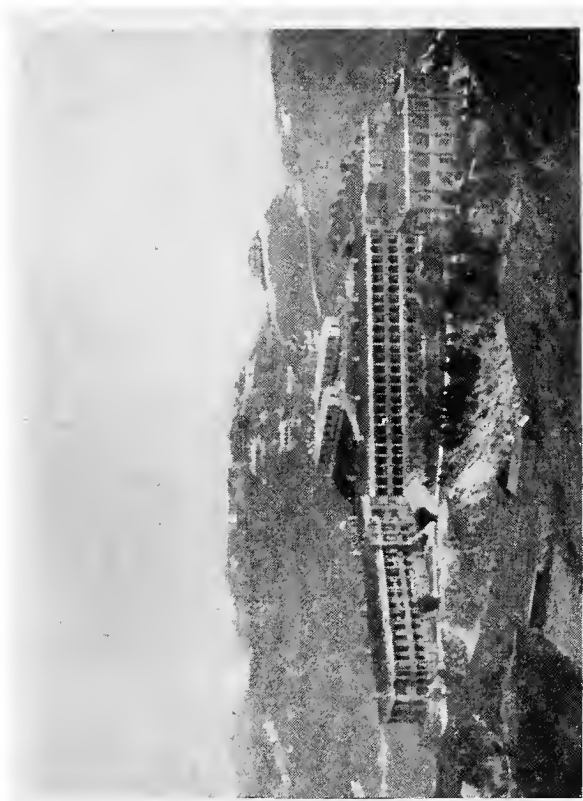
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not fore and aft in the usual way, while the paddles are driven by vertical beam engines, partly visible above the deck-houses just aft of the funnels. The beam, at a guess, some fourteen feet long, rocks between two A shaped trunnion columns, and the movements of connecting and piston rods can be distinctly followed as the paddles revolve. These boats are nearly all of American build, of a type similar to those in use on the lakes and rivers of the New World, and are capable of a speed of fourteen knots.

Many ships of war belonging to different nations are seen on the Woosung River. On our arrival we passed close to a powerful Japanese cruiser, and further on a Russian lay at anchor. Some one facetiously observed, "I bet the Japs would like to go for that Russian. It would be great fun to see them have a slap at each other. Ten to one on the little Japs." But these hopes were not realised for the "little Japs" cleared out a day or two later leaving the Russian to his own devices.

About a week after our arrival I was idling about watching the deck-chipping and other operations, when I heard Mr. R—— calling "Here you are, Mr. Holliday, there's a Yankee monitor coming down the river." I wheeled round abruptly and looked towards Shanghai. A peculiar looking craft was dropping lazily down stream.

Her main deck, which was railed round, cannot have been more than two or three feet above the water, while in the middle rose a large circular turret, topped by a buff-coloured funnel, and from her flagstaff tailed out the stars and stripes, flapping gently in the breeze. On deck very few men could be seen, but down below were several hundreds, I make no doubt.



*On the Peak, Hong Kong.
In the foreground the Military Hospital, formerly a Barracks.*

The "Monitor" class, a type recently introduced in the American navy, was evidently designed with the idea of presenting a limited surface to the enemy's guns, but, while this object has been attained, considerable disadvantage is apparent in the fact that in anything like a "sea" the main deck will be awash.

I saw also a British vessel called the "Sutherland" passing by on her way seawards, and learnt she had just left the dry dock, where some damaged plates, the result of striking sunken rocks, had been repaired.

On March 13th B—— removed his goods and chattels to the house of a friend, remaining there until he could get a steamer for Tientsin, his final destination. I wished him luck on his departure, but have never heard what became of him. He had come out East at the instance of a friend, resident in Tientsin, who promised him great things, which, I trust, have since been fully realised.

The two terriers, the heroes of the rat hunt, were disembarked in Shanghai, and doubtless found great relief after their long confinement.

CHAPTER XI.

SNAPSHOT SEEKING—THE “ORIENTAL” AGAIN—THE SHANGHAI POLICE—THE WALLED CITY—THE SECOND OFFICER SPRAKS—OBJECTIVE—BARGAIN-HUNTING—AN ADVENTURE—EXPLORATIONS—COFFINS—FISHING—CHINESE UNCLEANLINESS.

ONE sunny afternoon I shouldered my camera and proceeded on foot to the city. My object in tramping it was two-fold—to get exercise and to have ample time for choice of subjects. Of the pictures I took several are quite representative of the place, and the various features of Chinese costume and street life are fairly well reproduced. The photograph of the bridge shows in the background some Government buildings, behind which are located the different Consulates; the figures in the foreground are Indian Infantry soldiers.

My old friend the “Oriental” was lying in the river almost opposite the Custom House, a large red brick building, surmounted by a fine clock that chimes the quarters. The graceful steamer, with a foreground of *sanpans* and *coolies*, made a capital subject for a snapshot.

I now strolled along the Bund, whose buildings are almost all of great size, many storeys high, substantial blocks of stone and steel. Here are the chief banks, hotels, and shipping offices, with many large shops, extending from the gardens to the bridge by which the French Concession is reached. Beside this bridge is a notice in English, French, and German, announcing that no *rikisha*, without a

special French license, may cross it. This rule is strictly enforced, and in consequence many of the *rikishas* pay three distinct licenses, for, as they are all numbered on the vehicle itself, on the *coolies'* straw hat and the back of his jacket, any attempt at infringement is rapidly discovered.

A few words about the Shanghai police may not be out of place here. Most of them are Hindus, dressed in a uniform identical with that of the London "Bobby," save that the tunic is shorter, while a reddish-coloured turban replaces the clumsy helmet; the general effect is not unpleasing. As a rule these Indians speak English, and are studiously polite, never omitting a differential *salaam* when addressing a *sahib*. The remainder of the force are Chinamen, dressed also in blue, and provided with short gaiters and pork-pie hats; they speak little or no English, and are mostly on beats in the native quarters of the city.

French gendarmes are frequently seen strolling in couples through the English Concession when off duty, and more rarely Germans may be observed.

The principle street in Shanghai is undoubtedly the Nanking Road (if a road may be called a street), not only because it holds the chief of the English shops but also because it leads to the Bubbling Well Road, where many wealthy Europeans reside, and to the walled city of the Chinese.

I was much tempted to visit the native city, and probably shall always regret not having done so. Gruesome warnings deterred me, more especially those I received from our second officer. He had, of course, been several times in Shanghai, and once had an experience in the Chinese city which I will try to relate in his own words.

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"There were," said he, "about half-a-dozen of us, and as we all wished to see the city we arranged to go together. On arriving at the gate we hired the customary guide, who, to our annoyance, demanded payment beforehand. This did not suit us, and we told him we expected to be shewn the city first, and if he wouldn't do it we would soon find someone else who would. After considerable delay he consented, and led us away towards the heart of the city. The streets were exceedingly narrow and wound about in every direction, so our feelings may be imagined when unexpectedly and all in a moment our guide gave us the slip.

We were alone in the midst of a maze of narrow streets, shut in with hundreds of thousands of Chinamen, cut off from the outer world.

At length night began to fall and we were still within the walls, hungry and unable to obtain food, hopelessly searching for an exit from the horrible place.

Once we were set upon, and disaster might have followed had not the more sensible of the party forcibly dragged the others from the quarrel.

Not until a day and a half had elapsed did we, by sheer luck, gain the outside world, in so exhausted a state from lack of food and rest, that nothing would tempt any of us inside those walls again. As for our rascally guide we never saw him again, but we had this satisfaction, that he went off without his payment."

Thus the second officer, whose narrative, joined to other tales of mysterious disappearances heard from time to time, proved sufficient to keep me outside the walls. Opium dens and other undesirable places I left unexplored. What I missed thereby who can say—perhaps much of evil, little of benefit.



The Gardens, Hong Kōng.

Although those who desire to study China go as a rule to these native cities, it must not be supposed that little is to be seen outside the walls. On the contrary ample opportunities of studying Chinese character and customs present themselves at every turn. But it is the object of the present writer not so much to describe the customs or the character of the people, as to bring before the reader his own impressions—what he saw, and thought, and did—in a word, to paint for him a series of dissolving views in the different places visited.

On March the 14th I penetrated further into the native quarter than hitherto, walking about a mile and a-half up the Nanking Road. Needless to say by this time I had developed the curio-hunting mania, and my eyes were always on the shops. I stopped before a Chinese dealer's of some pretensions. In the window were several pairs of fur-lined slippers, beautifully embroidered in coloured silk, that took my fancy at once, and I entered the shop. A Chinaman hurried towards me, and a dialogue followed something like this:—

Self—"Me wantee buy slippers," pointing to the articles.

John—"Lady wantee? Gentlee-man wantee?"

Self—"Wantee lady's."

John—(Producing two or three pairs in various styles and sizes), "These b'long thlee dollar, two dollar-fifty, two dollar."

Self—"Makee last long time?"

John—"Yes, yes, plentee long time last. B'long vellee good Chinese 'bloidelly. All'ee same long time last."

Self—"How muchee this pair?"

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John—"B'long two dollar."

Self—"All right, makee wrappee up."

The slippers were wrapped up, the money paid, and with a polite "good morning" I was bowed into the street. Crossing the road I proceeded leisurely homeward, and had almost reached the neighbourhood of the English shops when I observed a chattering, excited crowd in the roadway.

On coming up I beheld a clerical-looking gentleman, standing in a dog-cart drawn by a white pony, engaged in a heated argument with a Chinese policeman and the driver of a hackney carriage. My arrival was noted by the Englishman and he at once addressed me.

"I say, can you help me in this at all?" he asked, as I pushed through the jabbering crowd to his horse's head. "I have had the misfortune to collide with this hackney carriage and the Chinese "bobby" here wants to arrest me; he says it was my fault, but the driver told him *that* for *he* did not see the accident. I don't know what to do. I am a stranger here. All I know is I was on my right side of the road." "I am very sorry," I returned, "but I am equally a stranger, and can't speak a word of Chinese or I should be only too glad to help you."

At length with great difficulty the policeman contrived to explain to the gentleman that he wished him to go the Police Station.

"All right, come on then; and you come too," indicating the hackney carriage driver, "which is the way?"

The policeman pointed to an adjacent corner, and the two vehicles wheeled round to disappear in the stream of traffic. What was the result of the proceedings I never

learnt, nor, save for the hurried statement of the Englishman, where the fault lay ; but I shall not easily forget the look of mingled perplexity and annoyance on the broad, open countenance of the unfortunate cleric.

Tramping about Shanghai almost daily soon became tedious, till on March 17th I varied the programme by making a second effort to explore the region behind the Pootung Wharf, this time with more success.

It was about three p.m. when I left the ship ; a brilliant sun shone from an azure sky, shedding a genial warmth over the earth. By dint of perseverance and much accidental prying into private premises, I found a narrow outlet between two high bamboo fences which brought me to some squalid-looking huts, where the cargo *coolies* reside.

Turning to the right I followed a narrow footpath of hard, sunbaked clay that ran along the side of a not over-clean stream or rather succession of green-scummed pools.

Along the opposite bank, dropped indiscriminately, regardless of all order, were ranged filthy-looking bamboo huts, roofed with a rough thatch, and boasting more or less of a garden, planted with a few stunted cabbages, with an occasional potato patch.

Generally the grass was fresh and green, and many of the trees were gay with pink blossom, but an all-pervading odour of decomposing vegetation marred the surroundings, and rendered necessary a frequent recourse to the pocket-handkerchief.

Further inland I reached the cultivated fields and farmlands, where several curious features met the eye. The fields

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are very small, separated from each other by low, clay dykes, which in nearly all cases do duty as footpaths; hedges are unknown, and on this side of the river I saw no road more than six feet wide.

Many of the fields are ornamented (?) with groups of coffins, some encased in a stone or plaster shell raised on four legs from the ground, others again left uncovered. I will not positively affirm that a smell arises from these gruesome relics, but when the contents begin to shew signs of emerging from their receptacle, as it falls into decay, it is high time that some plan be matured for their more adequate disposal.

I was much interested in the manœuvres of a couple of fishermen at one of the aforementioned pools. I stood and watched them for some minutes. One had a large, fine-meshed net, fixed to a long bamboo, which he lowered cautiously into the green, stagnant water; the other, with a long pole, swept the muddy bottom in front of the net. The startled fish dart into the net and are easily secured. Those I saw them catch did not look inviting, and, considering the water they live in, were quite unfit for food.

Pushing on further I was met by several small urchins who held out dirty hands for money; I got them to shew me another way home and then dismissed them in great glee with a few cents. They spoke no English but seemed to understand the signs I made; much to my amusement they deliberately stripped a tree of its blossom for my benefit; happily, the owner was not about or some difficulty might have arisen.

These small Chinamen led me in and out among the fields, over rickety wooden bridges, past clusters of dirty



A Chinese Sea-going Junk.

hovels where the natives stared at me wide-eyed, and often savage dogs sprang out with vicious snarl and gleaming teeth.

I was struck by the fact that nearly all the workers in the fields are women ; perhaps the reason for this is that most of the men are employed on the river and leave the women-folk to manage their little farms.

In one place a small stream or gutter had become silted up, and four or five men were engaged in removing the thick, black mud from the bottom. Submerged in slime to the knees, and even above, they plied hand and shovel vigorously, depositing the filth on the banks to rot and stink in the sun ; nor did it appear to occur to them that the first rain would wash it all back again. Small wonder is it that disease lays its hand upon this people, sweeping them away in thousands. Yet in themselves they are undeniably clean. The Chinese sailor or fireman spends some time daily in bathing, and may even be seen polishing his teeth with the remains of some prehistoric tooth-brush, failing which he uses his fingers or a bit of wood. Their culinary and domestic habits, however, are filthy in the extreme, for rather than take a little trouble to burn or otherwise get rid of waste matter, they will watch it rot at their very door, fostering the germ that so frequently destroys them.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE POOTUNG WHARF AND ITS HABITUÉS—ADIEU TO CHINA—LIKIN JUNKS—ROUGH WEATHER—NAGASAKI—THE DOCTOR—SCENERY—THE LAVISH YANKEE.

I photographed the "Glamorganshire" as she lay in the Woosung River, and made a hurried sketch of the principle types frequenting the wharf; but the natives shewed such a marked aversion to my attentions that I had to confine myself to back views.

All day were to be seen vendors of cakes, drinks, and cigarettes doing a roaring trade with the cargo *coolies*, and their curious cries are a feature of the river, indeed of the country. I remember one man particularly, who carried his small stock-in-trade in two baskets slung on a split bamboo, and gave vent at intervals to a weird drone—"Ah-a-la-lah"—drawn out till breath failed him. He dealt in cakes of all kinds; round discs of spongy, white dough, with a pink dot in the centre; yellow, ball-like objects that seemed to have been rolled in rice; wrinkly, brown, shapeless masses like distorted overcooked pancakes; and many others quite beyond description; but all and sundry appealed equally to the voracious *coolies* and occasioned a thriving trade. I often wondered what these concoctions would be like, but, luckily perhaps, never mustered courage to taste them.

One last word about Shanghai. The most casual observer cannot help remarking the diversity of races in the crowded streets. Almost every important nation is in evidence. Chinamen, of course, predominate, but representatives of England, America, France, Germany, Japan are numerous, while in a lesser degree are seen Spaniards, Dutchmen, Negroes, Malays, Russians, and Hindus, and doubtless many more though not remarked.

On March 19th, Mr. J—— returned to his state room in the "Glamorganshire," and announced that he was better ; but his account of the hotel served only to shew that going ashore was a mistake. He had engaged his rooms a couple of days before leaving the ship, and was amazed to find that no preparations had been made for him. Ill as he was he had to occupy a cold room, fireless, its windows fronting on a dead wall. The food was shocking, the attendance bad, and the tariff disgracefully exorbitant. Small wonder that he felt ill and irritable, and returned gladly to the "Glamorganshire" in spite of the noises and other inconveniences.

At nine a.m., on the 21st, our ship, now high out of the water under only seven hundred tons of cargo and about an equal weight in water ballast, cast off from the Pootung Wharf and dropped leisurely down stream. Half-a-mile down we passed a U.S.A. transport undergoing repairs at the dockyard, and a few minutes later Shanghai had disappeared from sight.

Telegraph cables are laid under water across the river at one or two points, attention being called to the fact by big signboards — "CAUTION. TELEGRAPH CABLE" — lest any-one should ill-advisably drop anchor there.

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Near Woosung, a small native town at the junction of the Woosung and Yang-tse-kiang, three Chinese battleships lay at anchor, the black dragon on a yellow ground floating at each masthead, and all spick and span with their polished guns and smart coats of grey paint. Further down we passed several "likin" junks, a more ancient type of warship, but quite as useful and formidable in its way. These "likin" junks, mounting some half-dozen guns, are to-day the largest kind of junk, carrying a huge, square, lug-sail, and are constructed on the same lines as the modern turret vessel—*i.e.* wide in beam below the water level and narrow above, ensuring steadiness and less resistance to the air. Thus the supposed novelty, the "turret" ship, is only a modern application of a device used in China centuries ago.

The duties of a "likin" junk are much the same as those of a Revenue cutter, namely, the prevention of smuggling. The word "likin" is practically the same as our word "duty," a tax imposed by the Chinese Government upon imported goods. Opium smuggling is the most important line they have to contend with, and many a stern chase and brisk encounter can be laid at the door of the precious drug which "John" must have by hook or crook.

It was with feelings of considerable satisfaction that I watched the Chinese coast-line fade from view, and felt the vessel give a spasmodic lurch on the swell of the open sea; for was I not within two days to see and set foot in that fascinating land, Japan, to which I had all along looked forward? But, alas, for human hopes, matters went badly, and further proof was forthcoming of the time-honoured proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes."



AN IDLER ON THE
POOTUNG WHARF.

A few hours out from the Yang-tse-kiang we encountered a strong wind, accompanied by a heavy cross sea on the starboard bow, which rendered the passage slow and tedious. The "Glamorganshire," light as a cork, rolled doggedly in the trough of the sea for two whole nights and days, and as a result, I, who thought myself seasoned, was distressfully sick after each meal with disconcerting regularity.

On Sunday, March 23rd, the day's run for the twenty-four hours was ninety-six knots only. whereas on ordinary days, two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty knots was usual; this will give some idea of the difficulty of driving a ship in ballast.

Each forward plunge raised the propeller above water, causing the engines to race violently, so that the engineer was compelled to stand continuously with his hand on the throttle-valve to regulate the steam. At intervals, with the noise of a cannon, and a force of many tons, a heavy sea would strike the starboard bow, and the whole ship quivered from stem to stern like a tree beneath the woodman's axe.

The weather, also, was very cold and penetrated through rug and overcoat. Uncomfortable for us what must it have been for the daring little Japanese fishermen in their cockle-shell junks? Two or three of these frail craft were sighted during those two days of rough weather, one riding fearlessly at anchor like a cork on a string, another scudding along under a single sheet nigh bursting in the gale.

Many Japanese and Chinese junks disappear in a mysterious way and are never heard of again; some founder, others are cast ashore, while not a few, through careless

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handling and improper use of lights, are run down by steamers in the night, and nothing remains to tell their fate but a few floating spars, bamboos, and other wreckage. Several times in the China sea, I remarked such signs, doubtless the remains of some ill-fated junk.

Turning out on Monday morning, I found to my infinite relief the sea gone down and the ship steady, though unable to proceed because of a dense fog that rendered the various islands difficult of recognition. Shortly after noon, however, the pall lifted, and we entered the far-famed fiord at whose head lies Nagasaki.

The "Gates of Paradise," as the entrance is aptly called, hardly looked their best that morning, but that they fully deserve their cognomen was amply proved when, two days later, we passed out seawards under a sky of azure and a brilliant sun.

As we moved slowly up between the lofty, verdure-clad hills, passing to the right of a small island from whose rocky side, it is said, the early Missionaries were cast into the sea by the Japanese, a small, well-kept launch came bustling alongside, and five or six diminutive Japanese officials, in peaked caps, resplendent with much gold braid, stepped brisk-up the gangway. This was the harbour doctor with his staff, and they behaved with the utmost politeness to all on board, a politeness which it was highly imperative should be reciprocated, if only on account of the then newly-signed Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

After a brief conference with Captain E——, the entire staff emerged from his cabin wrestling with cigars absurdly large for them, and proceeded aft, where all hands had mustered for inspection. This inspection was of such a

cursory nature as to appear merely a matter of form. A rapid feeling of each pulse, a hasty glance at each tongue, and the ordeal was over. Then with sundry salutations, bowings, and "good mornings," the dapper, little men descended to their launch, while the "Glamorganshire" proceeded to cover the remaining distance to the harbour proper, where at 2 p.m. she made fast to a buoy quite near the S.S. "China," which, leaving Shanghai after we did, had raced us over and beaten us hollow.

Quaintly curious in the extreme is the appearance of Nagasaki from the harbour. Built almost exclusively of wood and roofed with grotesque tiles, the countless houses, like so many little boxes, nestle in a fold of the hills at the top of the fiord, while here and there an outcrop of detached dwellings straggles up the lower slopes.

Above, and in the valley below, no fertile spot remains untilled, and the small green fields rise terrace-like, tier on tier, far up the mountain sides till merged in rock and timber near the summits. For wild grandeur the scenery equals that of Scotland, but the bright, blue sky and smiling waters of the fiord are in strong contrast to Scottish cloud effects and the black sullen depths of a highland loch.

Nagasaki itself is grey and colourless to a degree, but when the sun shines on its setting of living green it loses something of its sombreness.

We had hardly made fast before the pestering bumboatmen brought their craft alongside and swarmed in dozens up the gangway to solicit orders or dispose of goods. One desires washing, one hopes to have the privilege of shaving you or cutting your hair, a third produces tobacco and cigar-

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ettes, another has Japanese curios galore, and so on, until the perpetual answering of "No, no," becomes so exhausting that you eventually submit, and are promptly swindled.

Nagasaki used to be renowned for cheapness, now it is just the reverse; and for this the Americans are almost solely to blame. The Yankee dollar, roughly, is double the value of the Japanese "yen" (often called a dollar); thus it came about that the large numbers of Americans visiting Japan paid away their dollars for goods of only half that value, without asking for change, and the little Japs, wise in their generation, said nothing but raised their prices fifty per cent all round, to the annoyance of the less affluent Britisher.



*Street Scene, Shanghai.
Yangtzepoo Road.*

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOREWARDS—A JAPANESE SANPAN—THE LAND OF
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM — JAPANESE FOOTGEAR — PAPER
WINDOWS—TEMPLE OF OSUWA—THE TEMPLE GARDENS—
A TEA HOUSE—GEISHA GIRLS.

Finding we were only to remain two days at Nagasaki I decided to go ashore at once and see what I could in that brief period ; so at three p.m. I was marching gaily down the gangway, camera on back, when a voice above me called me back. Regaining the deck I was confronted by Captain E—— and a Japanese stevedore.

“You had better leave that camera behind,” said the captain, “photography is prohibited by the Government on account of the fortifications.”

“I don’t intend to take the fortifications,” I returned.

“That makes no difference,” put in the stevedore in capital English, “if they see you, you will be locked up and lose your camera into the bargain !”

Now this camera was a valuable one, and, moreover, it held several undeveloped films, so I decided not to risk bringing it, and reluctantly went ashore without it.

The Japanese *sanpan* is longer than those of China and entirely built of wood, even to the small house in which the passenger sits. This house is fitted with uncomfortably low seats and sliding shutters, while in cold weather it is warmed by a tiny charcoal fire burning in a wooden box ; the method of propulsion is identical with that employed at Shanghai.

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Giving the boatman some Chinese coins which he grumbly accepted, I stepped on to the quay and found myself on Japanese soil, or strictly speaking, mud, for it had been raining heavily and was still drizzling a little.

My first move was to a Bank where I exchanged my English gold for some doubtful looking paper bills, which, however, were beyond reproach, and then made my way along the harbour front towards the main part of the town, harassed by the continual attentions of the muscular *rikisha coolies*. The Japanese *rikisha coolie* is both a cleaner and better looking man than his Chinese *confrere*, but he does not apparently convey you more rapidly, nor yet more carefully.

I had a narrow escape from an ugly spill one evening at Nagasaki. It was at a sharp corner, and my man took it *too* sharp in order to avoid another *rikisha* with the result that the inner wheel went into a gutter, shooting me out sideways. I saved myself from a dangerous fall by putting out an arm and leg just in the nick of time.

Well, I walked briskly for some distance, across several wooden bridges spanning dirty creeks literally crammed with *sanpans* and other small craft — Nagasaki might be justly styled “the City of Bridges,” for they are many and varied both in material and design—and eventually plunged into the heart of the town, a maze of narrow streets, in many places ankle-deep in mud.

Mud does not trouble the Japs for they wear a kind of wooden patten which raises their feet at least three inches above the ground; these are used exclusively for dirty weather and make a peculiar shuffling sound, which, in a crowded thoroughfare, is quite a distinctive feature of the traffic.

In dry weather a flat wooden sandal is employed which, like the patten, is held to the foot by means of thongs passing first over the big toe, and then between the big toe and the next, and so across the instep towards the heel where it is fixed to the sandal. When walking and, more especially, when running these sandals slop up and down, causing a strange *clitter-clatter* : I always marvelled that the children, as they ran in their play, did not often come to grief.

In the streets I passed through, every house was a shop, and very few commodities appeared to be lacking ; anything and everything seemed to be displayed in the quaint, open, unglazed windows. The shop fronts, as in China, are quite unprotected, while the goods are disposed upon the floor or hung round the wooden walls. The proprietor is usually to be seen squatting cross-legged upon a mat, enjoying an occasional puff from his tiny metal pipe.

Such windows as do exist are composed of a wooden frame in which are fixed light laths at right angles to one another and about five inches apart, thus forming a large number of tiny squares. Over this network is gummed a kind of stiff, white, semi-opaque paper, and the whole affair is so constructed that it slides at will. Of course shutters are put up outside at night, but in the day-time, seeing how far the eaves project, they are sufficient to keep out stray drops of rain, and, beside coolness, they cause a subdued light, very restful to eyes fresh from the glare of the streets. They are also universally used between the different rooms of a house, doors being practically unknown.

After walking, perhaps three quarters of an hour, I reached a street which ran parallel to the base of a wooded hill that sloped away abruptly to a height of six or seven

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hundred feet. I had not proceeded far along this road when I observed some steps surmounted by a large grotesque gateway supported on massive stone pillars. Coming to a halt I gazed through the gateway up a vista of other gateways beyond, connected by broad flights of stone steps reaching far up the hillside.

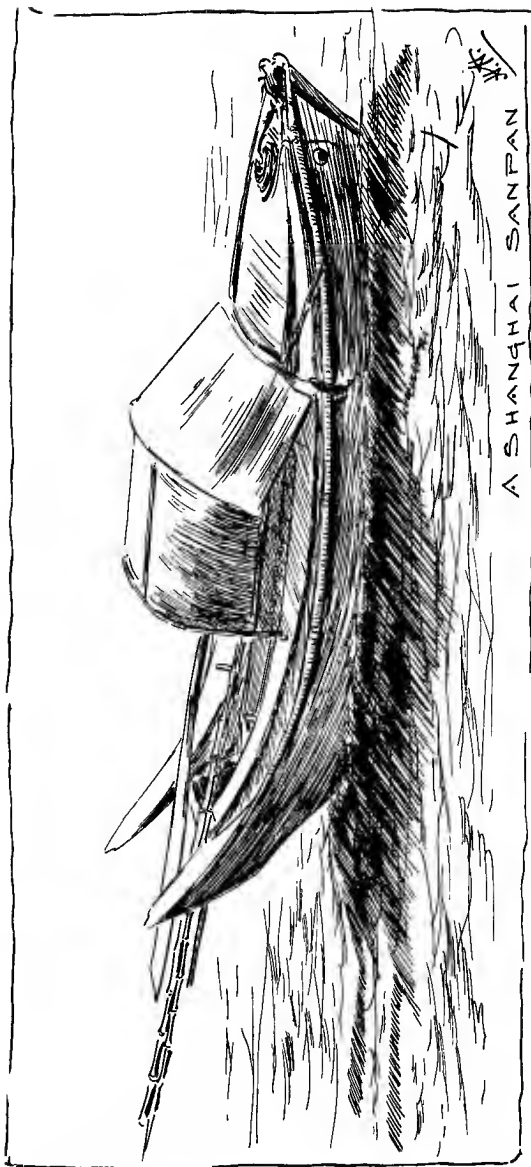
At the foot of the steps before a small sentry-box stood an armed soldier. I concluded that this was the entrance to a temple, but, uncertain whether or not I was allowed in, made a series of signs to the soldier, who signalled back that the way was open, and up I went.

It must have been a full five minutes before I reached the first of the temple buildings, a kind of quadrangular erection, approached through an arched doorway, at either side of which, from behind wooden bars, a hideous, painted idol grins on the passer-by. Within is a rectangular courtyard planted with trees, and adorned with shrines and strange statues hewn from stone and wood. Of these the life-size figure of a horse is most predominant. It is of blue bronze, highly polished so that it shines like glass, whilst the attitude is wonderfully grotesque, for the creature stands with twisted neck, distended nostrils and glaring eyeballs, the lips parted, showing the teeth, as if about to bite.

Passing through the courtyard and mounting more steps I came to the final building or "Holy of Holies," and was preparing to walk in, when, on a small signboard the following notice met my eye :—

"NO ADMITTANCE WITH SHOES ON."

It occurred to me that if I left my boots outside someone might remove them in the interval, and, as they were too



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dirty to carry, I decided to pass over the interior as seen. I don't think I missed a great deal.

A flight of steps at either side of the "Holy of Holies," led to a couple of small wooden altars or shrines where a tiny bundle of papers hangs on a string. The worshippers tear off a small piece and burn it on the altar, which is much charred by the frequent repetition of this curious rite.

Offerings of flowers are brought in abundance and placed before or hung upon the little images of the various gods; and stray individuals, chiefly females, are seen passing in and out of the temple, leaving their gifts, saying a prayer, and returning to the world below.

The temple gardens are a dream of beauty, a glimpse of paradise on earth. Trees of all kinds grow in luxuriant profusion, but the place undoubtedly owes its fairy-like beauty to the presence of the far-famed cherry trees. These with their dainty pink-white blossoms flourish throughout the islands of Japan, the air is laden with their sweet, searching scent—their falling petals fleck the earth with Nature's gay confetti.

Standing in the still gardens of the Temple of Osuwa—hearing the homely cawing of the nesting rooks mingled with the faint murmur from the town and harbour—gazing on the quaint, grey roofs and the pink blossoms, the green foliage and the blue fiord, backed by its line of rugged, purple hills, the traveller can only feel how fair is Nature, how unapproachable in art.

I was roused from my reverie by a recollection of the flight of time, accentuated by the demands of the inner man, and, selecting a different route, began the descent to the

town. This time there were fewer steps, but the path writhed like a snake. Small tea-houses and refreshment rooms were perched in odd corners here and there, whose proprietors, through the medium of "Geisha" girls, urgently solicited patronage. But I had noticed a more inviting establishment near the foot of the steps and passed on unheeding.

Reaching the last flight of steps by diverging from the other path, I caught sight of three or four "Geisha" standing before the tea-house. On seeing me they urged me to enter by a perpetual repetition of the following formula:—"Come inside, come inside, please to come inside," which seemed to me so ludicrous that I burst into a fit of laughter, in which they joined.

However, to their great satisfaction, I went inside, and was ushered into a room on the right of the main bar; for the Tea-house does not confine itself to the "cup that cheers but not inebriates;" it can produce at a moments' notice practically any known beverage, not to mention many to us unknown.

I sat down and ordered tea of course; but before I was quite aware of it one of the girls very considerably deposited herself on my knee! This was all right for a time, but as she weighed a good deal and resolutely retained her position it was rather trying for me. Moreover, she spoke no English beyond the stereotyped formula above, and our conversation was necessary somewhat limited; also, when I desired her to get up (which was pretty soon) I had to explain by means of another girl who understood a little better.

But the tea was delightful, and in addition they brought some sponge-cake, cut into dainty squares and laid on a

wooden tray, which was also very good. This was not all, however. The English-speaking one produced glasses and a bottle of port, and, having opened the latter, pointed to the other girls and said, "Wine for the ladies?" to which I was obliged to consent.

When they tired of wine they had lemonade, and by the time I rose to go had run me up a nice little bill. This I paid, reflecting on the absurd remarks in a certain musical comedy wherein people are invited to a Tea-house and informed they will have "Nothing in the world to pay." The writer cannot have been in Japan, or else was hard-up for a suitable rhyme.

"You likee see Japanese dance?" enquired the spokeswoman as she handed me my change.

"Not now."

"To-night come?"

"Perhaps."

"What time come?"

"Say eight o'clock."

"All light, eight 'clock come. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said I, and bolted down the steps, while the "Geisha" waved and smiled an affectionate adieu.

My reflection was, "This tea-house business is rather costly, but I suppose you must pay to see it." And I resolved to see the dancing at any cost, for it looks foolish to go home without having seen what one ought.

I found my way back to the harbour with little difficulty, reaching the "Glamorganshire" somewhat late for dinner, but in time to partake of a few dishes which the steward had considerably kept hot.

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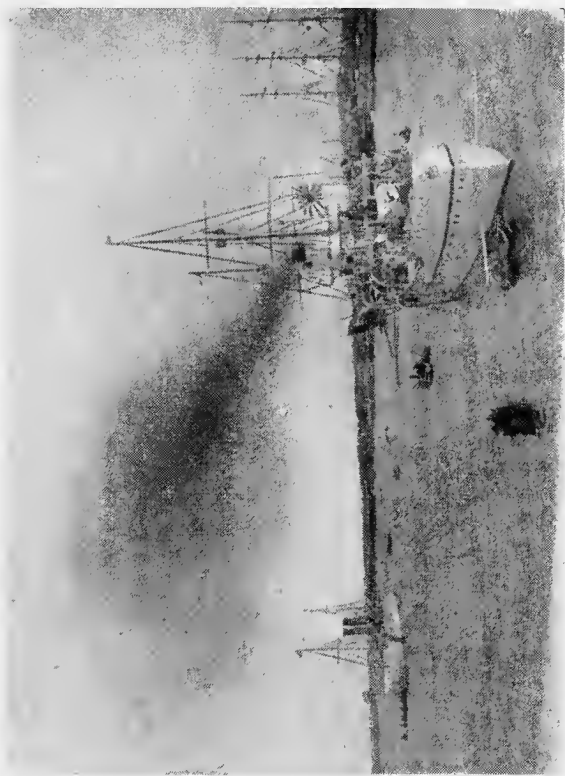
CHAPTER XIV.

A WET NIGHT—DIFFICULTIES—A DANGEROUS RIDE—
JAPANESE DANCING—A MORNING JAUNT—ART CRITICS—
A BELATED REVELLER—PHOTOGRAPHY—FAREWELL TO
THE TEA HOUSE—NAGASAKI IMPROVEMENTS.

Night was setting in, cold and threatening, as I stepped ashore again at about 7-30, and I congratulated myself on having brought both coat and umbrella. Presently rain began to fall, and, the streets being but ill-lighted, I was constantly wading through patches of mud or stepping ankle high into unseen puddles. This went on for some time, the rain became heavier, and at length I began to despair of finding my way through the dark, narrow streets, where the landmarks of the afternoon were difficult to discern. Finally I hailed a passing *rikisha* and ordered the *coolie* to take me to the Temple of Osuwa, repeating the word "Osuwa" several times over, but he only shook his head and jabbered away in his own tongue.

This was rather disheartening till suddenly I recollected a card given me at the Tea-house by the chief "Geisha," whereon was printed the address both in English and Japanese. I drew it from my pocket and held it in the light of the *rikisha* lamp, a quaint vegetable-marrow-shaped Japanese lantern, lit by a candle and carried by the *coolie* as he runs along.

Fortunately the man could read and nodded vigorously to shew he understood ; and next minute I was being hauled



Russian and Japanese Warships, Shanghai.

away in a direction *quite different* from that I had been pursuing, to experience perhaps the strangest ride I ever had in my life.

For a few minutes we wound in and out through a maze of streets on the level, and then negotiated some rising ground which again gave way to a flat road. Then we turned into a narrow street almost as steep as the side of a house, where I desired to alight, as much for the comfort of the *coolie* as for my own personal safety. This, however, he declined to allow and dragged me stolidly up every inch of the way, in constant dread of the shafts breaking or a false step, when I should have careered wildly down the slope until an intervening wall effectually put an end to the impromptu toboggan ride.

But my fears proved groundless for the summit was safely reached, while I marvelled at the strength of the man, which, without exaggeration, must have equalled that of a horse.

A short run along the level and I was deposited at the foot of the Temple steps, paid the man, and made for the door of the tea house, where the "Geisha" girls were already on the lookout for me.

This time I was taken into a cosy little room behind the bar, from which it was separated by the sliding windows previously described. The floor was covered with mats, there were comfortable chairs, and a small table. Pictures, Japanese and otherwise, adorned the walls; odd cupboards and queer cabinets reposed in the corners and recesses; while the light from a large oil-lamp revealed that neatness and cleanliness reigned supreme.

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The company consisted of the proprietor's mother, a woman of sixty or thereabouts, his wife and little daughter, a precocious child of five, and three "Geisha," aged respectively, as I was informed, nineteen, eighteen, and fourteen years. Of these it was the youngest who performed the dances I had come expressly to witness, and who, in a group I afterwards took, stands in the centre.

I cannot recall the names of them all, as the pronunciation was difficult to catch; but I remember they addressed the old lady as "Mama San," while the eldest "Geisha," the one that would insist on sitting on my knee, rejoiced in the melodious cognomen of "O Sada San," irresistably recalling the "O Mimosa San" of the popular musical play, "The Geisha."

Mama San produced a *samisen*, a musical instrument faintly resembling a guitar, having three or four strings, and played with a large plectrum shaped like a shoe-horn.

In the meantime, tea, cakes, and wine had been set on the table, a space had been cleared at the far end of the room, and everything was in readiness for the dancing to begin.

The old lady bent over the *samisen*, her black, beady eyes twinkling from the hollows above her wrinkled, yellow cheeks, and struck a few resounding chords; at the same time the young dancer stepped forward, fan in hand, a spray of paper flowers in her glossy, black hair, and made a graceful bow in her gay, flowing *kimono*. The *samisen* twanged again with a low, monotonous, chant-like rythm; and the dance began.

To describe this dance, and the series of dances that followed, is out of the question. From our point of view

dancing is too refined a word to be applied to them. It was posing, frolicking, anticking; but not dancing. Few of the movements could even be called graceful, while, in many ways, the exhibition bordered upon the vulgar and obscene. I endured it for some time in order not to offend, and, when I did venture to express myself satisfied, was regarded with open-eyed astonishment.

The little maid of five gave a display of her baby abilities, kneeling down, crossing her arms, bowing, and flirting a tiny fan in a most captivating manner, a performance in every way more satisfactory than the idiotic contortions and hideous face-pullings of the first entertainer. She was rewarded with pieces of cake, which she munched reflectively, coming very close and regarding me curiously through puckered eyelids.

When I lifted her in my arms twice or thrice to the ceiling she crowed with delight, clapping her baby hands in high glee.

Consulting my watch I found it was getting late, so, having paid a stiffish bill and bade the clustering "Geisha" "Good night" (with repeated promises to return on the morrow), I scrambled into a damp *rikisha*, for it still rained heavily, and made the best of my way back to the ship.

March 25th dawned bright and sunny after the heavy rain of the night, and, breakfast over, I took my sketch-book and went ashore. All was bustle and activity in the narrow, tortuous streets, where the picturesque costumes of the women glowed bright in the morning sun, and the spinning *rikisha* wheels shone like silver.

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At length I arrived at a quaint, narrow street on a steep hillside, where only foot passengers can pass up and down the rough stone steps and uneven cobbles. Here I stopped to make a sketch, to the evident diversion of the passers-by, who approached close enough to inspect my work, which they freely criticised among themselves. One young man, bolder than the rest, or wishing to air his English, ventured to address me.

“Making a sketch?” was his somewhat superfluous enquiry.

I nodded.

“What for?” was his next question.

“Oh, for amusement.”

This seemed to astonish him, and, eyeing me curiously, he enquired, “You belong ship?”

“I am a passenger on a ship,” said I, and his amazement was complete; simply because I chanced to be wearing a yachting cap which his imagination pictured the sacred emblem of officers and engineers.

He continued to watch until I had finished, and doubtless would have followed me had not good manners forbidden such conduct.

I descended several precipitous flights of steps and found myself once more in the busy streets, where occasional European tourists were to be seen rattling by in *rikishas* or driving hard bargains at the curio-shops.

Nagasaki is famed for tortoise-shell goods, made in the town, and several shops are devoted exclusively to their sale. Hair-brushes, hand-mirrors, fans, and innumerable



REFRESHMENTS FOR COOLIES.
— SHANGHAI —

fancy ornaments, fantastically carved and highly polished, are made from this material, and may be had at fairly reasonable prices, though high compared with those of the old days before the American invasion.

There were many Americans about at the time of my visit, chiefly officers and men from the U.S.A. Transport, "Thomas," and knots of these could be seen at all hours of the day and night knocking about the streets in a tight-fitting, unsightly blue uniform, sometimes rendered more hideous by the addition of *khaki* hats and gaiters.

One of these jovial Yankees, quid in mouth, tobacco-stained, and bleary-eyed after a night's dissipation ashore, reeled up to me with the following remark—"Sy, stranger, whish 's th' way to th' harbour? Kin you tell me?"

I directed him to the best of my ability, and anxiously watched him as he staggered away, careering carelessly among the traffic, heedless of danger and the cries of irate *rikisha coolies*.

Having made a few purchases I returned on board to lunch. During the meal I was strongly advised by Mr. J—— to disregard warnings and use my camera freely. Now, I was not desirous of detention in a Japanese Jail, but I reflected, that the camera being of the binocular type, it might, at the worst, pass for a pair of field-glasses. I followed Mr. J——'s advice and was quite unmolested, though I went so far as to use the machine under the very nose of a policeman. Perhaps I was too far from the fortifications to seem the spy of a foreign power.

Mr. J—— and myself shared a *sanpan* that afternoon, and, leaving him to visit the Bank, I went off with my

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camera and began "snap-shotting" right and left. I was engaged taking a picture when I was somewhat startled at hearing myself addressed.

"Oh, you're not locked up yet, I see, Mr. Holliday."

"Not yet," I said in a surprised tone, much relieved at seeing it was only Mr. J——, who smiled pleasantly as he passed up the street.

After tramping steadily all over Nagasaki, through the ins and outs of many narrow streets, some not over clean and exhaling unpleasant odours; after visiting the Japanese market where fruit and vegetables, fish, meat, poultry, were ranged around on the bare earth, which also formed a seat for the chattering vendors, and where all waste matter is thrown into disorderly heaps to remain until a cart removes it; after taking a picture here and a picture there, I recollected the tea house and the temple. In vain I tried to find the way on foot; I was completely non-plussed, and had to take a *rikisha* after all. Then it appeared I had been quite near the place for some time, as the man set me down before the temple steps at the end of ten minutes.

My fair friends, the "Geisha," were at the door as usual, and a confused babel of voices urged me to "come inside." They were mightily disgusted when I walked by, passing up the long flight of steps to the temple. I might, however, have spared myself the trouble of going up, for the picture I took, to my great annoyance, proved a complete failure. Still I had a last, long look at the grey tiles of Nagasaki, listened once more to the murmur of the busy harbour, the ceaseless cawing of the rooks, and breathed a final fragrance from the blossoms of that radiant garden, whence the temple of Osuwa looks down upon the town.

Slowly and thoughtfully I descended the broad, stone steps, feeling I should never see the place again ; but to have seen it once is to remember it always.

I paid the tea house a farewell visit, partook of a few more cups of tea, and watched the indefatigable girls drink port and lemonade at my expense. I then informed them that I sailed early on the morrow, and the spokeswoman said, " You go 'way? O Sada San——!!"—here she affected to cry.

"What nonsense;" I said, "plenty more Englishmen come by-and-bye."

She shook her head, and, pointing first to me and then at O Sada San, went on—"O Sada San, nicee girl; she likee you; you makee mally!"

I laughed a good deal over this, but merely said, "Well, we'll see;" pointing to my camera I added, "I want to take your pictures if you don't mind."

The three of them were delighted at the idea, and hustled me out into the garden behind the house, where they stood in a smiling row, having first patted and rearranged their glossy, black locks, and smoothed out the folds of their *kimonos*.

After the picture was taken they crowded round holding out their hands for copies, and it was some little time before I could make them understand that the picture would require several days to complete. They begged so hard for copies that I could not get away from the place until I had promised to send them one each; and this I afterwards did, doubtless to their great delight.

The last I saw of their good-natured faces was a glimpse of them standing at the door of the tea house, bright with

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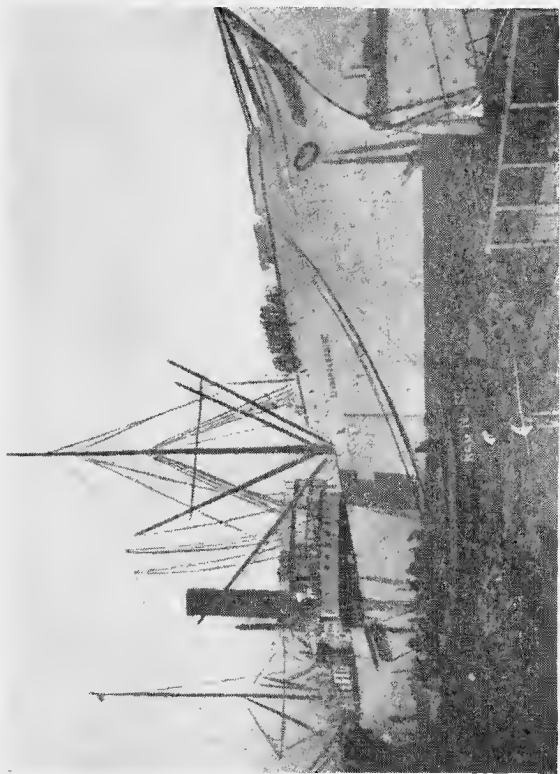
the afternoon sun, waving and smiling good-bye as I passed down the steps and up the quaint, quiet street. Thus a friendship of two days came to a full stop.

On my way back to the ship I purchased a small Japanese pipe of the kind in general use, as a memento of my brief stay in Nagasaki; and, indeed, it is hardly serviceable in any other capacity, holding, as it does, an amount of tobacco about equal in bulk to an ordinary pea.

I could not help remarking how, in certain ways, the Japs are copying England and her customs. Many of the men, chiefly clerks and that class, are adopting our style of dress, although the women still retain their own picturesque national costume.

The workmen, masons, navvies, mechanics, and what-not are seen trooping away from work at six o'clock, cans and baskets in hand, much as in this country, one and all evincing the same eagerness to reach their homes after the day's labours.

A great scheme is in hand for improving the quay-wall and harbour front, and heaps of sand and cement, piles of stone and timber, are strewn for some distance along the waterside. And here huge gangs of men are engaged from morn till night, framing the fine natural harbour in a setting suitable to hold back the encroaching sea and the ravages of time; and so supplementing Nature that the final result must be one of the grandest harbours in the world.



S.S. "Glanorganshire" discharging cargo
at the Pootung Wharf, Shanghai.

CHAPTER XV.

LEAVING NAGASAKI—TOWARDS THE INLAND SEA—
SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS—JAPANESE COAL COOLIES AND
THEIR METHODS—A SAIL—SHIMONOSEKI—THE BAZAARS
—JAPANESE LITERATURE—A DIALOGUE—EXCHANGE OF
CIVILITIES.

THE sun shone brilliantly on the close-packed, grey houses and verdure-clad hills, when, at 11 a.m., on March 26th, the clanking windlass drew the cumbrous anchors of the "Glamorganshire" from their holdfast, and, having cast off from the floating buoy, the screw lashed the blue water, the great vessel swung slowly round and moved off with boom of warning whistle towards the narrow "Gates of Paradise."

To-day the scene deserved its name. The atmosphere was pure and clear, a light breeze ruffled the cobalt surface of the sea; the sky was flecked with tiny cloudlets, white and fleecy. Crisp and clean-cut against an azure heaven leapt up the bold outlines of the unfolding hills, crowned with rugged rock and feathery foliage that swept in graceful curves down to the wave-lapped boulders of the beach.

Like the frowning battlements of some old-world fortress the steep, weather-worn face of the Missionaries' Rock reared itself under the green banners of the straight, still pines. And so round the bend where Nagasaki slipped from sight behind the hills, and out to the open sea.

The vessel's head was now turned northward, and skirting the coast of Japan, over a smooth sea, we made for the entrance to what is known as the Inland Sea. It is the

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strip of water that divides two of the main islands, and shews scenery of marvellous beauty and grandeur.

I was awakened early next morning by the stoppage of the engines, dressed hurriedly, and came on deck to find the ship lying in a narrow strait between two ranges of hills, awaiting the pilot, whose launch was rapidly approaching. Five minutes later he was on the bridge, the telegraph tinkled, and we moved on at half-speed.

Seen in the rays of the rising sun the landscape irresistibly reminded me of our English lake country, though the water is bluer and the tone of the hills generally colder. But the formation of outline is the same, and viewed from a distance the trees and rocks assume in places a curliness similar to that of Derwentwater.

Here and there small, quaint villages clustered near the water's edge, and we saw in one place large heaps of Japanese coal from the Island Colliery near Nagasaki, awaiting shipment.

At length the passage broadened out into a large, lake-like harbour, where junks and lighters, and queer, schooner-rigged craft drifted lazily down the fitful breeze. And here with Moji on our right and Shimonoseki far over on the other side, we dropped anchor about 8.30 a.m.

Near us lay a vessel loading coal, with innumerable barges and lighters crowding about her like bees.

Moji lies at the foot of lofty hills, where the bamboo grows in wild profusion, and its chief trade is the exporting of coal which comes by rail from Nagasaki. This coal, the best of Japan coals, is of very fair quality but dirty, burning with a thick, black smoke. It is but indifferent as a marine steam coal.

The operation of loading did not begin until the following day—Good Friday—but in the meantime several gangs of *coolies* came aboard and rigged up stages on the ship's sides.

These *coolies* are as a rule very dirty, and wear ragged shirts or jerseys, their lower limbs being enveloped in a kind of knickerbockers, supplemented by swathings of coarse dark blue cloth from knee to ankle. A cotton kerchief artistically bound over their close-cropped, wiry hair, and a pair of straw sandals complete their attire.

These men, then, proceeded to erect on the ship's sides, opposite each hatch, a series of platforms of which each projected further than the one above, thus forming a flight of steps some three feet apart, and held in position by a judicious arrangement of ropes.

Next day the mystery was solved.

At 7 a.m. the operators arrived in boats, while many lighters, full of coal, were already alongside. I was surprised to see among them a large number of women, attired in a course blue *kimono*, with the straw sandals, and kerchiefs round their heads, tied in a slightly different way from those of the men.

A few *coolies* remained in each lighter where they filled with coal a number of small, round, shallow baskets. Meanwhile a man had taken his stand, in readiness, on each step of the stagings, while on deck, planks having been set up from bulwarks to hatches, three or four women or girls were awaiting the signal to begin.

Next moment the human machinery was set in motion, and, with a hollow echo the first basketful of coal fell into the hold.

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The full baskets are passed to the man on the bottom step, who dexterously hands them to the next, and so on ; reaching the top they are rapidly slid along the plank by the women, the last one overturning the contents into the hold and casting the baskets on the deck, whence they are removed by a girl and thrown down again into the lighter.

Not a fraction of time is lost. From lighter to hatch the baskets never pause, and the work is done with the automatic regularity of a bucket-elevator. Should a basket fall they heed it not, and no sound escapes them save an occasional snatch of song from the men.

The planks soon acquire the smoothness of glass, and the baskets slide along them very rapidly. Our cargo amounted to some seven thousand tons of coal, the whole of which was loaded by the above method in the comparatively short space of four days and a quarter, a day's work extending from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., with brief pauses for meals ; eight gangs of *coolies* were employed, two to each hatch. The wages are, I believe, sixty *sens* for the men, and forty for the women, and they certainly earn it.

Many of the women bring their children with them, some strapped to their backs while at work, others playing about the decks, often dangerously near the hatches, which ought, I think, to be prohibited.

Learning that Shimonoseki was a more important place than Moji, I went over there soon after breakfast on the morning of our arrival. I hailed a small craft, whose owner was on the look-out for passengers, and was soon skimming along over the clear, blue water, before a light breeze.



Consulate Buildings. Shanghai.

The Japanese boats, though but roughly built, and rigged merely with a single lug-sail stretched from bamboo poles, sail with great speed, and are very skilfully handled by the brown-visaged boatmen.

A delightful sail of twenty minutes or so brought us to the Custom House Landing where I disembarked, paid my fare, and set off on a voyage of discovery.

Shimonoseki is a town of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and quite a busy little place. Its streets, as a rule, are narrower than those of Nagasaki, but two or three are exceptionally wide for Japan. One of these abutting on the ferry landing, is evidently of some importance, for it boasts a "Beer Hall" or small eating-house, and some very respectable bazaars, where a heterogeneous collection of goods is displayed to the public eye, Sundays and weekdays alike.

He would be a difficult man to please who failed to find something here to his liking. Walking-sticks of every conceivable design, umbrellas, Japanese and otherwise, hats, caps, fans, rubber balls, rattles, tin toys, fantastic cigar and cigarette-holders, china and lacquered wares, matches made in the country, and strangest perhaps of all, English translations of Japanese books.

The literature of the country is almost as prolific as our own. The bookstalls and newsagents are filled to overflowing with daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals (besides hundreds of story-books and novels), profusely illustrated, and frequently containing photographs excellently reproduced. Of a surety Japan is moving—following in the steps of Great Britain, whom she yet may, like Germany and the United States, eventually leave behind.

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I made a fairly exhaustive tour of the town, viewed a couple of temples, and, after several indifferently successful attempts to sketch the folk in the streets, settled down to a drawing of a temple gateway. Hardly had I set pencil to paper when a beaming Japanese youth appeared at the gate and regarded me for some time with marked interest. Presently he sauntered towards me, and I was amazed to hear him say in faultless English:—

“Good morning, are you making a sketch for an oil-painting?”

“No,” I returned, “I am only amusing myself: just passing the time.”

“Oh, I see, are you here with a ship?”

“As a passenger, yes.”

“From England?”

“Yes.”

“Ah. What part of England?”

“Durham.”

He smiled, showing a row of gold-stopped teeth, and went on. “England is a fine country. I have been there; eighteen months ago.”

“I thought so. You speak the language so well”—his face lit up with satisfaction—“Were you in London?”

“Yes. I was there all the time, studying.”

By this time a large crowd had collected, who—the majority not too clean or sweet-smelling—hustled and heaved around in their inquisitive endeavours to see what I was about. I grew angry, and, waving my arms, shouted suddenly, in a loud voice, “Get away,” whereat for a moment they fell back.

I was standing with my back to a shop, and a few of the more daring spirits went inside and surveyed my work through the wooden grating. Criticism was rife, and an occasional dirty finger obtruded itself between my face and the paper. I kept shouting "Get away," each time in a more menacing tone. This phrase the wag of the party soon mastered and hurled it back at me with astonishing pertinacity. But the climax was reached when he gave vent to the facetious and totally uncalled-for ejaculation, "Go to h—l, go to h—l," following it up with a diabolical chuckle. He was justly proud of his English vocabulary.

I had as nearly finished my sketch as circumstances permitted, and accordingly shut my book with a snap, dived through the crowd, and with a brisk "O-hi-O" (good morning), tramped away up the street.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT ASHORE—BARGAIN DRIVING—A JAPANESE PLAYHOUSE—BOUND FOR THE TEA HOUSE—COY MAIDENS—TEA—A MORNING CLIMB—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW—RISKS OF SNAP-SHOTTING—AN AWKWARD DESCENT.

IN the evening I had the pleasure of Mr. K——'s company, he being our second officer, and together we took a boat for Shimonoseki. The stars shone bright in a frosty sky and the breeze was shrewd and keen, so that we were glad of our overcoats.

On arrival at the landing place the boatmen, one of whom spoke a little English, constituted themselves our guides and led us, at our request, to the bazaar. Here we examined a unique collection of walking sticks, inquiring prices of those we felt disposed to buy.

In Japan, China, and most eastern countries, a shopman will allow the whole of his stock-in-trade to be overhauled, praised or disparaged, nor make a murmur when he fails to sell. Moreover, his quoted prices can, by judicious bargaining and an assumption of a sort of dont-care-whether-I-get-it-or-not air, be reduced sometimes as much as fifty per cent.

We selected a couple of curiously carved sticks and enquired the price. "Seventy-five *sens* each," was the reply, interpreted with many smirks by our boatman guide. Then Mr. K—— took up the parable. "Now, look here. I *savvy*



S.S. "Oriental," of the P. & O. Line,
in the Woosung River, Shanghai.

Japan long time. In Kobe, in Nagasaki, these sticks belong thirty *sens* each." Holding up the sticks, "This one belong all bent—no belong straight. Other one catchee loose ferrule. I speakee proper. I speakee fifty *sens* each." All which powerful arguments were duly translated into Japanese by the boatman, and carefully considered by the little woman who owned the shop.

After a great deal of chattering the bargain was struck. We paid the money and the sticks were ours. And doubtless our friend the boatman had his little commission on the transaction.

Having explored the various bazaars, we enquired of our guide if there were any tea houses in Shimonoseki. "Oh, yes. Plentee tea house got. This way." And away he led us down dozens of narrow streets, gay with coloured lanterns of every size and shape, where each house seemed a shop, whose owner did nothing but loll about and smoke, waiting for custom that never came.

Once we passed a Temple, where a service was taking place, and by the light from a large lantern above the porch we could see on the steps hundreds of pairs of sandals, the property of the worshippers within. Through the open doorway was afforded a faint glimpse of the half-darkened interior, where dusky rows of bending figures listened to an unseen priest, whose strident tones floated forth into the narrow street.

A few minutes later we came abreast of (for Japan) a brilliantly-lighted edifice, of larger proportions than the environing houses, whence proceeded weird and excruciating noises, which, in deference to the performers, is called music. In a square, wooden box with an open window sat

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the dispenser of tickets, for this was a Japanese theatre. And near at hand stood a second individual whose duty it was to keep back the mob, and guard the huge heap of wooden sandals that testified the popularity of the piece.

I was much tempted to go inside for a brief view of the proceedings, but on no consideration would the door-keeper permit us to enter plus our boots, while the intelligent official in the pay-box had the good sense (from his point of view) to raise the prices of admission fifty per cent. all round. This so disgusted us that we consigned the pair of them to a warmer climate than Japan, and followed our faithful guide in the direction of the tea house.

When we had walked in silence for some considerable time it occurred to me that I was feeling tired, and I enquired how much further it was.

“Oh, short way, Mister. Only short way.”

On we tramped, up flights of steps, down narrow alleys, where in the semi-darkness we kept stumbling over stones and running against each other, until, just as we began to think we were on a wild-goose chase, our guide turned sharply to the right, under a string of coloured lanterns slung between two poles, and led the way up a steep, narrow path.

Reaching the top of a broad flight of stone steps, the tea-house, perched on a projecting shoulder of the hill and decked with rosy lanterns, burst into view. On our appearance there came forward an ancient hag of monstrous ugliness with a skin like shrivelled parchment, who, in a cracked voice, enquired if we wanted tea. It was about 9-30 p.m., a strange hour for tea, but we decided to have some as it was *sure* to be good.

We were shown into a tiny room, communicating through sliding screens with others on either side; a room whose mat-covered floor, raised a couple of feet above the ground, was so lightly constructed that it creaked ominously at every step. The old crone was very pressing that we should remove our muddy boots, but, as we did not intend staying long, we defied her and walked in with them on.

While the tea was in preparation two inquisitive young Japanese girls came to see who the visitors were, peeping shyly at us round the corners. If we moved they screamed and fled, their sandals causing quite a commotion on the gravel path.

The tea was brought in by a "Geisha" and deposited on a low table, while, as a *special favour* two chairs were fetched for us.

That tea was AWFUL!

It was quite colourless; but two or three leaves reposed at the bottom of each cup. It had a flavour certainly—a flavour somewhere between hay and hedge-leaves, and the first mouthful quenched our thirst.

But the biscuits they brought were excellent, and we made short work of the lot. And the little girls, who were perhaps ten or eleven years of age, grew bolder and ventured into the room to watch us eat, while the old hag solaced herself with several pipes of tobacco. This sounds rather "tall," but as each pipe represents only one, or at most two puffs, it was not a remarkable performance.

On our way back to the ship we dropped into a shop and made a few purchases. A small, inlaid cabinet took Mr. K——'s fancy and he bargained for it very keenly.

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But the dealer "stuck to his guns" and would not abate a solitary *sen*. So we came away without it, Mr. K—— vowing to have it sooner or later at his own price.

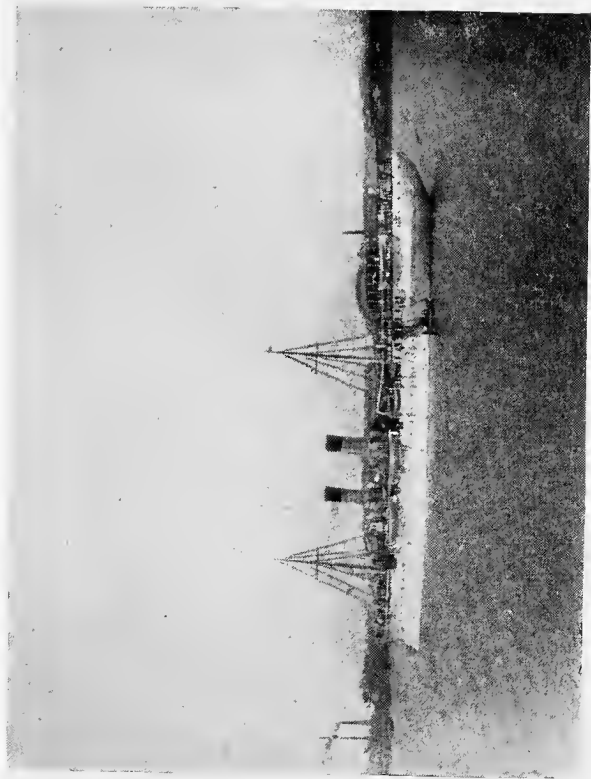
The following day, *Good Friday*, was brilliantly fine, and during the forenoon I made an excursion to the Moji side accompanied by Mr. J——'s valet, a gentlemanly Italian, whom his master treated more as an equal than as a servant. He, poor fellow, did not seem to care for going about alone, being almost totally ignorant of English, and I suppose it was an act of charity to take him along with me. Our conversation was chiefly in French and limited in consequence.

There is really little to see in Moji, a smaller town than Shimonoseki, with nothing but its coal export trade, if exception be made of a lime and cement works near the railway station. Nagasaki is about eight hours distant by rail from Moji, and the pretty town of Kobe can be reached from Shimonoseki in about twelve hours. The service appears to be infrequent, but I am told travelling is very comfortable.

Our object in going to Moji was to climb one of the lofty, wooded hills behind the town, whence we expected to get a capital view of the surrounding country.

We were saved the delay of waiting for a boat by the kindness of the firm's agent, who took us ashore in his steam launch about eleven o'clock.

We decided on a cone-shaped hill just opposite where the "Glamorganshire" lay as the most suitable for our purpose, and, after we had wormed our way through the maze of narrow streets at its base, commenced the ascent at a brisk walk.



A Russian Gunboat anchored in the Woosung River, Shanghai.

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The path was narrow and twisted through the dense bamboo and undergrowth like an eel. In places it was rather dark owing to the thick, overhanging boughs, and then again we would reach an open space where the sun beat fiercely down upon us.

Once we stopped to gather some crimson, cup-shaped flowers that grew high on trees of the laurel species, hooking them down with our sticks till we had quite a large bunch apiece.

At last, after forty-five minutes' steady climbing, the summit was gained, and we lay down to admire a view that well repaid our exertions.

At our feet lay the grey roofs of Moji, halved by the thin thread of the railroad; beyond, the harbour, dotted with shipping, stretching out through a narrow strait on the right to the Inland Sea, a broad band of stainless blue, loosing itself in the distance. In the background a long, low line of purple, pine-clad hills, with Shimonoseki nestling round their base down to the very water's edge, where the queer masts and rigging of a few small junks were faintly discernible.

Inland, to our right, stood a strong fort, one of many whose guns are trained upon the harbour. Indeed, so thoroughly has the Shimonoseki Strait been fortified that it is known as the "Gibraltar of Japan." And thereby hangs a tale.

My camera was not the only one on the "Glamorgan-shire." There were three others belonging respectively to the chief officer, a Mr. H——, Mr. R——, and the head steward. One day Mr. H—— took some views of Moji and

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the coal *coolies* at work, and putting his camera away thought no more of the matter. The following morning, however, a couple of gold-braided Japanese officials appeared and commanded him to give up his camera, which he naturally refused to do. After a great palaver the fussy little men consented to let him off provided he exposed the film and so destroyed it. They saw the film opened and retired perfectly satisfied; but I rather fancy Mr. H—— was artful enough to expose only a part on which the light had no effect, to wit, the outer wrapping, and thus saved the pictures. It was conjectured that a *coolie* had reported the matter in order to earn some trivial Government reward, but the remarkable part was that both the steward and myself had used our cameras on the ship, and no word of remonstrance ever reached us. After Mr. H——'s adventure, however, we gave up snap-shotting, and I confined my attention to sketching, which passed unnoticed.

The reason for this extraordinary vigilance evidently arises from the mistaken idea that every photographer is the emissary of some hostile power, attempting to discover the position and strength of fortifications. We heard a story of two German sailors who used a camera, finding their way to a prison cell, but whether there was any truth in it I cannot say.

But to return. When we had feasted our eyes for half-an-hour on the wonderful scene, we found we had barely time to get back to lunch, and hurriedly began the descent. The path in places was so steep and slippery from recent rain that it was most difficult to get a secure foothold, and we had several dangerous slips. Once I sat down right in

the mud. If we got up any speed, as was only too easy, it was next to impossible to check ourselves. I managed to pull up generally by grabbing at a bamboo as I shot by.

Antonio, my companion, took such a fancy to the smooth, green bamboos, that he borrowed my knife to cut one down, succeeding only after a terrific struggle. Then, shouldering his trophy, which was fully sixteen feet long, he pronounced himself ready to proceed.

Our progress through Moji caused some sensation, and business was temporarily postponed till we had passed. We certainly must have looked rather weird, each carrying a big bunch of crimson flowers, and Antonio staggering under the weight of a bamboo sapling. No doubt the Mojians imagined that "*Birnam Wood*" had got astray.

Strangely enough we reached the landing stage unmolested, embarked in a *sanpan*, and arrived on board just as the steward was beginning to feel we were lost.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A CABINET DIFFERENCE—OBJECT OF BARGAIN-DRIVING—A MORNING ON BOARD—UNPLEASANT NEWS—A HAIRDRESSER—JAPANESE VIRAGOS—TRIUMPH—WHERE IS THE TEA-HOUSE?—AN INQUISITIVE YOUTH.

AFTER lunch I accompanied Mr. K——, who was anxious about the inlaid cabinet, to Shimonoseki, and, after a little delay owing to our being without a guide, we discovered the shop. It was quite a good shop in its way, while the proprietor, a rather youthful Jap, seemed an intelligent man, displaying but little of the too prevalent tendency to overcharge.

We walked casually about the somewhat limited premises, which had been packed with a larger and more varied stock than they were designed for, and, after each had made a few purchases in the shape of chop-sticks, wooden ash-trays, and so on, Mr. K—— began to edge round towards the coveted cabinet. On reaching it he examined it closely as if for the first time, fondly hoping the shopman did not remember him.

“How much for this?” he enquired at length.

“One *yen*, sixty *sen*,” was the reply.

“Oh, too much. I speakee fair price. I give one *yen*, thirty *sen*.”

Whereupon the artful Jap performed a lightning calculation upon a peculiar instrument common all over China and Japan. It consists of an oblong wooden frame with ten



A STREET IN NAGASAKI.

or a dozen wires joining the two long sides. On these wires are threaded small wooden beads like those familiar to us on the toys for teaching children to count, an equal number on each wire.

With the aid of this apparatus shopmen and merchants will add up, perfectly accurately, endless columns of figures in a remarkably short time, and, made an offer, will run their fingers rapidly across the wires and instantly ascertain their profit.

In the present instance there was evidently too small a profit at the price named, for the dealer sadly shook his head and muttered, "No can do." Mr. K—— spent a long time haggling but without any satisfactory result; though when we left the shop he said he still hoped to get the cabinet at his own figure.

It is to be understood that the object of this bargaining is to get goods at a *reasonable* price, and is not pursued in a grudging spirit. You may rest assured that *you* will not get the better of the Orientals; it is just a question as to how *much* or how *little* profit *they* may get. And that, as a rule, rests with *you*. For rather than lose a customer they readily sacrifice half or even more of their profit.

A little further down the same street we came to a china shop, where every kind of Japanese china, both ancient and modern, seemed to be displayed.

"Let us go in," said Mr. K——, "there are often some good bargains in shops like this." And in accordingly we went. Among a host of other things there were some wonderful painted vases, doubtless of great value, but they were too cumbersome for conveyance and we did not inquire the

The Golden East.

price. I took a fancy to a pretty little Japanese tea-set of delicate material, exquisitely coloured. It consisted of a tiny tea-pot, five handleless cups, and a cream jug. I asked the price. Imagine my surprise when the proprietor said, with a chuckle, "That belong five *yen*, Mister." A *yen* is about 2s. 2½d.

"Five *yen*!" I gasped, "Why, what makes it so expensive?"

Yes, Mister, five *yen*. Belong velly good china." Holding up one of the cups to the light, "Allee same can see through."

He was trying to palm them off as *eggshell* china, but they were too thick for that.

However, I made him an offer of three *yen*, which, with a sarcastic smile he declined. There was now nothing to do but retire.

We called again as we came back but with no better luck. As for the cabinet that so nearly became Mr. K——'s, I daresay it is still to be seen in the window where it first attracted his attention.

Somewhat chagrined we returned to the "Glamorgan-shire." Tired by a long and busy day I was disinclined to go ashore after dinner, and accordingly spent a quiet evening on board and turned in early.

During the whole of the following forenoon I remained on board watching the operation of loading and trying to sketch the *coolies* when opportunity offered. Some of the females were quite young girls of fifteen or sixteen and exceedingly impudent. One of them by signs desired me to buy her some cakes from a woman who had arranged her

small stock-in-trade close to No. 3 hatch, and was doing a large business in cheap cigarettes and other commodities.

Finding an odd copper *sen* in my pocket I purchased a couple of the cakes and flung them to the girl, who deftly caught them, hiding them away in the folds of her *kimono*, and favouring me with a grateful smile.

This had the effect of exciting the others to make similar demands, and as I had neither the intention nor the wherewithal to feed such a crowd I judged it best to desist altogether for the future.

I had an amusing battle with a small boy about four years old, whom I tickled with the end of a light cane just for fun. He grew vicious and pelted me with lumps of coal, albeit his hands were weak and his aim bad. Finally a Chinese fireman picked him up and threatened to put him into the glowing furnace of the "donkey" boiler, whereupon the little chap bellowed lustily until he was released, when he ran off to seek protection from his mother.

At lunch the Captain made an important announcement that took everyone by surprise. "Well," he said, looking down the table, "I suppose, after our present charter is completed, we are to stay out here for twelve months' trading on the China coast!"

"Oh, don't say that, Captain," gasped Mr. J——. "I was hoping to be home in June. Is it really true, do you think?"

"I can't be sure, of course, but I think so."

This was, indeed, bad news, but further developments were in store.

The Golden East.

About two o'clock Captain E—— said he was going to Shimonoseki in the Agent's launch, if I cared for a lift. I thanked him and accepted. A few minutes later we disembarked at the landing steps, and I accompanied the Captain and the Agent as far as the latter's office.

On the way the Captain turned to me.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," I rejoined.

"Well, then, there is a chance of the "Glamorgan-shire" being sold to a Japanese firm. Their inspectors are coming to examine her on Monday."

"Indeed. Then what will become of you and me and the rest of us?"

"We shall probably go home by passenger boat, so you will be in England in about six weeks."

This arrangement was certainly preferable to coasting for twelve months in the China Sea, but it meant a serious curtailing of the voyage. However, neither of these programmes was adopted, for the Japanese firm decided that the vessel was too slow for them even had they been able to come to terms with her owners. And our subsequent orders were quite unexpected.

I left the Captain at the Agent's office, arranging to meet him there again at five, so that we could return to the ship together, and had a most interesting ramble round Shimonoseki, lost myself more than once, but always found my way back to the principal street.

Like most Japanese towns, Shimonoseki is positively overrun with barber's shops. On an average there is one about every hundred yards in streets of any importance,



The Spokeswoman. The Dancer. O Sada San.
The Three "Geisha."



and most of them are well fitted up and scrupulously clean. Japanese men as a rule wear the hair very short, visiting a barber at least once a fortnight. This in some measure accounts for the abnormal number of hair-dressing saloons.

My hair had not been cut since a grinning Arab whipped it all off at Port Said, and was getting rather long, so I boldly entered one of the saloons and sat down in a chair with my back to the street. I pointed to my head, and the barber was soon snipping away with great vigour.

The job had not proceeded far when two Japanese girls walked coolly into the shop, and sat down on a raised portion of the floor immediately facing my chair. From this coign of vantage they scrutinised me closely, at the same time maintaining a running dialogue with the barber. Whenever I looked up I found their large brown eyes fixed intently upon me, which was decidedly embarrassing if flattering—a doubtful point.

By and bye one of them produced a pipe, charged it with brown tobacco from a pouch at her girdle, and kindled it at a charcoal fire burning for the purpose in a small wooden box on the floor. After one puff she would tap out the ashes and repeat the operation as before, chattering volubly all the while in low, musical voice.

It is impossible to say what the conversation had reference to, but I think they were discussing me for part of the time. I would have given a small fortune at that moment for a knowledge of the language.

The old barber was so engrossed with his gossip that he took an unconscionable period to cut my hair; in fact he would never have finished had not the loquacious ladies,

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after each had indulged in a smoke, taken their departure. Two minutes later he removed the towel from my neck. I paid him his fee, fifteen *sen*, and left the saloon.

I now directed my steps to the china shop with the object of having another try for the tea-set I fancied. On reaching the shop I found no signs of the proprietor, but he soon made his appearance when he heard me wandering about among his possessions. I did not go straight to where the tea-set was but inspected a few other articles, asking the price without any intention of buying.

After a short tour I got round to the tea-set, reposing safely in a small square pigeon-hole almost on the floor—I had entertained a fear that someone might have forestalled me. The proprietor was a stranger to me, certainly not the man I had before bargained with, and I thought it probable that, even if he had caught a glimpse of me from within on that occasion, he would not remember me. Subsequent events proved my surmise to be correct. He failed to recognise me.

Carelessly indicating the tea-set I enquired: "How much belong this?"

After a long inspection of one of the pieces he said: "This three *yen* fifty *sen*, Mister."

Suppressing with difficulty my satisfaction at so substantial a reduction (the original price it will be remembered was five *yen*) I said:—

"I *savvy* Japan long time (*formula*). I speakee three *yen*."

He considered this offer for some time, reflectively scratching his head, his eyes fixed on the tea-set which I

was examining. At length he said, "No can do." I offered another twenty *sens* and prepared to leave the shop. My foot was on the first step when he exclaimed suddenly, "All right, Mister, can do!"

I paid the money and the coveted tea-set, carefully wrapped up, passed into my possession. Well satisfied I deposited my purchase at the Agent's office, and, till five o'clock, engaged in a fruitless search for the tea-house I had visited with Mr. K——. At the end of half-an-hour's tramping I was compelled to confess myself baffled, and indeed I discovered I had been travelling round and round in a circle, with occasional deviations, during the greater part of the time. Finally I espied an intelligent looking Jap to whom I addressed myself as follows:—

"You speakee English?"

"Oh yes, Mister."

"You *savvy* tea-house?"

"Oh, yes. I *savvy*."

"Which way catchee tea-house?"

"This way, Mister. I makee show. This way"—pointing down a street that appeared to lead to the harbour.

I thanked him. It was, however, close on five o'clock, and I hurried away towards the Agent's office. But the inquisitive little Jap stuck to me like a leech, bombarding me all the while with absurd questions, to most of which I answered yes or no indiscriminately.

"You belong ship, Mister? You belong Chief Engineer? You makee long time stop?"

The yachting cap I wore must have made him imagine I was an engineer, or at anyrate a seaman, and, as it

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chanced that I was described in the ship's articles as Assistant Engineer, merely as a matter of form, I allowed the fellow to think I was a fifth engineer to please him.

After enduring a deal of annoyance I told him point blank he was not wanted, at which he seemed surprised and grieved, but, to my infinite relief, took himself off. I never thought nor cared to see him again.

Captain E—— was ready when I reached the office, and together we made our way down to the launch, and so back to the "Glamorganshire."



A Nagasaki Street.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WET EASTER—MUD—ANOTHER TEA-HOUSE—AN ACQUAINTANCE—RECOGNITION—JAPANESE MUSIC—JONKINO DANCE—A CURIOUS EASTER NIGHT—REFRESHMENTS—SKETCHING—CHILDISH TROUBLES—A SPELLING LESSON—A COUNTRY ROAD—BARGAINING AGAIN—FAREWELL TO JAPAN.

EASTER Sunday was very wet, rain falling incessantly till about 6 p.m., so that I was confined to the ship until evening.

At 7.30 it faired up, and, though a cold wind was blowing, three of us elected to go ashore. My two companions were the third engineer, who shall be nameless, and Antonio, Mr. J——'s valet.

On landing it was arranged to visit a tea-house, as Antonio had never seen one before. The leadership of the party fell to me, for I was the only one acquainted to any degree of certainty with the ins and outs of the place.

We had not taken many steps before we found ourselves ankle-deep in mud and slush, and a halt was called till each had tucked his trousers inside his socks. Then on we went.

I was by no means sure of the road, and, though the others placed implicit faith in me for a time, they soon grew uneasy, for the streets we traversed twisted and twined in all directions.

Presently "Where in the name of fortune are you taking us?" from the engineer.

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"To the tea-house."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know the name of the place."

"Is it much further?"

"Oh, about half a mile."

I was now in the right road, and by and bye the string of coloured lanterns appeared a short way in front.

"Here we are," said I, turning to the right under the lanterns, "And now for a stiff climb."

The ascent was very slippery after the prolonged rain, and we made slow progress through the darkness. At length we reached the steps and the twang-twang of a *samisen* floated towards us from the lantern-decked building on our right.

"It's a poor place that," I said, "The tea is beastly. Let us go to the other one." For a little higher on the hill to the left there was a second and larger tea-house.

A few minutes later we had mounted the last flight of steps and gained the level of the tea-house. We were at once surrounded by a crowd of girls and young men who invited us to step inside. Just as we were about to do so they caught sight of our filthy boots, and indicated by signs that they must be removed. After some argument we took them off, and entered one of the tiny mat-covered rooms.

Lights were brought, and we disposed ourselves in different corners on the floor and called for tea. Suddenly I saw that one of the men was the pestering fellow of the previous afternoon, who moreover recognised me and gave expression to his thoughts somewhat as follows:—

“ Ah! Mister, Mister, Mister, I *savvy* you—I *savvy* you. Yes—yes—yes,—yes—yes. I know your face—I know your face. You belong number fife engineer. Yes—yes!”

This “rigmorole” he repeated with astonishing rapidity at least once every five minutes, earnestly scanning my features, and wagging his head from side to side in a highly knowing and ludicrous fashion. He was evidently three-parts drunk, while his companions were also in various stages of intoxication. They kept up an incessant chatter among themselves and to us, so that if we desired to speak to each other we had to yell like demons to make our remarks audible.

When the tea arrived it proved even worse than at the other place, so we reluctantly, though much to the satisfaction of the Japs, ordered beer instead, which was light and fairly palatable, not unlike Pilsener.

There were several girls present, and one and all partook of the beer, albeit in small quantities, for the glasses were very tiny.

One girl played the *samisen* and favoured us to a selection of Japanese songs. The accompaniment was invariably the same, and the chief peculiarity of the singing was that the performer always began on the highest note in her compass and gradually descended until her voice died away in a long-drawn kind of groan. The exhibition was further enhanced by facial contortions of a most ridiculous nature.

During her breathing intervals she helped herself to a glass of beer, drank half and passed the remainder to me. I took care only to sip a little and pass it on to Antonio. I preferred to hurt the lady's feelings than to imbibe too freely.

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In a lull of the chattering and singing the third Engineer called for the *Jon-kino* dance.

Formerly this dance was of a somewhat immoral character, the girls who executed it gradually removing all their garments until they were perfectly naked. Latterly, however, the Government stepped in, and a modification of the dance has resulted, while only in out-of-the-way places and in strictest secrecy is the original performance now in vogue.

When the Engineer called out, "Let's have the *Jon-kino* dance," a fat, oily little man whose sleek, round face and spectacled eyes bespoke good nature and a merry disposition, and who had till then remained silently squatted in a corner, exclaimed at the top of his voice—"No, no. You are *choking*, you are *choking*." He burst into a hearty roar of laughter, holding his sides, while his eyes beamed out from narrow slits.

The above, it seems, was his stock phrase, and though I several times addressed him, his only remark was—"You are choking, you are choking." And indeed I nearly was—with laughter. The other one, who by this time began to assume an appearance of extreme drowsiness, kept his end up with, "Mister, Mister, Mister. I *savvy* you—I know your face. Yes—yes—yes—yes—ye-e-es."

So the dancing girls were summoned, and we had the honour of witnessing the modified version of the celebrated *Jon-kino*. From what I remember, dancing played little or no part in the proceedings, for the two girls stood facing each other without moving their feet the whole time, except to mark the music.

First the *samisen* twanged a few chords, then the words of the song were taken up by everyone somewhat as follows: "Jon-kino, Jon-kino, Jon, Jon, Kino, Kino, Nagasaki, Yokohama, Kobe, Maru, Hoi!" The girls clapped their hands, beating time with one foot to the dirge-like, monotonous music. They removed some of their clothes, but retained a sufficiency to cover them all over. In fact the garment remaining was just the same size as the outer *kimono*, so that after all there was nothing so very shocking in the performance. But it revealed a few of the mysteries of Japanese feminine attire which seems, to put it mildly, a little complicated.

The dancing was brought to a conclusion by one of the young men executing a similar manœuvre, removing everything but a loin-cloth, wherein he hopped about and grimaced upon us in a most monkey-like manner. And then the lady nightingale favoured us to several ear-splitting ballads, after which the inner man claimed attention.

Fruit was brought in and set before us. What these were I don't know. They might have been apples. They were the colour of russets, perfectly round, and as large as a big orange. I tried one and found the flavour something between a pear and a turnip. It was juicy but unpalatable.

By this it was very late so we decided to move; got into our boots, paid the bill, and made the best of our way down the steep path. It was a real relief to escape from that babel of tongues, which, even after our departure, was faintly audible in the distance, and in imagination I seemed to catch the oft repeated phrase—"I know your face, I know your face," mingled with the ludicrous protestation—"You

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are choking, you are choking," from the fat little fellow with the oily countenance.

Truly I never expected to spend an Easter Sunday night in such grotesque surroundings, and even in retrospect it seems incredible, a phantasy.

Easter Monday, March 31st, was cold and dull. I remained on the ship till after lunch, and then went ashore to get a few more sketches.

I was very fortunate, for while engaged on a carved stone monster at the foot of the temple steps, not far from the tea-house, I was espied by the proprietor who came to give me good-day, accompanied by several of the girls we had seen on the previous evening, among whom was one, *Mami Hachi* by name, of rather striking appearance.

As soon as they had reached me, I stopped work on the monster, and turned my attention to the various members of the party. I managed to get a pretty fair picture of *Mami Hachi*, and of two younger girls, and also tried to sketch a very small boy, who, however, became scared and fled precipitately, though I endeavoured to entice him with a copper *sen*.

Everybody I tried to draw moved off up to the Tea-house, so, nothing loth, I followed on behind. I went inside and sat down on the floor. Presently the small boy appeared on the scene and I whipped out my pencil to finish the sketch.

Suddenly his large eyes caught mine, filled with tears, and overflowed. He began to howl lustily. I just got his expression before he burst out.

The proprietor now produced a greasy slate and a stumpy pencil, and pointing to a sprig of cherry-blossom desired me to write down the English name. This I did, and he spelled it over laboriously, letter by letter, and tried to pronounce it. "Sherry-bolsom" he called it.

I also wrote down several other words, such as "Beans," "Picture," and "Screen," the first of which he called "Beanss" with a strong hiss on the "s." Half-an-hour later, when I left, he was still poring and puzzling over the half-dozen words on the slate, which doubtless gave him food for thought for many a day. He certainly knew the alphabet and could pronounce a little, but here his knowledge ended.

Next day I had a long walk out into the country behind Shimonoseki, which proved most interesting and enjoyable.

On leaving the outskirts of the town I came to a large barracks lying on the right of the road, at whose gate a smart sentry in a dark blue uniform with white facings paced solemnly to and fro. In the barrack yard a few soldiers hurried about, and now and again, after I had passed, the clear notes of a bugle pierced the silence of the lonely road.

Traffic was scarce—an occasional *rikisha*, and once a postman in uniform, bag on back.

A few small houses and farms lay scattered here and there at the sides of the road, which I was surprised to find in capital condition and fringed by a humming line of telegraph poles.

Presently to the left a broad, flat plain of red, sandy earth came into view, which I rightly judged to be a parade ground, for the officers' quarters lay directly opposite. On

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my return I saw an officer exercising his horse, a lightly built, mettlesome chestnut, that pranced and curvetted, with gracefully waving tail. The small officer kept him well in hand, however, and maintained a firm seat in the most approved military style.

Half-a-mile further on I rounded the shoulder of some low hills and before me lay a wide, well-watered valley, tilled, and with early crops appearing. Broad belts of yellow weeds, like we see often in this country, accentuated the dark outlines of the rugged hills beyond and the blue mists of their crowding pines.

It was a strange wild scene with few living creatures in sight, save here and there a solitary tender of the soil. And probably no other country can shew its prototype.

At the end of another mile it was hard on five o'clock, and, after admiring the scene for some minutes, I faced about and trudged homewards.

On the outskirts of the town I came to a small china shop, where I had previously noticed rows of dusty tea-pots hanging from the ceiling and numerous other articles heaped in sorry confusion. I wanted a tea-pot and felt that here was a chance of a good bargain. I entered the shop.

The countenance of the man who advanced to serve me was not calculated to encourage customers, nor was it significant of a knowledge of English in its possessor. Accordingly I pointed to one of the tea-pots that hung from the grimy, age-worn ceiling, and the sour-visaged Jap unhooked it.

It was thick with dust and had doubtless hung there for years, but a plentiful supply of water and a vigorous rubbing



A Nagasaki Street Scene.

turned it into quite a neat little article. It was white with a few blue flowers, fitted with an arched cane handle attached to small eyes by two wire hooks, and just large enough for one cup of tea. It was, in short, just what I wanted.

Now came the question of price. With some misgivings I trusted the man's honesty and placed in his hand a five *yen* bill. He retired to the inner sanctity of his wooden domicile, where I heard an animated conversation accompanied by the chink of money.

At the end of five minutes he reappeared with an ancient dame, and between them they presented the change.

The man laid down a two *yen* bill and another for one *yen*. Then the woman laboriously counted out the remainder thus:—Two fifty *sen* pieces equal to one *yen*; nine ten *sen* pieces; one two *sen* piece and one half-*sen*. Grand total, 1 *yen* 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ *sen*. Thus the tea-pot cost me exactly seven and a half *sen*, or about twopence. This is the cheapest bargain I ever made, and I marched off triumphantly not a little elated.

Further on I came to another shop where all kinds of curiosities were huddled together in the small space afforded by the window. Glancing casually in, my eye was arrested by a small china figure of a Japanese lady in full national costume. It was about six inches high, and, as far as I could judge from outside, was a clever piece of work.

I went in and desired a closer view. It proved, on examination, to be even better than I expected, the painting of *kimono*, face, hair, and particularly the lady's fan, being extremely delicate, and evidently the work of a high-class artist.

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“How much?” I enquired.

The shopman exhibited two *yen* in a grimy palm.

I offered him one and a half and he closed at once.

In good spirits, and with an appetite for dinner, I made my way to the landing stage, feeling that my last day in Shimonoseki had not been wasted.

Next morning at 7 a.m., amid dense fog and drizzle, the “Glamorganshire” weighed anchor and dropped slowly down the straits, out to the open sea, whence, that same evening, the vessel rolling heavily to a rising swell, I looked my last on the rapidly receding shores of that wonderful land, the “Britain of the East.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A MONOTONOUS JOURNEY—CHINESE JUNKS—SUNSETS
—A SQUALL—THE EQUATOR—CARIMATA STRAITS—CATA-
MARANS—BAD NEWS—A CAPTAIN'S TROUBLES—A DEAD-
LOCK—TOUCH AND GO—THE CLIMATE OF JAVA.

THE voyage from Japan to Sourabaya in Java, occupying about sixteen days, was not very eventful. Time hung heavily, for there was little to do, Ping-Pong having taken its departure with B—— to whom the gear belonged.

Reading had to be varied with exercise on deck, and I found a new occupation in the making of a mosquito curtain from some netting I had with me; for rumour had it that Sourabaya swarmed with mosquitos.

Trying to manipulate a needle and thread was most interesting, and my success remarkable considering the practice I had *not* had. In fact I got on so well that I completed my task in a week, evolving during that time several new and elaborate stitches hitherto unknown in the sewing world. The quality of the workmanship was apparent when the curtain came into use—but I anticipate.

On Sunday, April 6th, a day of peaceful calm and brilliant sunshine, we passed through a tiny fleet of Chinese fishing junks. They floated lazily on the motionless sea, their ungainly sails catching hardly a breath of wind, whilst around and about them the crews fished busily from small boats.

Southward Ho !

A series of remarkable sunsets took place during this part of the trip of which one occurred on Monday, April 7th, and another on Thursday the 10th. Of these, the first was red and fiery, the sun, as it sank in an almost cloudless sky, dyeing the sea with blood. The second was not so vivid, but its colours were more wonderful and varied, changing from gold at the horizon to pink and opal above, slashed with broad bands of purest emerald. And in a purple heaven floated, like a silver saucer, the sickle of the new-born moon. It was a serene and exquisite effect.

Saturday, April 12th, was hot and sultry. During the afternoon heavy clouds gathered right ahead. At four, a smart squall broke over the ship, and for half-an-hour the rain came down with tremendous force.

There was no thunder, and very little wind, but it did rain, pouring off awnings, bridges, and fore-castle-head in gallons. All available tins and buckets were put out to catch the water, and filled in the twinkling of an eye.

After the shower the air remained cool for a short time, and then became just as oppressive as before.

On the following day I had the experience of crossing the "line" for the first time. Captain E—— continually reminded me that there would be some ordeal to undergo, in the shape of tar and feathers or a shave by "Father Neptune," but nothing was done to mark the occasion. Perhaps, as we crossed at two in the afternoon, everyone was indulging in his post-prandial nap and felt too lazy to exert himself. Something of the kind, I must say, would have helped to break the monotony of the voyage.

On Monday, the 14th, at midnight, we reached the Carimata Straits, a dangerous and difficult channel, where shoals and reefs abound, and light-houses are conspicuous by their scarcity. The weather was hazy, and a slight drizzle coming on, it was deemed advisable to drop anchor.

A start was made at dawn, and we proceeded through the straits, sighting the Java coast early the following day. We skirted along the coast and I had a splendid view of the island with its lofty mountains and magnificent foliage.

Large numbers of native *catamarans* were scudding about in all directions, heeling over to a stiff breeze, their small, vee-shaped sails strained to bursting point. They sail exceedingly fast, and owing to the arrangement of out-riggers, ride fairly steadily even through a heavy sea.

The out-riggers are simply logs of wood lashed to a couple of spars projecting from the boat's side, and, resting in the water, they keep the craft upright. There is usually one at each side of a *catamaran*, though sometimes only one is employed, and this, I take it, is moved round to either side according to the tack the boat is required to sail on.

Sometimes in a very strong wind one or two men may be seen standing on the out-rigger as an additional balance, and the natives accordingly speak of the wind as a "one-man" or a "two-man" breeze.

Sourabaya is a port somewhat difficult of access. It lies at the head of a narrow strait, named after it, and so shallow as to admit of only the smallest vessels passing through. But by sailing round the island of Madura, the harbour can be reached through the Madura Strait. Even this is extremely shallow and must be negotiated with caution.

Southward Ho !

The "Glamorganshire," drawing about 23 feet 6 in., adopted the second and longer route, and dropped anchor near the pilots' lightship at about 9.30 p.m.

The following morning brought bad news. We learnt that the "Glamorganshire's" draft was too great to venture further in except at the highest tide, two or three days later, that Sourabaya was distant twenty miles, and that to unload a portion of the cargo into lighters so that we might proceed would cost 3s. 6d. per ton !

It was further ascertained that to go to Sourabaya by *catamaran* required four hours, and to return thence, fifteen, while to hire a launch would cost £20 ! A most awkward state of affairs.

Finally Captain E—— made up his mind to go to Sourabaya, make enquiries, and perhaps cable home for instructions. He left the ship about 9 a.m. that morning in a *catamaran* with the Stevedore who had brought the unwelcome information.

They had got only a few miles when the wind dropped and oars were brought into requisition. Progress was perforce very slow. There was no food on the boat and nothing to drink, while the flimsy awning proved of little service under the scorching heat of the tropical sun.

Not until four p.m., after a lapse of nearly seven hours, did they reach the landing stage, and Captain E—— thoroughly exhausted had barely energy enough to crawl out. He was, moreover, utterly disgusted. Good luck enabled him to return in an outward bound steamer, and he came off with the pilot at the lightship about 11 p.m. ; sick and worn out. He told me afterwards that he would not undergo such an ordeal again for twenty pounds.

It had been arranged that we were to be piloted in on the Saturday morning, on which day there would be a high tide, but as ill luck would have it we were destined to remain until the Sunday.

We had heard that a fête was to be held in Sourabaya on Saturday in honour of the Prince Consort's birthday—Java is a Dutch Colony, of course—and on Friday evening, at about ten o'clock, three Dutch men-o-war arrived to take part in the ceremonies. A few minutes later a boat put off from the pilot ship and rowed towards the "Glamorgan-shire." Arrived within hailing distance a voice called out for the captain, who presently appeared on deck when the following dialogue ensued.

"Good efning, captain."

"Good evening. What do you want?"

"I haf come to say ve are vair sorry, but ve gannot take you' sheep in to-morrow pecause ve haf no more pilots."

"How is that?"

"Vell, dese sheeps-of-var will require tree, so—"

"Confound it all! We came in before them."

"But sheeps-of-war zey always takes precedence."

"But I am losing valuable time."

"Ve gan't help dat, captain. I am vair sorry, but I gan't help eet." Pause. "Goot night, captain." No answer.

The boat bobbing about on the rising swell disappeared in the darkness, while Captain E——, grumbling and somewhat ruffled returned to his cabin.

Early next morning the three battleships trailed off in a small procession towards Sourabaya, and we had to kick our heels aboard for another day and make the best of it.

Southward Ho !

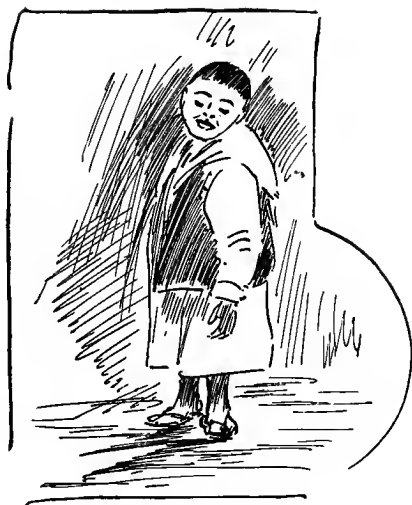
For three whole days we remained at anchor, losing precious time, and roasted by a merciless sun. From the deck the view was not particularly striking, but it included one rare feature—an active volcano whose name I cannot recollect. When the morning mists had lifted, a curl of dense white smoke could always be observed, rolling out from the mouth of the crater, but no actual eruption took place while we were there.

Several of the officers and myself did some fishing to pass the time, but amongst us only managed to catch two fish during the three days. I caught one of these and Mr. R—— the other. We had bites in plenty but the actual sport was not of an exciting nature. I cannot conscientiously recommend fishermen to visit Java.

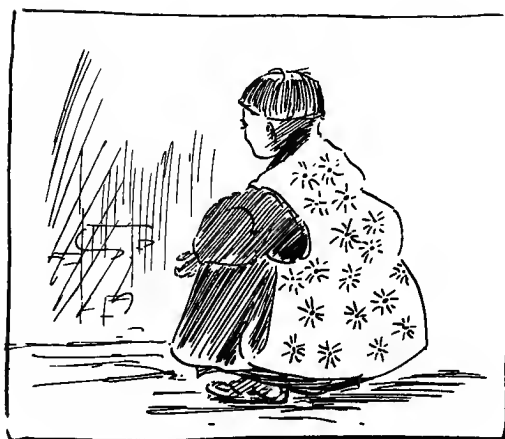
One morning a most grotesque *catamaran*, full of copper-coloured natives, passed close under our stern. There was but little wind to fill its large red and yellow-striped sail, and I found time to fetch my camera and take a picture of it.

At last Sunday morning came and with it the pilot, who announced that there would be a fairly high tide and we might be able to get the ship within reasonable distance of the shore. At about seven a.m. we drew up anchor, and the vessel's head was turned towards Sourabaya.

That morning was an anxious time for all on board. For several hours a quartermaster stood by, heaving the lead, calling the depths at brief intervals in a monotonous chant. While there was four fathoms we felt fairly safe, but presently it grew steadily shallower till at length came the cry, "Quarter-three" ($3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms or 19 feet 6 inches), and it seemed inevitable we must stick fast, being at least three feet in the mud.



YOUNG JAPAN.



PLAYING

The engines were running at full speed, but the ship barely crawled, and more than once I thought she would stop; while our wake assumed a muddiness equal to that of the Yang-tse-kiang. The carpenter told me afterwards that amidships the plates creaked and groaned till every minute he expected something must go under the terrific strain.

Just as the tide was failing our pace began to mend. The leadsman found five, then six fathoms. The vessel seemed to shake herself free and at full speed shot into the deeper water of the channel. The bar was crossed.

The channel, which is carefully buoyed, lies between Madura Island on the right and Java on the left, as approached from the Madura Strait, and Sourabaya is built on the latter island, covering part of a flat, fertile area in the shadow of the great volcano, that towers to a height of some nine thousand feet.

Slowing down as we neared the anchorage, we passed, at close quarters, the three warships that had robbed us of our pilot the day before, lying with two others not two hundred yards from shore. We afterwards learnt that their wish to arrive in time for the fête might have been set aside, as the rejoicings had been indefinitely postponed owing to the indisposition of Queen Wilhelmina. Indeed public anxiety on Her Majesty's account ran very high, and it was thought not improbable that news of her death might come to hand at any minute.

The "Glamorganshire" dropped anchor some quarter of a mile from the lighthouse, close to another large vessel, the "Ras-bera," which was busy discharging Australian

Southward Ho!

coal. We soon heard there was cholera aboard of her, two men having died, while several others had been severely attacked. This was far from encouraging news, for we knew we might be kept at Sourabaya for ten days or more.

Perhaps a few words with regard to the climate of Java may not be out of place here.

The climate is, I understand, for the greater part of the year of a most deadly character, the worst time being in August and September. In the hot weather cholera is rife, more particularly among the natives, who die sometimes at the rate of six or seven hundred weekly.

Then, in the wet season, the mists that roll down from the hills carry with them the deadly Java fever, and at no season is it safe to sleep out of doors or on a ship's deck.

Authentic instances are on record of ships that have lain some little time at Sourabaya, putting out to sea with all hands apparently in the best of health. After ten or twelve days at sea first one and then another is laid low with fever, running sometimes through a whole crew, killing many, and leaving the ship undermanned. The crew of a steamer called the "Aestry," about a fortnight out from Sourabaya, was attacked by this terrible malady. There died, the captain, chief and third officers, one or two engineers, and a number of the crew, with the result that the second officer alone was left to navigate the ship, and had to put into Aden for assistance.

Another case was that of the "Inchkeith," a sailing vessel, which, from the same cause, lost about two-thirds of her crew, and had to proceed short-handed.

Fortunately we were there at the most favourable period, when, with ordinary precaution, there is little danger. Still, the cholera on the "Ras-bera," and a case on another ship, whence the victim was removed at mid-day and died at six the following morning, added to the fact that the natives were dying at a rate of four hundred a week, excluded Sourabaya from the list of fashionable health resorts.

CHAPTER XX.

SOURABAYA—"JAMEY"—A WILD RIDE IN A WEIRD VEHICLE—DUTCH BUNGALOWS—A RICH COLONY—A CAFE—EXPENSIVE DRINKS—A WALK THROUGH THE STREETS—A FIASCO—A CASUAL DRIVER—THE "YAH-MEN"—A HEARTY LAUGH.

ON the evening of our arrival in the harbour, Sunday, April 20th, I paid my first visit to the town of Sourabaya in the company of Mr. J—— and his valet. There was some little difficulty in getting a boat, for it was dark, and most of those which had hovered round the ship earlier in the day had retired shoreward.

Eventually we secured the services of a man who afterwards attended me regularly. He rejoiced in the name of "Jamey"—as nearly as I can spell it. His charge for the double journey was one guilder—about 1s 8d.

A filthy river, some thirty yards wide, discharges its waters into the harbour, and upon its right bank a landing stage is erected, at which we disembarked. It was while being rowed ashore that I first beheld a firefly, dancing along on the evening breeze like a tiny electric spark.

From the boat we transferred ourselves into one of the most fearful and wonderful conveyances I ever travelled in. It was a sort of flat cart slung over a single axle on a pair of high and flexible springs. There was a wooden awning held by four upright rods for keeping off the sun by day, and the passengers sit in most uncomfortable positions

facing back and front, one being obliged to share the seat of the (as a rule) ill-odoured driver. The conveyance is drawn by a small pony, which is almost lifted off the ground as the bulk of the weight falls behind the axle.

Having with difficulty climbed into this machine, which, by the way, is dignified with the title of *gharry*, we gave the word to start, and dashed wildly off up the straight road that, skirting the river, leads to Sourabaya.

It was a wild, exciting ride, equalled only by the return journey.

The pony and his driver had different opinions as to speed and manner of progress. The latter endeavoured to steer a straight, steady course, whilst the former preferred a zig-zag and jerky mode of movement. This did not tend to accelerate the pace. The road was none of the best, and was rendered worse by a meandering car track. The *gharry* lurched and rolled on its flimsy springs so that we hung on like grim death to the awning standards. Our teeth chattered like a skeleton's. In short, I was never so thoroughly shaken and bumped round but once—in a *droshky* over the cobblestones of Cronstadt.

Conversation was practically impossible, but we managed to jerk out a sentence now and then. We saw very little of our surroundings, for the road by which Sourabaya is approached from the harbour is badly lighted, and when the *bungalows* put out their verandah lights darkness reigns supreme.

We got occasional hasty glimpses of the interiors of these bungalows, to my mind most daintily though simply furnished, and here and there a family party of Dutch

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colonists were enjoying the cool of the evening on the verandah, in a peaceful homely way. With these pictures on the mind it was difficult to believe we were thousands of miles from Europe. But one glance at the dense, tropical canopy that spanned the road, through which the stars flashed as they only can in the East, and the ceaseless shimmering voices of the grasshoppers, proved that such was indeed the case.

The long arm of civilization, stretched forth years ago, laid its firm hand upon this lovely island, inducing order out of chaos, plenty out of poverty, and out of idleness a gigantic commerce.

Java is the wealthiest and most important of Dutch colonies, and Sourabaya its busiest port, not excepting even Batavia. The chief exports are sugar, coffee, and spices, while the revenue is so enormous that, each year, a surplus fund, equal to the building and equipment of three battle-ships, remains in the Government coffers. The ships, moreover, are being built, for Holland is momentarily in terror that some greater Power may attempt, by force of arms, to wrest from her, this, her richest and most prized possession.

We overtook knots of dusky natives moving noiselessly homeward along the dusty road, and now and then passed a few European pedestrians. The Dutch ladies commonly wear a loose flowing gown quite innocent of waist. The effect in the darkness is eerie and ghost-like.

Antonio made a remark to his master in Italian, and the latter, laughing, turned to me.

"Antonio says the people here walk about in night-dresses." I agreed that it seemed so.

After half-an-hour's driving, varied at intervals by the gharryman getting down to persuade his noble animal that it was not "there" yet, the houses grew more numerous, shops appeared, brilliantly illuminated, and motley crowds of people thronged the streets.

There were Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Europeans, Persians, Arabs, and what not. And this was Sourabaya!

A few dangerous swoops round sharp corners and we emerged into the main street, a street of great width flanked on either hand with enormous trees. To the right lies a public garden and bandstand, and at the main gate there is a handsome pillar clock in bronze, presented to the town of Sourabaya by the British residents on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Steam cars run down this street, branching off in two or three different directions, and at the further end the principal public buildings and hotels are situated.

Our driver pulled up before a large café—a blaze of light—where numbers of people of both sexes were indulging in cool drinks, sitting at tables under the trees in true Continental fashion.

Drinks are rather expensive in Sourabaya, and there seems but little difference in the price of various beverages. Lemonade, for instance, is half-a-guilder a bottle (about 10d.), beer the same, and apollinaris or its Dutch equivalent the same.

Notwithstanding it was Sunday evening, the establishment did a roaring trade, and the rival house opposite did likewise. Even for such concerns their profits must be huge, bearing in mind the fancy prices, and that no matter what hour I passed, always there were drinkers. Doubtless

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the liquor costs the retailer more than at home, but the same article can be had in Calcutta for two-fifths the Sourabaya price, and it is therefore evident that the latter is an imposition. The cost of ice no doubt helps to raise the price of cool drinks, and the Sourabaya factory has the audacity to charge for artificial ice five pounds per ton !

When we had refreshed ourselves we strolled into the street and looked about us. The streets are rendered more than usually noisy by the whistles that *gharry* and carriage drivers are made to use. These they sound perpetually one across the other, and in the middle of a crowded spot one is apt to lose one's head and become confused, especially at night.

We walked leisurely in the direction of the gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated and had resounded with music as we passed. Judge of our disgust, on arriving at the gates, to find them locked, the lights out, and the gardens deserted. We looked helplessly at one another, and then someone said, "I suppose it is all over." We found out afterwards that the band plays every Sunday from six to eight, and then every one goes home and dines.

Finding ourselves balked of our music we voted Sourabaya a miserable hole, howled at a passing *gharry*, and screwed up our nerves for a fresh shaking. We had the greatest difficulty in getting the driver to understand we wanted to get to the harbour. We tried him with English, then French. Then Mr. J—— tried Italian, and I finished up with German. He understood none of these, though I had hoped the last, being akin to Dutch, might have been intelligible. Perhaps he was ignorant of Dutch, which is more than likely, for he jabbered away all the while in his



U.S.A. Transport, "Thomas," about to leave Nagasaki.

own tongue. Finally I proposed trying to remember the way we came with the assistance of the tram lines. So we clambered in and the driver whipped up his pony.

Very soon we came to a stop.

"What's the matter, now?" asked Mr. J——, somewhat irritably.

Looking round, I saw that the driver, who had been groping under the seat, had produced therefrom a couple of candles, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to substitute for the stumps in the *gharry* lamps. When this operation had been successfully performed he calmly lighted them, shut the doors, and then urged forward his horse who doubtless appreciated his five minutes' rest.

A little further on we again pulled up. This time our friend hailed the keeper of a small stall, and after a lengthy consultation, the latter came out with a number of candles which he handed to the driver in exchange for a coin.

"The cool impudence of these people!" gasped Mr. J——.

However, we stopped no more, except when the pony became obstreperous, and the return journey began in earnest. From my directions the driver picked out the road until we struck the tram-lines again, after that there was little difficulty.

We were bumping and rolling along, lighted only by the moon and the feeble candles of the *gharry*. Presently Mr. J—— spoke.

"Mr. Holliday, have you noticed those men with sticks? They jump out of dark corners and say "Yah." Just watch and you'll see them."

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I was much amused. However, I kept a look-out and sure enough soon saw one of the "yah-men," as we afterwards dubbed them. We had not gone more than a hundred yards when there sprang, from behind a tree, a native holding a long, forked stick. As we passed he gave vent to a deep, guttural "Ah-h-h." He said "ah," not "yah."

At intervals of two or three hundred yards all along the road to the harbour these men are stationed. They are the night police whose duty it is to keep order. Uniform they have none beyond the usual Javanese costume, consisting of a jacket or jersey, and a *sarong*, while their only weapon is the mysterious forked stick, not unlike the handle of an overgrown catapult. At the mistrusted passer-by they launch the enquiry, "Ah," which I am informed means, "Are you good people?" Not being assured of this they pin the offender by the neck to the nearest wall or tree with the forked stick, having first given the alarm by striking a wooden gong that hangs from the tree near which they happen to be posted. It is a curious system and I should like to know how it works. A man, pinned to a tree by his neck, would certainly be powerless to use a knife on his captor owing to the length of the stick. But he might have companions who could easily attack the policeman in the rear before help arrived.

Mr. J—— made me roar with laughter at his comical description of these men. Among other things he observed that they only said "Ah" where it was dark. Where it was moonlight he declared they were silent.

Once I shouted "Yah" back at one of them, and he to our horror began to pursue us. But after a few yards he gave up the chase.

I was so exhausted with laughing and so stiff with the jolting that getting from the *gharry* to a boat was no easy matter, and every few minutes the absurdity of the whole affair flashed through me and I burst out afresh. Strangely enough Mr. J—— did not even smile. I suppose my sense of humour must be abnormal or else distorted.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOSQUITOS—JAVANESE COOLIES—THEIR COSTUME—
METHODS OF WORKING—COAL BARGES—SHOREWARDS
AGAIN—THE DOCKYARD—AN OPIUM STORE—HAWKERS—
ON THE CAR.

ON gaining my cabin I proudly arranged my mosquito curtain, undressed, extinguished the lamp, and crawled under the curtain, carefully tucking in the edges.

The night was hot and oppressive. I heard the mosquitos buzzing round, but felt myself secure and soon dropped off to sleep.

Next morning I found, to my disgust, the marks of several bites. Night after night the same thing occurred, and one morning I actually caught a mosquito within the curtain. He was full of blood.

Whether the mesh was too coarse, the sewing inferior, or the tucking in of the curtain—certainly not of the insects—unsatisfactory, I cannot say. It may have been one or all of these. But certain it is that each morning saw me rise with fresh favours from the tiny pests.

The bites itch terribly, and it is hard to leave them alone. After about two days, however, they die gradually away. They should not be scratched as blood-poisoning has been known to result.

The greater part of the Monday I spent on board, watching and trying to sketch the Javanese *coolies*, as they worked at the cargo. They closely resemble the Malays of

Penang and Singapore, to whom they must be nearly related, for I am told the dialects do not greatly differ.

Most of the *coolies* wear nothing but a light pair of trousers or knickerbockers, and are bare from the waist up, their heads being covered with either a small, cotton kerchief or a brimless, cone-shaped sun-hat made from strips of palm leaves. The lower part of the legs often, and the feet always, are innocent of covering.

We had been led to expect a stay in Sourabaya of at least ten or twelve days, for it was reported that the maximum speed of discharge was four hundred tons of coal per day. But a pleasant surprise was in store. The worst day's work was about seven hundred tons, and the result was that eight days emptied our hold and we were ready to proceed to sea.

The method of working is similar to that of all Eastern ports. The coal is discharged into cumbrous lighters down wooden shoots arranged over the bulwarks opposite each hatch. From the hatch coming to the head of the shoot a wooden staging is rigged, and on this stand a couple of *coolies* ready to receive the baskets of coal as they are hauled up by the winch. When the basket is clear of the combing the derrick swings round, while the two *coolies* push the basket to a position above the shoot, crying, "Ariya—ariya" (lower). Down comes the basket on to the staging, the hook is detached from the sling rope, and the coal shot into the waiting lighter by upsetting the basket, itself prevented from descending the shoot by a plank across the latter. The empty baskets are lowered by the winch or thrown into the hold, just as is most convenient.

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A basket carries, perhaps, five hundredweight per heave, but often a lot falls out through careless handling, and the workers below have to keep an eye skinned to avoid a cracked skull.

The officers, who as a rule superintend all cargo operations, require to watch carefully, or lighters drift away from the ship and good coal is deliberately dumped overboard. These deficits are always scored against the shippers.

Wear and tear on the baskets is considerable, and a man at each hatch is constantly repairing those that show the least sign of giving. For, should the bottom come out of one in mid-air, it might be a serious matter for anyone underneath.

The *lighters* or barges that take the coal ashore look most ungainly, and I was the more surprised to see how well they sailed in the skilful hands of the natives.

The rigging is rather unique.

A square baulk of timber, some twelve feet high, rises from the deck perhaps ten feet aft from the bow. It is fitted with small strips of wood about a foot apart, serving as steps to reach the top, at a foot from which a stout rope passes round the baulk in a groove cut for it. About eighteen inches of this rope hangs loose with a noose at the end.

The sail, shaped like an isosceles triangle with a short base, has its two long sides fixed to a couple of bamboos by means of rings and cords; of these poles, that which is uppermost when the sail is in position is the stouter.

In hoisting sail the lightermen proceed as follows:—The sail with its attendant ropes is first unwrapped; then the thick end of the larger bamboo, near which is attached

the apex of the triangular sail, is raised to a position in front and near the top of the upright baulk. One of the men, climbing up the steps, passes the rope under the bamboo near the point of the sail and loops the noose over the top of the baulk where it falls into the groove. This holds the sail in place, at the same time leaving it free to swing with the wind. A couple of ropes attached to the thin ends of the bamboo poles lead aft and serve to regulate the angle of the sail which may be hoisted on either tack.

Some *lighters* and *sanpans*, the latter being similarly though more lightly rigged, carry two of these sails and look like gigantic butterflies skimming over the blue waters of the harbour. All the *sanpans* are gaudily painted and very dainty little craft.

Many of the river barges, one of which I sketched roughly, are elaborately ornamented with fantastic carvings and vivid colour designs. To them I give the palm as the most picturesque of all the curious craft I met with in my travels, and perhaps the Java *sanpan* stands next.

Having some letters to post, I allowed my friend "Jamey" to take me ashore at about four p.m. when the sun's rays had lost something of their afternoon fierceness.

There was a stiff breeze blowing across the harbour, but the two sturdy oarsmen had to pull some distance before we were able to take advantage of it. The oars used in these boats are of rather a peculiar pattern. Somewhat shorter than ordinary skulls, they have a handle like a coal shovel, which the rower grasps with both hands. The blade is diamond-shaped with rounded corners, painted in glowing colours with some simple design.

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The oarsmen, usually two in number, sit side by side on a seat placed well forward, and pull in unison a slow, steady stroke. The oars, held to the thole-pin by a fibre rope, creak and grind in a most irritating way.

When the sail was hoisted we sped along more rapidly and soon reached the landing place, where "Jamey" informed me he would await my return, adding—"No see me—shout 'Jamey.' I come quick."

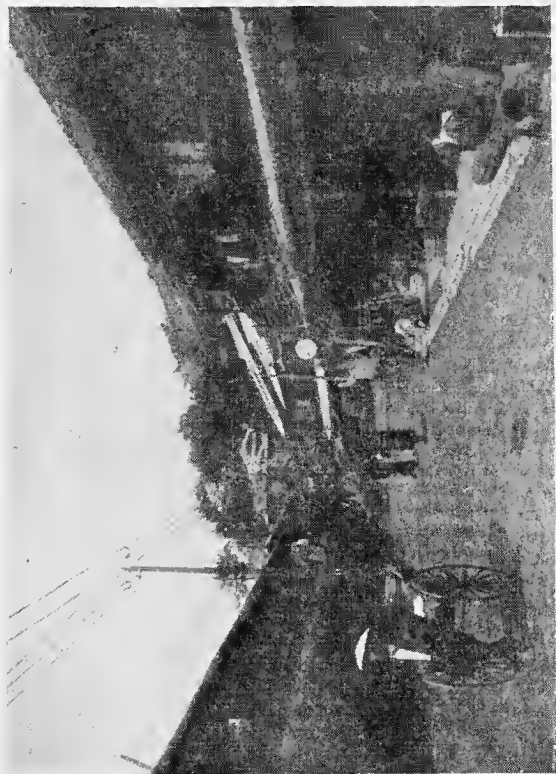
A panting steam-car had just come up from Sourabaya. After waiting five minutes it would return to the town. I felt, however, that I should see more of the place on foot, and could easily board a car when I grew tired. So I set off down the long, straight road that leads to Sourabaya.

It is hardly necessary to state that for several hundred yards I was pestered by a dusky Jehu in his lurching car, doggedly repeating, "*Gharry? Gharry?*" in the usual Eastern style. But by this I was thoroughly case-hardened and continued my walk as indifferently as if I had been stone deaf. This procedure, I had learnt, always had the desired effect, nor did it fail me now.

I walked, then, down the tree-bound avenue in the white dust beside a slimy-looking river.

There was much to be seen.

Near the harbour is a large dockyard and marine engineering shop, apparently belonging to the Dutch Admiralty, for I remarked a large gun-boat in dry-dock being scraped and painted, while beyond were the masts and funnels of other ships-of-war. Work seemed plentiful, for the sound of ringing steel and iron could be heard across the harbour, and from a huge machine shop abutting on



A Street in Nagasaki.

the road came the ceaseless hum and burr of moving machinery.

By day the bungalows and houses look equally as attractive as at night. The prevailing colours, pale blue, buff, and white, that they are painted, form a shrewd contrast to the rich, vivid greens of the tropical palms and trees that frame them round.

In some of the gardens the flowers were splendid. I remarked especially one large laurel-like bush whose pale heliotrope blossoms diffused a most delightful fragrance. The whole air just there was full of it—an agreeable change from usual Sourabaya smells.

A long stretch of the road, at the side remote from the river, is fenced off from the bungalow gardens by an artistic arrangement of low, ornamental pillars with connecting chains. This imparts a neat finish to an otherwise ill-tended road.

A mile, perhaps, from the harbour I passed a small, wooden shanty, painted white, above the door of which was displayed the sign, "OPIUMVERKOOPSPLAATS."

Freely translated, I suppose this would become "Opium den," though possibly the proprietor might object to the word "den." I never could make up my mind to go inside, though more than once I thought seriously of doing so, not, of course, to indulge in the drug but as an onlooker. But it was wiser to hold aloof from contact with the scum such dens collect, for an inquisitive stranger is sure to be regarded with the eye of suspicion, and not unlikely to meet with accident.

Here and there the buildings gave way to open grass-land, green and fresh, where a few goats grazed, and beyond,

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among the palms, a cluster of white-walled, red-roofed native dwellings lent a gleam of colour to the scene.

Crowds of natives of both sexes swarmed everywhere. Roadside hawkers, male and female, mostly dealers in food, their goods disposed upon cool green palm leaves in a couple of round baskets, crouched in the shade of the trees. The well-to-do ones, retailers of cigarettes, strange drinks, slices of luscious melon and sections of sugar-cane, were able to afford a table for their wares and a seat for themselves, and sheltered by a big umbrella awaited the patronage of the passer-by.

Native women, picturesque in their gaudy costumes, walked noiselessly along in twos and threes, basket or ewer on head.

Then would pass a small knot of *coolies* or boatmen, going home from the daily toil, one carrying a string of coarse fish for the evening meal. As they walked they whispered together in short, jerky sentences.

Now comes a man walking a few yards in advance of a woman, his wife may be; himself empty-handed, the woman carrying something or other, and often a child slung at her left side in a broad, linen sash passing over the right shoulder.

It is to be observed that a man never walks behind a woman, an act as contrary to the customs of Java as to those of India.

As I moved among these strange heathen people, in a land so different from England as to seem another world, a great loneliness at times came over me and was only dispelled on my return to the ship. I felt myself of less signifi-

cance than a drop of water in the ocean, unable as I was to utter or comprehend a single syllable of the language I heard on every side. Thus to the traveller, more than all others, is brought home the infinite vastness of the universe as against his own puny efforts to understand a millionth part of its mighty workings.

Every three or four hundred yards there are set up near the tram-lines boards bearing the legend—

HALT
STOOMTRAM.

This, I easily saw, meant that the cars stopped at those points, and, I reasoned, probably at no others.

As I had walked about a couple of miles I was feeling warm, and decided to take a car I heard coming up behind, sounding its noisy bell. I had just passed one of the halting places, but there was another not far ahead, and I walked on expecting to have ample time to reach it before the car.

I had miscalculated.

The car passed me, and I was fully 150 yards from the post when it drew up with a growling of brakes, amid a cloud of blinding dust.

There was nothing left but to run for it, and run I did, just dropping into a seat as the driver struck the warning bell.

The cars are rather old-fashioned, steam being the motive power. The native firemen and drivers have a hot time of it. Europeans would hardly care for so warm a job. There are three classes, the first and second patronized chiefly by Europeans being on one car, and the third class for natives or "Inlanders," as announced in large,

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white letters, occupying a car to itself. The trams thus consist of a locomotive and two cars. The maximum speed is from eight to ten miles an hour, and they run every ten minutes until 6 p.m., at which hour the last car leaves the harbour for Sourabaya. It is well they cease running at dusk or many natives would assuredly be killed. Some of the curves are dangerous. At one place I can vouch, the cars only clear the corner of a house by a matter of two inches. I remarked that they slow down always at that point.

The fare to Sourabaya Post Office from the harbour or any point between is a tenth of a guilder (2d), but beyond the Post Office another penny is charged. This is cheap (for Sourabaya) as the distance is a full three miles.

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CHAPTER XXII.

TALK WITH A COLONIST—SOURABAYA POST OFFICE—
ITS DISADVANTAGES—THE RAILWAY—GRIMM'S HOTEL—
SEEN FROM THE VERANDAH—NATIVE MARKET—JAVANESE
WOMEN AND THEIR COSTUME.

WHEN the native conductor asked for my fare I could not get him to understand where I wanted to alight, but a kindly Dutchman came to my assistance.

He was a keen-eyed, lean-visaged man of middle age, attired in the usual light cotton clothes and a sun helmet, the very antithesis of the Dutchman of Art and Fiction. Also he spoke remarkably good English.

"Vare do you vant to go?" he asked.

"To the Post Office," said I.

"Ah, then, you vill pay ten cents. and get out at the nearest station. It is not far away." I thanked him sincerely, and we drifted into a conversation about the colony, in course of which I gathered a few scraps of general information. I enquired whether he liked Java.

"Oh, yes, I like it all right. I haf been out here twenty years, and I would not return to Holland if I had the chance."

I supposed there was lots of money to be made.

"No, no—not now. Times are finished. Everyvun come out here and the vork and money is not enough for them."

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He told me he was in the shipping line, and had been that day inspecting the final operations on the cargo of the "Ras-bera," previously referred to. This brought the conversation round to cholera. I gathered that the disease was almost exclusively confined to the natives, and that they disposed of the victims so rapidly and were so reticent that accurate estimates of the weekly mortality were impossible. He thought, however, that three or four hundred approximated the figures.

I quite enjoyed my chat with this gentleman, and on quitting the car did not omit, in addition to saying "good-day," to raise my hat in the Continental fashion, hoping, in some measure, to qualify the foreign idea that the Englishman "has no manners."

A walk of two hundred yards brought me in face of a large building, painted a pale yellow, and surmounted by a clock. This was the Post Office.

Its two swing doors were marked respectively "INGANG" and "UITGANG" (entrance and exit). Trying the former I found it locked, and had to *go in by the way out!* I suppose there must have been some reason for the door being shut, though the arrangement was anything but satisfactory.

Persons going in and persons coming out generally contrived to reach the door at the same moment, and a violent struggle ensued, resulting, as a rule, in the discomfiture of the man outside, who had to retreat down the steps. It is rather annoying, just as you are marching in, to be pushed down again by some vigorous native.

Another detail that struck me as reflecting little or no credit on the Postal Authorities was the indifferent method of dispensing stamps. This is done by a solitary clerk at the one window provided for the purpose.

Sourabaya is not a small place, and its correspondence is large. The result is that an enormous loss of time is incurred waiting one's turn at this window. I was twice at the Post Office during our week's stay, and had to wait on both occasions.

This time there were about five people before me, of whom two were native messengers, posting the evening correspondence of large business firms. One of them, I can solemnly state, had not less than seventy letters and packages, each of which had to be weighed, stamped, and counted, the latter process being repeated at least three times.

The Post Office closes at 6 p.m., and the hands of the clock shewed 5.45 as I passed up the steps. It was about three minutes to the hour before I had stamped my two or three letters!

I ask any one, how would such a state of things be regarded in England?

In addition to this the charge for letters is quite abnormal. A letter goes to Sourabaya from Europe for 2½d; but from Sourabaya to Europe, Holland not excepted, the charge is 25 cents. or a quarter-guilder (5d). Small wonder that the Government coffers overflow, for besides this imposition all natives are heavily taxed, and one cannot draw the smallest sum of money anywhere on the island without the Government claiming its pound of flesh in the shape of a ten-cent. stamp.

In an Eastern Sea.

Leaving the Post Office I strolled quietly into the business part of the town. Opposite the Post Office is the Railway Station, a handsome structure of some extent, fenced off from the road, and its appearance much enhanced by a fringe of palms and other trees. Trains run to Batavia, the capital, and elsewhere, but the service is slow and poor. No train is permitted to travel after sundown, for the line passes over the main street of Sourabaya by a level crossing.

By the time I reached the chief hotel, kept by a person named Grimm (I wondered if he were connected with the Brothers Grimm of story-book fame), I began to feel "peckish." Tea would be a welcome change from the perpetual dinner on the "Glamorganshire."

I went up the steps and took a seat on the verandah.

A native waiter, with a card bearing his number suspended from his neck, came bustling up, flourishing his serviette in the most approved style.

He had a comical squint, and stood regarding me with one eye, the other peering skywards.

I wanted to laugh, but contrived to suppress the desire, and ordered tea and bread-and-butter. And, remembering Penang, some bananas if they had them.

He did not bring the tea, he brought the manager!

This gentleman, who was tall and thin with a fair moustache, came forward smiling and bowing.

He said, "Goot efning, sir. Vot you vant?"

"I want some tea and bread-and-butter."

"Ver goot."

"And some bananas."



*A Street in Sourabaya, Java,
European quarter.*

“Ver goot. Shust vait a few meeneets.”

At length the meal was set before me, and although the tea was cold and the butter oily, I did ample justice to it. There were thin slices of some sort of cheese which I found very good, and the bananas were excellent.

I lounged back in my chair, lit a cigarette, and watched the gorgeous twilight turn rapidly into night. Then the brilliant incandescent lights sprang up all round, and louder blew the whistles of the hurrying vehicles.

A few folk dropped in for a quiet drink after the day's heat and turmoil before proceeding to their bungalows and dinner. The tension of the scorching day was over, the relaxation of the night had begun.

The mosquitos, too, were on the move.

The verandah of Grimm's commands a view of an open space where four roads meet, and faces directly down the broad avenue of the principal street.

It is interesting merely to sit and watch the ebb and flow of traffic which from all points converges on this central spot. Until six o'clock the noisy, dusty cars rattle by unceasingly, and after that hour in consequence of their withdrawal carriages and *gharries* grow thicker. Nor is the bicycle wanting. All vehicles and cycles pass each other to the right—not as we do at home.

I have heard it said, that only in England does traffic pass to the left. This is not strictly true, for the same law obtains both in Shanghai and in India, of which the latter only is under British rule.

Numbers of ladies and young girls walk through the streets quite unattended, many of the latter hatless and with

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bare arms. Some of the Dutch girls are very bulky, and reminded me irresistibly of pictorial representations of the fat lady.

Others take an airing in their carriages, mostly landaus, driven always by native coachmen with native footmen in attendance. But the air of smartness so apparent in the equipages of India and Shanghai is entirely lacking. Indeed, I saw many a turn-out that looked like hired gear—though it was not.

To the right of the space that fronts the Hotel, on a patch of waste ground, the natives have a sort of miniature market, patronized by *gharry drivers* and *coolies*, who there obtain the materials for their scanty mid-day meal and a cigarette to smoke after it.

Often enough the mid-day meal of a Javanese consists of a melon washed down with a pint of filthy water, and yet these people cannot see why they suffer from cholera !

The natives, both male and female, are attractive to the artistic eye. The men I have already described. The women are nearly, if not quite, as interesting as the women of India. Their skins are of a light copper colour, their hair and eyebrows black as night.

The fashion of wearing the hair, doubtless in vogue in Java for centuries, is a rough type of what is familiarly known as the "bun" style. The hair appears not to be plaited, but rather rolled or twisted, and then coiled into a ball just above the nape of the neck. Whether it is secured with hairpins I cannot say, but it is certain that hair-curlers, even Hinde's, are unknown. For the hair of a Javanese woman would satisfy Euclid's definition of a straight line. No doubt, the extensive use of cocoa-nut oil accounts for this.

Ornaments are not worn in the hair, but nose-rings, ear-rings, bracelets and anklets, are much affected. These are made from some white metal, not unlike aluminium, but which may be native silver. The anklets are made from tubing, and look as if they were soldered while on the leg and never removed. Some of the women wear bracelets all the way up their arms, and must have difficulty in moving the muscles.

Little children wear a few simple ornaments of a like nature, and these with a couple of strings of beads comprise their entire wardrobe. Judging by the appearance of their bodies they do little beyond rolling in the dust and consuming vast quantities of food. But I digress.

The women, like the men, wear an ample *sarong* of printed cotton which is wound round the waist in some mysterious way so that it hangs very like a skirt, reaching a trifle below the knee. The upper part of the body is clad in a thin chemise of bright red, green, or other vivid colour, leaving the arms bare. The costume is completed by the aforementioned linen sash, passing over the right shoulder, across the breast, and over the left hip. This garment is used for carrying small children, and on occasion thrown picturesquely over the wearer's head as a protection from the sun.

Some women wear a kind of jacket over the chemise and this covers the arms. A woman with bracelets always has her arms exposed, partly to shew her finery, but chiefly because she would be unable to get her arms into the tight sleeves of a native jacket.

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With some exceptions, though of good figure and graceful carriage, the women of Java are extremely ugly, and this constitutes their chief difference from the women of India.

It is to be hoped the reader will pardon the disjointed methods of the writer. Ideas, if not seized when they present themselves, have a knack of slipping away *in toto*. For this reason it is, perhaps, advisable to note impressions as they recur, even at risk of impairing the natural sequence of events.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STROLL—THE SHOPS—DUTCH DIPLOMACY—A SUGGESTION—CAMERA FEVER—AN ECLIPSE—SAILING ORDERS—HUMOURS OF SKETCHING—ARTFUL “JAMEY”—HIS GOOD TASTE.

LET us return to Grimm's hotel.

Calling for my bill I was informed that the charge was one guilder.

I do not hesitate to say I was agreeably surprised, for my experience of Sourabaya had warned me to expect some preposterous overcharge.

Leaving the hotel I sauntered down the steps into the busy square that fronts the verandah, and turning to the right followed a road where trees and palms almost join hands across the way, and, by day, cast a grateful shadow on the blistering surface of the white macadam.

The photographs taken in Sourabaya were unfortunately nearly all spoiled in developing, owing to the great heat, but one of this street came out fairly well.

After exploring for some distance I turned back and tried a second street that reached the central square to the left of Grimm's. I wanted some violin strings, and was looking for a music shop.

In this street are most of the Dutch shops. The magnificent display of all kinds of goods came as a great surprise. I feel justified in saying that the Dutch shops compare very

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favourably with those of our own colonies. Indeed, those at Singapore and Hong Kong cannot touch them. But, as I remarked before, prices are almost prohibitive.

I found a music store of somewhat overawing dimensions. The proprietor was airing himself on the broad steps of his verandah, while from within came the melodious rippling of a zither. The performer was a lady, whose skilful fingers woke from the trembling strings that plaintive air known as "The Farewell."

As I went up the steps I raised my hat—it is always best to be polite—and said, "Good evening."

"Goot efening," said the well-groomed proprietor, twisting a long, black moustache. "Vot gan I do for you?"

"I want some violin strings."

I selected some strings and enquired the price.

"Sefenty-five cents. each."

"Good gracious! Why, that is 1s 3d. In England I never pay more than sixpence."

"Yes?" incredulously. "Ah, bud ven I first start here I sell dose strings at double der price. Vot you tink of dat?" I was rather taken aback.

The wily Dutchman was not slow to follow up his advantage.

"Besides, I get ver' leetle profit. All my goots must come from Europe. Dat gots ever so much."

I gave a reflective "Ah," and was about to depart, when to my horror he pounced on the very topic I wished most to avoid.

"Ven ees England going to feenish dis var vith der Boers?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. When the Boers give in, I suppose."

"If der English Government haf known how much money dis var vill gost she vill not haf gone to fight der Boers at all. Den der has been hundrets of lifes lost. Vot der Government do for der vidows und children?"

"Oh, they are being provided for by public subscription. The nation has put its hand to its pocket *en masse*."

"Yes, yes. But vill dat bring back der dead men? No, my vriend, dis var is a terrible ting, a vicked ting, and I say eet should never haf been."

At this juncture I deemed it advisable to retire before the dogmatic Dutchman flung some insult at my country. If I had remained he would undoubtedly have given me all his views on the subject, and, as we must sooner or later have differed, it would have been my painful duty to punch his head. My presence of mind saved me from this unpleasantness.

The above conversation had so taxed my powers of endurance that it was absolutely necessary to have a drink. accordingly I retraced my steps, and made for the Café I had visited with Mr. J—.

I took a seat near the verandah and ordered lemonade. My attention was arrested by the vagaries of a number of yellow lizards that frisked among the leaves of the creepers clustering on the verandah wall. Apparently quite tame they seemed hardly to notice the coming and going of the customers, who sat sipping their wine a few feet away in the bright glare of the incandescent lights.

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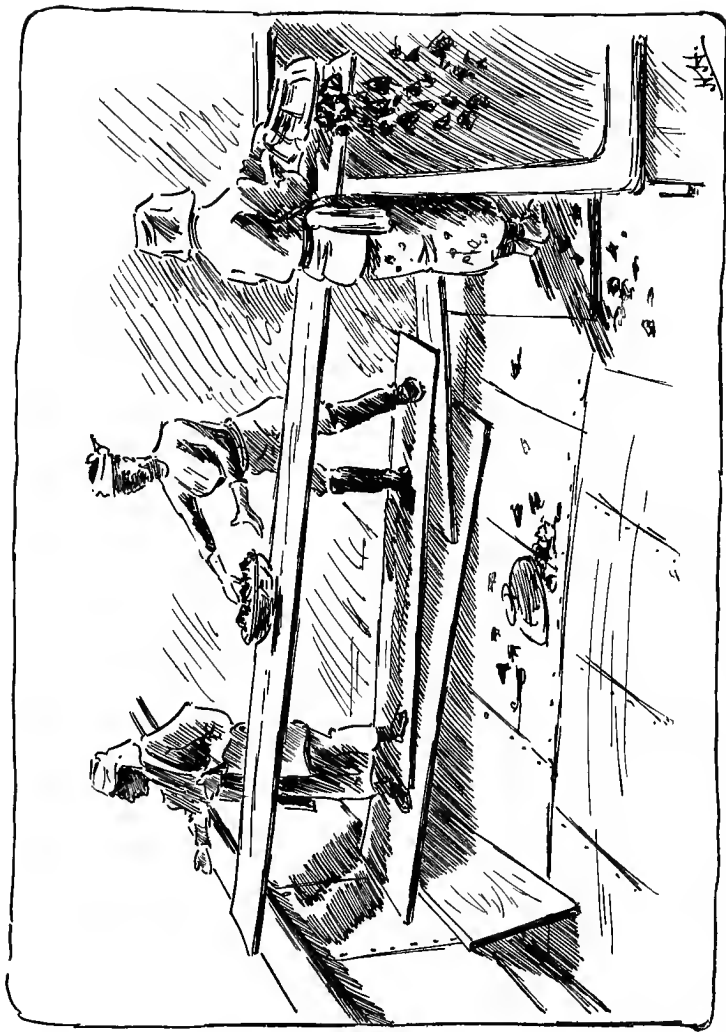
I wonder why there is no theatre or music-hall in Sourabaya. Something of the sort is badly wanted, and an enterprising manager might do worse than take the hint and try what can be done with Dutch audiences in Java. True, some difficulty would be experienced in booking Companies for such an out-of-the-way corner of the world, but it is done in Batavia, so why not in Sourabaya. I can say with certainty that all travellers would patronize it, for in its present state the town must be dubbed, unhesitatingly, deadly dull.

The following morning, April 22nd, I rushed about Sourabaya in search of camera subjects, perspiring freely, finding more than I could hope to take. In the evening I attempted to develop them, and, having no alum, ruined several of the best pictures. This was not surprising with the thermometer at about ninety.

By the calendar I saw that an eclipse of the moon was due the same night and determined to witness it. The weather was but moderately favourable to a spectator of the heavenly phenomenon, for large clouds drove intermittently over the moon's disc.

It was to be a total eclipse beginning at 1.31 p.m. in longitude 124 degrees W. and latitude 60 degrees N., visible according to the calendar in Asia among other parts of the globe. By 11 p.m. I felt drowsy. At 11.30 very tired. At 11.45 I was obliged to turn in. There was, at that hour, no sign of an eclipse.

I slept for some time, and then, awakening suddenly, remembered, and feared the eclipse would be over. Putting on a dressing-gown and slippers I groped my way through the dark saloon and out on deck. With heavy eyes I sought



LOADING COAL AT MOSI, JAPAN.

the moon. It had disappeared! And then a great cloud rolled back, disclosing the moon at the zenith—one half obscured by a huge, smoke-like blot, which now moved this way, now that, sometimes nearly obliterating the moon, and again nigh leaving it. And all the while the bright stars winked and flashed like diamonds in a purple setting, seeming so small, though in reality larger by far than the little planet whose monstrous shadow would soon extinguish the lamp of night.

I crawled back to bed beneath my wretched mosquito net with an awful sense of my own insignificance. A grain of sand on the sea-shore could not feel less important.

Next day Captain E—— received a wire from his owners instructing him, after discharging, to proceed in ballast to Calcutta. This was both welcome and unwelcome news, for, though a step on the homeward route, it was not unfraught with danger.

During the months of April and May, particularly the latter, the Bay of Bengal, through which we must pass to reach Calcutta, is subject to typhoons and dirty weather generally. To a laden ship this is of little moment, but a vessel in ballast is quite another matter, for in a gale on a lee shore she is helpless.

However, on the whole, the news was hailed as good, removing, as it did, the atmosphere of doubt and the possibility of a return to the China Seas.

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On April 24th I was early ashore, and spent a few hours sketching in the vicinity of the harbour. The natives are excellent subjects, were it not for their horror of being drawn.

I began work on a picturesque river barge, and soon had the usual inquisitive crowd peeping over my shoulder. So long as I sketched inanimate objects this crowd stuck to me like glue, but if I made a show of drawing any one of them the whole phalanx fell back precipitately. And there was always a general laugh at the expense of the intended victim.

I found it an excellent plan for getting rid of the more troublesome ones to fix them in turn with my eye, as if preparatory to sketching them. Invariably they retired to a safe distance, sometimes behind a tree, whence they peered at me half doubting, and seemingly not without fear.

One man, a retailer of vegetable soup which he kept continuously on the boil in a large cauldron, I succeeded in nearly completing before he discovered my object. Bolder than his fellows, he rose, stretched himself, and strolled idly away, to reappear a minute later close to my shoulder trying to see what I had done with him. He made no comment, however, and though I could see he was displeased, he shewed no trace of fear like the others.

Another—this time a woman—amused me vastly.

I had begun to sketch her when unluckily she looked up. She was a dealer in fruits and nuts, and, seeing what I was at, instantly picked up bag and baggage and moved some twenty yards further along.

It will be readily seen that sketching had to be confined to back views. Even these were difficult to obtain, for some busybody was generally at hand to inform the subjects, who immediately decamped.

One afternoon, "Jamey," my boatman, was taking me ashore. We had not covered more than half the distance when the sound of heavy firing struck our ears. I glanced round, half fearing, half hoping that a bombardment of the town was beginning. Smoke was floating from a small gun-boat—a Dutchman—I fancy. Of course it was only blank cartridge, a spell of gun-drill probably. It continued right merrily for a full five minutes, and long after it had ceased the echoes could be heard as they rolled away inland among the mountains and lofty volcanic peaks of the island.

"Jamey" was very pressing for me to go with him over to Madura Island, which lies at the other side of the straits. Madura is luxuriantly wooded, with here and there the bright vermilion roofs and white walls of native dwellings, outlined by the living green.

Quoth "Jamey," "Go Madura Island—bring gun—shoot plenty pig—very good." I told him I had no gun.

"Jamey get gun," said he. But I had no desire to shoot pigs and declined his offer with thanks.

Then he wanted to know if I could give him any old clothes.

"Jamey want jacket—you give Jamey one jacket."

I had an old "blazer" bound with yellow braid which I thought would take his fancy. I shewed it to him.

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He said, "Yes, yes—very good—Jamey like that."

I wanted a water *chatty* or earthen bottle for cooling drinking-water, but did not know where to get one cheap. "Jamey" would be able to get one for a few cents, while I might have to pay a guilder. I resolved to make "changee-for-change" as they say in China.

I said, "You get me one *chatty*—I give you one jacket."

"All right—I go tomorrow market—get *chatty*—bring tomorrow, two 'clock." Then he added in a way he had—

"To-night go ashore?"

"No, not to-night."

"Tomorrow go ashore?"

"Perhaps."

"All right—tomorrow two 'clock Jamey bring *chatty*."

A *chatty*, I should explain, is a bottle of porous earthenware, and invaluable for keeping water cool. When filled the water sweats through the pores, and the contents are maintained at a temperature rather below that of the atmosphere. During the night the water is often deliciously cool, when that in a glass bottle would be quite warm.

The great place for *chatties* is Port Said, where they may be had for fourpence or sixpence each, and are superior to those made elsewhere.

"Jamey" duly arrived with the *chatty* and received the blazer in exchange. He was highly pleased at the bargain.

When I turned out next morning there he sat in his *sanpan*, which hovered constantly round the "Glamorgan-shire," waiting for anyone who might wish to go ashore,

busily engaged in removing from the blazer the gaudy, yellow braid I thought he would so fancy. He had better taste than the average native, who, as a rule, affects most glaring colours. Perhaps he afterwards sold the braid at a high figure, though it was of very poor quality.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A FIRE—GERMAN LANGUAGE OF USE—IN THE GARDENS—TYPES—EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF THE CAPTAIN—TWO TREETALLERS—MR. J—DEPARTS—UP ANCHOR AND AWAY.

ONE sweltering afternoon I was idling on deck, desultorily watching the sweating *coolies* as they worked at the cargo, when a dense cloud of black smoke mounting skyward attracted my attention. Momentarily, through the smoke, angry tongues of dull red flame flashed and died down. In the neighbourhood of the fire an excited crowd soon collected, but the distance prevented me from seeing exactly what was going on.

Captain E—, who was ashore almost daily, satisfied my curiosity on his return. A fire had broken out on an oil-barge, consuming the whole affair, both barge and burden. The extent of the damage was about £70. The attempts made to extinguish the flames had proved futile and were ultimately abandoned.

Before leaving Sourabaya I found an opportunity of airing my German, which by-the-way is a trifle rusty. It happened thus. I wanted some light refreshment one evening and strolled into the Café—the rival place to Grimm's. I gave my order to a native waiter. He, however, did not understand English and disappeared in search of the manageress.

I explained to her that I wanted a slice of ham or tongue and a little fruit to follow. She understood good Anglo-Saxon about as well as the dusky Java "boy."

She shook her head. Then she said, "Parley-vous français." I admit that I have some knowledge of French, but I did not see how to ask for what I wanted in that diplomatic tongue. So I said, "Non, non."

The lady considered, then said, "Sprechen Sie deutsch?" This was more in my line.

"Ja ein wenig," I returned.

"Was brauchen Sie?"

"Ich brauche etwas Schinken und etwas Frucht."

"Ach, sehr gut. Setzen Sie sich." And the good lady bustled out to see about the ham herself.

Presently she returned with a woeful countenance.

"Schinken ist nicht da," said she. "Wollen Sie etwas Kalbfleisch essen?"

"Es ist Kalt?"

"Kalt? Ja. Und hier ist Käse und ein Bischen Frucht."

"Dankeschön."

Thus a small knowledge of German helped me out. I made a good meal off some excellent veal in place of the ham, and did not go away, as I might otherwise have done, a sadder and a hungrier man.

On Sunday, April 27th, I determined to visit the Gardens in the evening and hear the band, which plays there

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from six till eight p.m. I was resolved not to miss it this time, for next Sunday Sourabaya would know me no more.

Accordingly I left the ship with Captain E—— about five o'clock, and, on reaching the landing-place, we were joined by the old Dutch stevedore who was looking after the "Glamorganshire." He was fat and oily, red in the face, with silvery white hair, and very small eyes. He spoke excellent English, and was by no means an uncongenial companion.

The three of us boarded a car and were rattled up to town in about half-an-hour. The stevedore insisted on paying the fares.

At the entrance of the Gardens he again acted as cashier, of which fact I was only made aware by the Captain when on the point of paying for myself. The old man, I thought, was rather free with his cash.

The Gardens, though small, are tastefully laid out, and full of luxuriant, tropical plants. To-night they were brilliantly illuminated by powerful incandescent lamps, almost as dazzling as electric arc-lights, while a temporary portrait in fire of Queen Wilhelmina, below which blazed the words, "VIVAT REGINA," testified the popularity of the Sovereign and the loyalty of her people.

Seats are plentiful all round the band-stand, with here and there tiny tables in the continental style for those who wish refreshments. Fifty yards away is the Buffet, and native waiters run busily to and fro attending to the wants of thirsty mortals.



— COOLIE WOMAN —

MOJI

The band was a good one, and, though but little of the music was known to me, I thoroughly appreciated their efforts. Here is the programme :—

STADTSTUIN.

PROGRAMMA.

Von de Muziekuitvoering op 27 April, 1902.

- No. 1. Krönings-Revue. Marsch *A. Franz.*
2. Ouverture, a. d. Kom. Oper. Johan von Parijs—
Boieldieu.
3. La belle Argentièrre. Fantasie *G. Tack.*
4. "Göldene Stunden." Waltzer *Ivanovici.*
5. Der lustige Student. Potporri *A. Shreiner.*
6. Adler Marsch *Klinner.*

This musical entertainment is the one weekly relaxation at Sourabaya, and in consequence is always patronized by a large and fashionably-dressed crowd of well-to-do Europeans. Here they spend a pleasant hour or so before dinner and enjoy a quiet chat with friends.

The children are not forgotten. They are able to play and romp right royally upon a circular platform of concrete some little distance from the band-stand ; and, while having a merry time themselves, do not mar the pleasure of their elders by diving in and out among those listening to the music.

The types of face and figure are almost ludicrous by contrast, one with another.

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Here, a long, thin youth with hatchet face and monstrous collar, is escorting a bare-headed, budding damsel of sixteen summers and an almost equal number of stones avoirdupois.

There, goes a portly Dutchman with his still more portly spouse, whose proportions are so magnificent that people meeting them lose one another by going round them on opposite sides.

And dresses are gay and eyes are bright. The music has dispelled the ever-present spectres—fever, mosquitos, cholera—but, alas, only for a time.

Captain E—— sat between myself and the old Dutchman, smoking stolidly, and apparently trying to solve some abstruse problem in mathematics. During the last selection he suddenly rose, asked us to excuse him, and said he would return in a minute.

We never saw him again that night!

The music came to an end. The crowd dispersed. The gardens became rapidly deserted, and the lights were being, one by one, extinguished.

The old stevedore and myself passed through the gates with the last few stragglers, expecting every moment to see the Captain. But he did not appear.

Presently, I said, "Perhaps he has gone to the hotel. Let us go and see."

"All right. It is very strange where he can haf gone, but perhaps you are right. He may be at the hotel."

Five minutes' walk brought us to "Grimms," where crowds of folk sat drinking round the tables. But the face of Captain E—— was conspicuous by its absence.

The old stevedore mumbled and muttered away to himself. He was displeased, I could see. At length he grew calmer, and asked me to have a drink. I agreed, and we took our place at a vacant table with a full view of the road. The Captain could not escape if he came along.

My companion ordered apollinaris, having first enquired if I would take spirits. I told him I never touched them, at which he seemed pleased, and said neither did he. That was what his mouth said. His nose told a different tale.

"Sometimes," he went on, "in the middle of the night I wake up and drink several glasses of water."

"You are not afraid of cholera, then?"

"No, no. The water I get is very good. It is not Sourabaya water. It comes down from the hills."

The stevedore declined to drink at my expense, which rather nettled me, since he had paid for everything all the evening, so I made my excuses and left him, still in hopes of finding the Captain. After a mouthful of food (I had had no dinner), I hailed one of the jerry-built *gharries* and drove down to the ship.

The next day we lost Mr. J——. For a long time he had shewn signs of *ennui* and often said he was tired of the voyage. At Sourabaya he made up his mind to leave us and take passage home by mail. At a cost of about £100 he would reach home one month earlier!

The route was somewhat peculiar.

A small Dutch mail-boat carried him first to Batavia, where he remained for one night, proceeding the following

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day by another steamer to Singapore. Here he was to be transhipped to the "König Albert," of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, which would carry him as far as Port Said. There, he would take one of the "Rupertino" boats for Naples, near which city he resides.

On the whole, I think it would have been a more comfortable plan to stick to the "Glamorganshire," and avoid all this changing. But, with her nine or ten knots, she was too slow for Mr. J——, and, part-owner though he is, he preferred to travel by fast mail than at a slow speed on his own ship.

I shook hands with him on his departure, and wished him *bon voyage*. Then he and Antonio passed down the gangway into Jamey's *sanpan*, and were pulled away towards the small steamer that was to take them to Batavia.

And thus I was left, the last of the passengers that had come out from home.

I stood on the deck of the "Glamorganshire" and watched the dwindling *sanpan* and its occupants gradually disappear among the shipping. For a long time I still could see Mr. J——'s straw-hat, then that too vanished. And a great feeling of loneliness came over me, and I longed for the end of the voyage—for home and friends.

But it was no time for dreaming. Events were moving; all was bustle, life, commotion.

Oddly enough the "Glamorganshire" left Sourabaya some hours before Mr. J——, for during the afternoon the last few tons of coal had been hoisted from the holds, the stagings had been removed, the last barge had sailed shoreward, and the hatches were now being battened down.

Captain E—— came up the gangway with the Japanese Agent of the firm whose charter had just been completed, and the final arrangements were made. Then the agent took his leave with many polite bows and smirks, and was pulled away in his *sanpan*.

Already the pilot was on the bridge, and the word was now given, "Stand by the anchor."

The chief officer and several seamen were forward, while the carpenter stood with his hand on the windlass.

"Heave away."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Slowly the huge anchors were drawn from their muddy bed.

"All clear forrard?"

"All clear, sir."

A mighty blast from the steam whistle—a second—a third; the tinkle of the engine-room telegraph—"Half speed astern."

Gradually the great ship swung round.

"Stop her."

Another tinkle from the telegraph.

"Slow ahead."

With a scarcely perceptible movement the vessel began to glide towards the Sourabaya Strait, through which at high water it was deemed safe to pass, for she was in ballast.

"Half."

"Full-ahead."

The crimson sun was dropping below the hills in a cloudless sky as I looked my last on the harbour of Sourabaya, and sniffed once more the cool breeze blowing up from the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINS—A STOPPAGE—THE PILOT'S
FAREWELL—DANGERS OF THE VOYAGE—A STRANGE
VISITOR—CAPTURED—FEEDING THE CAPTIVE—ABOUT THE
ALBATROSS—BEAUTIES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

THE same evening I found an opportunity of asking Captain E—— to explain his mysterious behaviour of last night. I had, I confess, already suspected the cause.

“Oh,” said he, with a laugh, “nothing could be simpler. You see I was getting tired of our friend the stevedore and his curious little ways. He will always insist on paying for everything. I suppose he thought it the correct thing, and likely to increase his business with the firm. Of course, I don’t mind a little of that sort of thing, but when a man keeps asking you to drink, dine, and enjoy yourself at his expense whenever you meet him, it begins to strike you that he is throwing his money at you. And in a place like Sourabaya money disappears like magic. So last night I had to rack my brains for a way out of it somehow.”

I was amused.

“You managed it very neatly; but where did you go to?”

“Oh, I just slipped out of the Gardens by a side gate, and came straight down to the ship.”

“The old chap was rather ruffled. Have you seen him since?”

"Yes, I saw him to-day, but he didn't say anything. I suppose he had forgotten all about it."

It was exactly five o'clock on the 28th of April when the "Glamorganshire," drawing a bare 14 feet of water, left Sourabaya. But she was not fated to proceed far that night.

The channel, known as the Sourabaya Straits, through which we meant to reach the Java Sea, is extremely narrow and, except for small vessels, dangerous. The greater part is so narrow that buoys are used to mark the channel, and these are furnished at night with lights.

It had long been the custom after dinner for one or two of the engineers and myself to assemble in the alley-way, amidships, for yarns and occasional songs, lustily bellowed to the noisy accompaniment of the water gushing from the condenser.

We were so engaged this evening, all in rather high spirits at leaving Java and its deadly climate, of which every one had a profound distrust.

All went well until about half-past eight. The engines were merrily revolving at about 68 per minute, an increase of ten due to the lightness of the ship.

Suddenly it became apparent that the engines were labouring heavily, and an unpleasant vibration ran from stem to stern of the vessel. Someone observed that a buoy on the port beam was not dropping astern as fast as it should. Every one jumped up to see what had happened, when the chief steward came along with a smile and the curt announcement, "We're aground."

And so we were.

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The telegraph rang. The engines stopped—then started again. They were trying to get her off by going astern. The vibration was fearful, and it seemed as though something must give.

After ten minutes' futile struggling the attempt was abandoned, and the order given to bank fires and wait for the morning tide.

The pilot, poor man, was profuse in his apologies, and Captain E—— was much inclined to excuse him, for it appeared he was barely fifty yards out of the actual channel and well within the line of buoys.

Disgusted at the unexpected stoppage I turned in early, and, relieved of my stuffy mosquito curtain, slept the most satisfactory sleep for many days, and only awoke at half-past five to hear the steady beat of the engines. A glance through the port-hole told me we were moving, and moving forward.

Dressing hastily, I hurried on deck.

We were rapidly approaching the light-ship that marks the entrance to the straits, where vessels drop their pilots.

On our nearer approach a boat put off from the light-ship, and pulled by half-a-dozen sturdy natives came bobbing in our direction over the crisp foam. As we slowed down a rope ladder was lowered on the port side, while several seamen stood in readiness to heave a line and lower the pilot's luggage.

Then the pilot, still smarting under the recollection of the previous evening's mishap, shook the captain by the hand, wished him a pleasant voyage, and stepped over the



RESTING.

side. Next moment he was in the boat, the rope was let go, the engines started, and the boat dropped rapidly astern. The voyage of 2,400 miles to Calcutta had begun in earnest.

On paper it looks a mere nothing, this journey, but in reality it was a serious undertaking. Our vessel was "light." She carried only some 1,200 tons of bunker coals and about 700 tons water ballast.

The route from Sourabaya to Calcutta, for about half its length, threads the intricate maze of islands known as the Malay Archipelago. Here navigation is most difficult, and the mariner must exercise great caution. Currents are numerous, and, in places, very powerful. Lighthouses are few and far between, and, as a result, night-anchoring occasionally becomes imperative.

On leaving the Archipelago the navigator has choice of two routes. He may pass either up the Gulf of Martaban eastward of the Andaman Islands, or make directly for the Bay of Bengal by passing westward of the Andamans. Both routes are subject to typhoons and bad weather, which makes its appearance, so say the nautical guides, any time after May 10th. The prospect was not reassuring.

During the first day at sea a somewhat unusual event occurred. Coming down the ladder from the lower bridge a few minutes before dinner, which I think I stated was always at six, I observed a large bird squatting on the poop-awning, near the edge. My curiosity aroused I hurried aft.

On the poop I found a couple of the engineers dining, for the temperature was unbearable in their mess-room, situated, as it was, immediately over the galley.

"Have you seen that bird on the awning?" I asked.

"No," said the 4th. "Where is it?"

"Just above your head on the awning. Come and look at it."

By leaning out over the rails we could easily see the bird calmly sitting a few feet above, blinking a beady black eye.

When the 4th saw it he ejaculated "Great Scott!" and climbing up made a grab at the creature. The result was a vicious snap of its long bill, followed by a harsh, grating "qua—a—a—ack."

The 4th engineer jumped down rather hurriedly. The bird remained as before.

Just then the Chinese cabin-boy that waited on the engineers came up with their pudding. When we had shewn him the bird he went back to the galley whence he presently emerged carrying a big round basket.

Climbing on to the rails he peered above the edge of the awning, eyed suspiciously meantime by the bird.

Then with a clever, rapid movement he clapped the basket over it and secured his prisoner. There followed a round of applause from the little group which had by now collected.

Cautiously "John" introduced a hand beneath the basket's rim, drew forth his victim by the neck, and came down triumphantly from his perch upon the rails.

The bird was about the size of a goose, of a brownish gray colour, and had a long neck. Like all sea-birds it was web-footed, and must have measured a full four feet from tip to tip of wings, while its beak was about five inches long and very sharply pointed.

As "John" carried it down to the main deck it flapped and fluttered its wings, emitting a most plaintive croak, and making futile pecks at its captor.

Presently it was set free and stood upon its feet on the iron deck, gazing stupidly at the surrounding group of humans. I feared it would fly away, but was afterwards informed by Mr. K—— that *no sea-bird can rise from a deck*. This, if reliable, is a rather curious fact.

In the present case the bird made no attempt to rise, to some extent bearing out the theory. But it seemed to me that the poor creature was in a state of exhaustion sufficient alone to prevent flight.

The second engineer flung down a piece of beef and the bird was on it like a flash. A second piece followed. But so greedily did the creature bolt it that it stuck in his throat, half hanging from his bill.

After a lapse of five minutes he managed to dispose of the beef and looked round for more.

Those who approached near enough were greeted with a vicious snap of the long beak, but no one was bitten. When the dinner bell called us away the bird was still feeding.

He remained on board most of the next day till some one mercifully dumped him into the sea.

Discussion was rife as to his identity.

Mr. K—— thought it was a kind of "booby" which it resembled in certain ways. Talking on the subject we drifted away to the albatross. I asked if he had seen any of these remarkable birds.

In an Eastern Sea.

"Oh yes, lots. But not in these latitudes. I used to see them when I was in sailing vessels in the Southern Seas. Oftentimes when at the wheel I have watched them whirling round the ship. They come in small batches—two or three together—gliding along close to the ship, with motionless wings, often against the wind. Then, suddenly, they will swoop away a mile or more, only to return again, flashing past so close that one could almost feel the rush of their huge wings. The albatross, as a rule, is not seen north of 30 degrees south latitude. I remember once seeing a couple somewhere about 27 degrees south. We were almost becalmed, and the weather was scorching hot. It was about two in the afternoon when we passed them floating exhausted on the water and gasping for breath. They had got too near the "line" and were in great distress.

"What would become of them?"

"I should think they would die unless rain came—and I can't remember that it did."

For several days the "Glamorganshire" made her way through first the Banka and then the Rhio Straits, where the scenery has been called the most beautiful in the world. It is a sight that few see but none forget.

All about are verdure-clad islands, some of coral, others of volcanic origin. Bristling with feathery palms, prolific of cocoa-nuts, these diminutive Edens, underlined with a bright band of beach, seem to float on the blue surface of the tropic sea.

In the vicinity of such of the islands as are inhabited occasional canoes are seen, while now and again a tiny cluster of huts marks the spot where natives dwell.

One of these islands is fixed indelibly in my memory.

We passed it about four in the afternoon.

The brilliant sun was just beginning to lose its fierceness as it declined westward. The air was clear and balmy, and a gentle breeze rippled the limpid water. The island lay perhaps a mile away on the port side.

Seen with the naked eye, nothing out of the common, save a lighthouse, could be discerned, but a binocular revealed the wonderful natural beauty of the place.

At a guess, the length of the island was a bare half-mile, the northern end fringed by a gleaming beach and clusters of tall rushes. Thence, by a gradual slope, the island—thickly decked with palms and indescribable tropical vegetation—mounted to a small, central plateau of greenest, mossiest turf.

Here, like a silent sentinel, stands the grey lighthouse whose vigilant eye flashes its nightly message to passing ships, and beside it, towering far above, as if to protect, a mighty palm-tree rears its stately head.

The trees round the clearing are puny fellows indeed beside this ancient warrior, for by his height his age must be two thousand years or more.

Just behind, the lighthouse-keeper's hut is seen, white-walled, red-roofed, the one bright splash of colour that lights the picture.

And all around this small oasis grows a dense mass of rolling vegetation, ceasing abruptly where the south end of the island drops, a clean precipice, to the sea.

Northward again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TIME HANGS HEAVY—A TASK—UNPLEASANT EFFECTS THEREOF—A RECORD RUN—SINGAPORE AGAIN—PULO PERAK—ROUGH WEATHER—THE ANDAMANS—BARREN ISLAND—THE COCOS GROUP—TASTE OF A TYPHOON—ILL-FATED VESSELS—A HUGLI PILOT—DANGERS OF THE RIVER.

The monotony of the voyage now began to make itself felt. There were no passengers to talk to, and I could not often talk with the officers as they generally had work to do. I had read till I was sick of it. Finally I resolved to try manual labour. I would occupy the mind and exercise the body. An opportunity soon presented itself.

Rats had become so numerous and destructive that it was decided to smoke out the store-room, and the steward received orders to shift the stores.

The store-room was aft, under the poop on the level of the 'tween-decks, and was reached from the main-deck through a small hatchway by a ladder. The steward explained that the stores were to be raised to the main-deck previous to smoking out the rats, and added that if I wanted a job I could help haul them out.

I agreed.

A rough block and tackle had been rigged over the hatch, and all was in readiness when I arrived in a canvas shirt and flannel trousers. (NOTE.—Thermometer stood at about a hundred in the shade.)

Down in the store-room the steward and "Charlie," the Chinese cabin-boy, collected the bales and barrels and hooked them on to the tackle. Then, assisted by a second China boy, I hauled them up to the main-deck.

I started gaily.

In five minutes I was in a bath of perspiration. At the end of ten minutes I had a large blister on each hand.

Two minutes later these burst and I retired to my cabin for a pair of gloves.

I returned and stuck at it gallantly for about three-quarters-of-an-hour, when I resigned in favour of the third cabin-boy.

But I felt I must do something and applied to "Chips," who kindly allowed me to plane up strips of wood till lunch time. This was more to my liking, and "Chips" was chatty and amusing. Our friendly relations endured most pleasantly to the end of the voyage.

I should like to set down some of his yarns, terse and quaintly humorous as told by him in the "Cockney" dialect, but I fear their chief charm would be lost on paper.

It was in the Banka Straits that the "Glamorganshire" performed the record run of the voyage—245 miles in 24 hours. This gives an average speed of over 10 knots, but the vessel was "light" and favoured by currents most of the time. So really it was not very wonderful.

During this part of the trip it was most interesting to watch the navigation.

Northward again.

Mr. H—— had me up on the bridge once to see the chart, which for convenience he had taken up there to save running up and down from the chart-room on the lower bridge.

He said, "Look at that!" I looked.

The chart, which clearly shewed many dangerous shoals and rocks, was literally covered with pencilled lines and angles, bearings of every peak and point available. As Mr. H—— remarked it was *very pretty work* and singularly absorbing to him as he had only once before passed that way. To me it was "Greek."

Sometimes a mighty current caught the light, buoyant vessel and swept her yards off her course, and it was only by exercise of the utmost skill and caution that she won safely through.

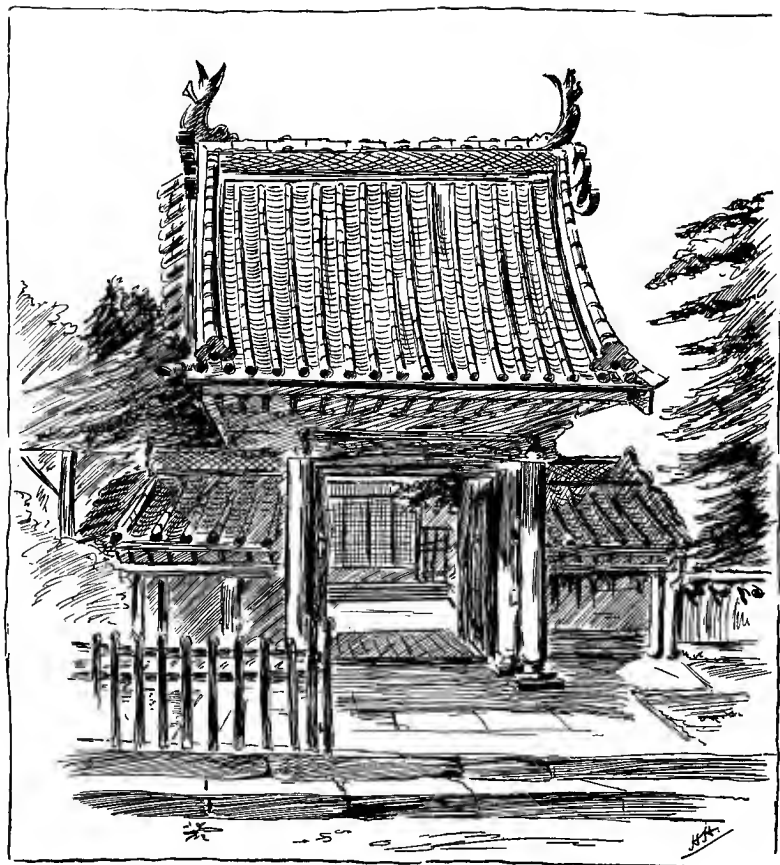
Leaving the dangerous Banka Straits we entered the Rhio Strait, less awkward than its neighbour, yet by no means easy of navigation.

About six in the evening on Friday, May 2nd, we beheld the first of any ports we had touched on the outward passage.

Dim and low on the horizon twinkled the lights of Singapore, backed by the blood-red glory of the new-sunk sun.

And an hour later leapt up the light of the deadly Sultan shoal.

When I retired the night was wonderfully fine, but the thunderless lightning, common in these latitudes, flashed and counterflashed from several points like giant semaphores.



— A TEMPLE GATEWAY —
SHIMONOSEKI.

During the night I was abruptly roused by the warning scream of the steam whistle. A glance through the port-hole told the cause. A smart squall was passing over the ship.

The whistle blew for half-an-hour at intervals—then all was still. The rain had ceased.

On Sunday, May 4th, at noon, we passed the island known as Pulo Perak—Pulo, by the way, means “island.” Pulo Perak is a huge, bare rock, destitute of vegetation, the home of the sea-bird. Bright grey in colour, it is apparently of some coral formation.

Shortly before we made the island a fair-sized steamer passed across our bows a mile ahead making towards Penang. The Captain informed me it was a Dutch mail-boat bound for Penang, Singapore, and eventually Sourabaya.

The next day we ran into rough weather, and I felt decidedly squeamish, though not actually sick. This lasted two days, and gave me employment keeping my food down. I found it exhilarating.

We were now in the Gulf of Martaban, passing to the east of the Andaman Islands.

These islands are divided into four chief ones, called respectively Little Andaman, South, Middle, and North Andaman. Though the climate is very unhealthy they are inhabited, and at the time of the Indian mutiny were used as a convict station for rebels. Now, however, criminals are not sent there.

Barren Island, a few miles east of Middle Andaman, to which we passed fairly close, is something of a phenomenon. More than one has paid it a visit, some for curiosity, others to seek a solution of its mysterious characteristics.

Northward again.

It is only a small island, and seen from the east rises in a sort of cone shape ending abruptly with a flattened top. This flat top is the crater of a volcano long extinct, but once very active as shewn by the vast quantity of lava on the west side, which has flowed down in the form of a horse-shoe to the sea.

The east side is quite bare of grass or trees of any kind, but on the west there is an abundance of both.

The island is uninhabited, and is regarded as one of the world's wonders.

On May 7th we left the last of the Andamans behind, and late in the afternoon the Cocos group shewed up on the port bow.

This little cluster consists of one good-sized island and several smaller ones, none being inhabited save for the keeper of the lighthouse that stands at the most northern point of the northernmost island.

The islands are very fertile, and as their name implies, especially suited to the growth of cocoa-nuts. Natives from the mainland visit them annually for the nuts, but owing to the low, swampy ground the climate is very deadly and it is not possible to live there all the year round.

We passed out of the Gulf of Martaban into the Bay of Bengal by the South Preparis Channell, and saw the last of land till we should drop anchor at the Húglí River. The weather during the day had been fine and there was every prospect of a good passage up the Bay. But during the night a singular change took place. The wind, which had blown gently all day from the north-west, veered suddenly round to the south-east. At the same time the sky grew heavily

overcast as if for a storm. Louder and fiercer swelled the wind till it was almost a gale.

I had left both port-holes wide open, for it was intensely hot, and the tearing noise of the wind as it rushed in woke me with a start.

I jumped up and looked out. The night was black as ink, and the wind howled dismally about the ship. "This," I thought, as I closed and fastened the port-holes, "This is the long expected typhoon!"

Next day the weather was fine as ever. I spoke to Mr. K—— about the sudden change.

"I think," he said, "it was the tail end of a typhoon. And a good job we missed the full force of it. The ship would have been unmanageable in her present state."

There is a somewhat gruesome sequel hereto.

Some days later in Calcutta we learned that a vessel called the "Camorta," of the British India Line, was missing. She had left Calcutta for Rangoon with five or six hundred passengers, and nothing had since been heard of her.

A cyclone or typhoon had swept over Rangoon doing much damage there, and it was surmised that the "Camorta" had perished in it.

Searching ships were despatched in several directions, but for a long time no news of the missing vessel could be gathered. Not until a day or two before we left Calcutta was the general opinion confirmed by the discovery of the remains of the ill-starred vessel somewhere on the Burmese coast.

Northward again.

How the accident occurred is impossible to say, for of the six hundred and odd souls aboard not a single one survived: but it seems most probable that, caught in the terrible grip of the typhoon, her engines disabled, the "Camorta" was driven ashore and ground to pieces.

The consternation in Calcutta, and indeed throughout the Empire was considerable, while the co-temporaneous loss of the S.S. "Ehrenfels" off Socotra made the impression the more lasting.

One day, during the afternoon watch, Mr. K—— saw a number of sharks and called me to come. But I was too late to see anything.

I did see a big fish on one occasion. It rose quite near us—a huge, black, hog-backed creature. I fancy it was one of those monsters that sailors call "black-fish." They are of the whale family, but smaller, varying in length from ten to twenty feet—at least, I should put down those I saw at about that size. Unlike whales they do not seem to spout but travel along the surface of the water, now diving, now re-appearing, something like a porpoise. Only in the case of the latter the body leaves the water entirely, while a "black-fish" seems rather to skim along the surface.

It was on Saturday, May 10th, about half after five that I tumbled up on deck in my night-gear to see a crimson sun peering over a hazy horizon, a three-masted pilot ship half a mile away, and between it and us a boat being forced through the water by half-a-dozen swarthy Hindus.

We had anchored during the night and were awaiting the pilot.

Of the land nothing was to be seen, but the muddy colour of the water told we were near the mouth of some huge river.

The pilot, a tall, grizzled old fellow in the orthodox white clothes and sun-helmet, was quickly on board, accompanied by his native "boy" or *bearer*, with a heterogeneous collection of baggage, including a portable bed.

He found it necessary, he said, to come prepared for emergencies, as he often piloted vessels that had but scanty accommodation.

Naturally fussy himself, he allowed his *bearer* not a minute's peace. I feel sure the poor chap never had any sleep. More than once I saw him curl himself up for a nap. Instantly came a voice from the bridge—"Boy—boy. Fetch my spectacles," or "Boy, bring a whisky peg."

He was a communicative pilot and told us this was a new "boy" he was training, his old one having left without warning. (Small wonder!) He found the new "boy" very slow and foolish, he said. Some folks expect a great deal. Personally, I thought the "boy" smart and quick. But life in India makes a man exacting of his servants.

Our vessel proceeded, but land did not appear for some time; then, it was disappointingly low and barren-looking.

We sighted Saugur Island with its lighthouse and signal-station shortly after breakfast, and having hoisted our number entered the Húglí river.

This is a remarkable river. Everyone knows that in reality it is only one of the many outlets of the mighty Ganges, and that it owes its importance to the Capital of the

Northward again.

vast Empire of India, built on its banks some eighty miles from the sea.

The colour of its waters is not very different from that of the Yang-tse-kiang, but the Húglí is much narrower and far more difficult to navigate. Indeed, it is reputed the most dangerous of the navigable rivers of the world.

The soft, sandy bed changes and shifts continually, so that the channel is hardly the same for two days together. Every pilot is a man of experience, exercising the utmost caution. Nevertheless, several vessels have been lost in the river, and many a captain heaves a sigh of relief when the dread "James and Mary sands" are left astern.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UP THE HUGLI—A NATIVE LEADSMAN—HIS CRIES—
AN ESCAPE—THE CITY OF PALACES—KIDDERPORE DOCKS
—AN INTERLUDE—DESCRIPTIVE OF THE DOCKS—THE
POWER HOUSE—THE PUMPING STATION.

BUT the "Glamorganshire," it seemed, had little to fear as her draft was a bare thirteen feet. The chief difficulty was to control the ship, which the inflowing tide bore along like a cork.

Near the mouth the channel is buoyed, and some idea of the current was conveyed by the surge of water round the buoys, that dragged at their chains and made them lean like the floats of some giant angler.

While the tide was at its strongest our speed reached fourteen knots. Deducting our nominal speed of nine knots leaves five or six for the speed of the tide.

The river presently narrows down to about a quarter of a mile wide, and the pilot's work begins in earnest.

Watching how he steered from side to side I remarked that at a bend he usually took the inside of the curve, and where the river ran comparatively straight he held a central course. It occurs to one that the current flowing round a curve carries the sand and mud to the outside of it, consequently leaving the inside freer.

A Hindu leadsman, clad in a simple loin cloth, and a boy, his son doubtless, had come on board at Diamond Harbour (the old dock for sailing ships), and for three or four hours heaved the lead without a pause.

India.

The Húglí leadsman is a feature of the river. He is wonderfully skilful and well nigh indefatigable. Bare-headed to the fiery Indian sun he will stand for hours at the gangway head plying his task. At regular intervals he calls the depth in his own musical tongue. I listened so long that some of his calls are firmly fixed in my memory, though the meanings are unknown to me.

The call that came oftenest, and may therefore safely be said to represent the average depth of the river, was something like this—"Attyra meelyonah-h-h-h." And another—"Attyra machiwah-h-h-h." The last syllable in each case was drawn out in a long note dying gradually away.

The weather was fine and clear, so that we had an uninterrupted view of the low-lying country. It is so flat here that it appears to have been rolled like paste with a rolling-pin. As Calcutta is approached the palms and vegetation become more and more luxuriant, and the breeze carries to the nostril a powerful odour of spices.

Native dwellings are thinly scattered on both banks, but never very near the river, for when the mighty Ganges brings down the Indian rains, the Húglí floods the country for miles.

Then the mushroom-shaped mud huts, thatched with "paddy" (rice-straw) are deserted by the natives, who annually seek safety in flight. But as soon as the floods subside back they come, rebuild their huts and settle down for another twelve months.

Here and there the banks are adorned with beautiful temples and mosques. And huge jute and cotton mills are springing up on all sides, whence proceeds the ceaseless



A GEISHA
OF
SHIMONOSEKI

hum of machinery and a vomit of black smoke. The latter is under the notice of the authorities who are agitating about the inevitable "smoke nuisance."

On the Húglí there are many potteries where one sees piled up close to the river's brim huge stocks of the large red earthen ewers peculiar to Eastern countries.

The "Glamorganshire" had what would be termed a "narrow squeak" in the Húglí. It was at a sharp bend near a sandbank, and as we approached the corner, where a terrific current raced, two vessels could be seen dropping down stream towards us on the stretch of river hidden by the projecting point.

The first ship shot clear of the point while we were yet two hundred yards below, but the second, a large and powerful steamer, crossed our bows with a bare fifty yards to spare. At the same moment the tide caught the buoyant "Glamorganshire" and whirled her partly round.

"Hard-a-port," rang the pilot's voice. A moment's suspense, and then the "Glamorganshire" answered her helm just as the other vessel slipped by. Next minute we were safely round the turn in a straight, calm stretch of water.

At last about half after four we rounded the final bend that hid Calcutta behind its palms, and the City of Palaces lay before us. The view from the river at that point is not a good one. A few large buildings are visible but these are mostly depôts and shipping warehouses. The line of shipping must be several miles in length, starting as it does

India.

below the Kidderpore Docks and extending practically to the Húglí Floating Bridge at Howrah.

Little time elapsed before the dock pilot came aboard, and the tedious process of berthing the ship began. The dock gates run into the Húglí from its left bank at an angle pointing up stream. It is therefore necessary for vessels entering to turn half round before they can do so. The manœuvre is accomplished somewhat as follows:—the ship proceeds until about abreast of the gates, when one of her anchors is let go. Then if the tide be running up she swings round with it; if not, a few turns of the propellor have the desired effect.

With a skill born of long practice the dock pilot brought the “Glamorganshire” slowly through the narrow entrance, following directions given him through a huge speaking-trumpet by a fussy official on shore. This individual, in white cottons and the inevitable helmet, bawled incessantly during the hour that elapsed before the vessel was brought to her assigned berth. Any ordinary person must have developed a bad sore throat, but our friend, accustomed to using his lungs, finished as fresh as he began.

Gangs of scantily clad Hindus pounced on the various rope and wire hawsers thrown out by the “Glamorganshire” passing them round hydraulic capstans placed at intervals along the quay wall of entrance and dock. These revolve rapidly and form an easy method of controlling huge vessels with the utmost nicety.

Leaving the entrance gates we glided slowly across the outer basin towards the inner dock, which is reached through a second gate, a public thoroughfare and tramway crossing the junction by a swing bridge.

At our approach a loud bell sounded, and a tremendous rush of vehicles and footpassengers ensued, everyone trying to cross before the bridge swung aside. The bridge opened and the "Glamorganshire" passed on to the inner basin. Hordes of natives, herds of bullocks, countless *gharries* and other vehicles were massed together on either side, an ever swelling throng, waiting for the bridge to swing back into place.

Half-past five saw us made fast in Section 3 of the Kidderpore Docks, ready for cargo. Just as we drew alongside a Mohammedan was calling upon the prophet. I was amused and watched him. First he produced a strip of ancient carpet which he spread on the ground near one of the go-downs. Then kneeling upon it, with his face in what he supposed to be the direction of Mecca, he folded his hands across his breast and began to pray. Now he threw his face skyward and then hurriedly lowered it till his forehead bumped the ground (he was careful to have the carpet between his head and the earth). Then again he would sway from side to side, and, putting his head between his knees, waggle his feet about in the air. He was really quite entertaining.

I turned away for a moment and when I looked back he had vanished, carpet and all. Could it have been one of those magic carpets? The idea was absurd. It disappeared like magic at any rate.

The Kidderpore Docks merit a somewhat lengthy description for they are the finest in the East—perhaps as good as any in the world.

India.

The Docks as they now exist are some fifteen years old, but their appearance suggests only about one third of their true age. The inner basin can accommodate ten or twelve vessels of any tonnage up to ten thousand, and on each side spacious brick go-downs are erected where cargo in vast quantities is deposited preparatory to shipment.

Most of the material here dealt with is grain; rice, wheat, rape seed, and linseed. Our cargo consisted chiefly of the last named, consigned to Hull for oil-making purposes.

Cargoes are expeditiously handled by thirty-hundred-weight hydraulic cranes built by Sir William Armstrong of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Of these cranes there are about twenty-four in all, four working as a rule at each vessel. The bags of grain are carried from the go-downs by Hindu *coolies* and deposited in two piles of ten bags each on a couple of sling ropes. The slings are gathered up and rapidly attached to the crane hook, the whole being swung round and almost noiselessly lowered into the hold. Thus when four cranes are at work about eighty bags are lifted in from three to five minutes.

Once in the hold the bags are dragged into place by gangs of *coolies* who, armed with small steel hooks and working in pairs, pull the heavy bags about quite easily, and pack them neatly in symmetrical rows.

Before the bags of linseed are introduced the floors of the holds must be thoroughly "dunnaged," *i.e.*, lined with stout sticks and palm-leaf mats on top. This keeps the cargo dry and also prevents any chance of ignition from contact with sun-heated plates. The system of dunnage is rigidly enforced by the ship's officers, for, should the con-

signees find fault or declare the dunnage insufficient, serious loss might accrue to the owners, and for such the officers are held responsible. More than once during the lading at Calcutta I heard Mr. K—— bellowing at the *coolies* about the dunnage, and he would even get down into the hold and make them pull down dozens of bags to lay a few extra sticks and mats against the ship's side.

The cargo *coolies* use their heads for carrying purposes, which must at first make them sore for they wear the hair cut close. The method has this to recommend it. It keeps the sun off.

A number of West Indian negroes act as overseers at the docks, and gorgeous in white cottons and straw-hats, strut about swinging their canes like "sahibs." They feel insulted if referred to as "niggers." They consider themselves white men compared to the poor Hindu, though in reality they are several shades darker.

In addition to the cranes mentioned above there is a gigantic set of shear-legs fully a hundred and twenty feet high. The legs, three in number, are apparently hollow, made of steel plates riveted together, and the lifting power is supplied by a large winch through spur gears. The lifting rope is of steel wire several times returned through huge blocks. The hoisting power is equal to about one hundred tons.

Railroad tracks converge on the docks from different points, and long lines of heavily-laden wagons are constantly pouring in, hauled for the most part by small tank engines built by the Pittsburgh Engine Co. Some of the shunting engines are by Neilson, Reid & Co., Glasgow.

India.

The trains discharge their freights on to quay-walls on that side of the go-downs remote from the dock, and the stuff is rapidly stocked by great gangs of *coolies* to await shipment.

The whole of the docks and contiguous buildings are lighted by electricity supplied from a power-house close by. There are about twenty-six dynamos of various sizes driven by two powerful engines through a complex system of link belting.

Near the power-house is situated the pumping station, containing three large sets of direct-acting horizontal pumping engines by Sir William Armstrong, Limited. They supply the pressure for the hydraulic cranes and capstans and work very slowly. The flywheels make only from eighteen to twenty revolutions per minute. An accumulator pressure of six hundred pounds per square inch is usually maintained.

When I visited the pumping station one of the men in charge told me they had had trouble with the ram of the accumulator, which had got seriously worn. In order to repair the old one without shutting down the hydraulic machinery they had been forced to erect a new accumulator tower. I saw the repaired ram afterwards. It was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet long by about two feet six inches outside diameter, and of cast iron. The worn part on the outside had been cut out and a large brass liner fitted in. The job had been neatly done, and the fitting was equal to the best work turned out in this country. The work had been done entirely by natives.

One of the advantages of the Kidderpore Docks is the absence of any tendency towards cramping. Indeed this

applies generally to Calcutta. There are two approaches by spacious gateways, where a native police officer is on duty night and day, noting all who pass. Anyone with a bag is always stopped and often searched for dutiable goods. Sometimes it is hard to convince the officer on duty that you have nothing.

In conclusion, it should be stated that nowhere, perhaps, in the whole world is there a cleaner or more orderly dock than at Kidderpore. And for this result great credit is due to the authorities whose stringent rules and rigorous discipline have borne such deserving fruit.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

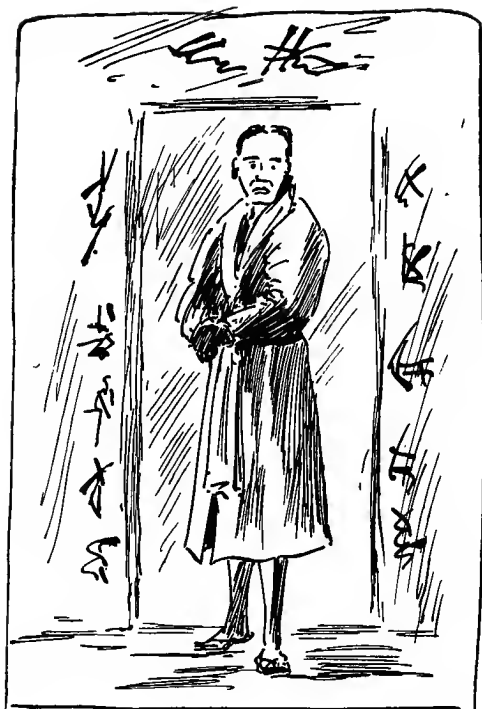
A NOISY WELCOME—THE FIRST OF CALCUTTA—THE CARS—THE KIDDERPORE ROAD—THE MAIDAN—ON THE CAR—A KINDLY OFFER—RETALIATION—THE BRISTOL HOTEL.

THE usual crowd of persecuting curio-dealers, tailors, shoemakers, washermen, and the hundred and one others that haunt most eastern ports had lost no time in making their appearance. In fact many of them swarmed up the ship's sides from boats before ever we reached the docks. Among them the ubiquitous Chinaman was conspicuous, though for the most part they were Hindus. The babel of tongues was almost deafening.

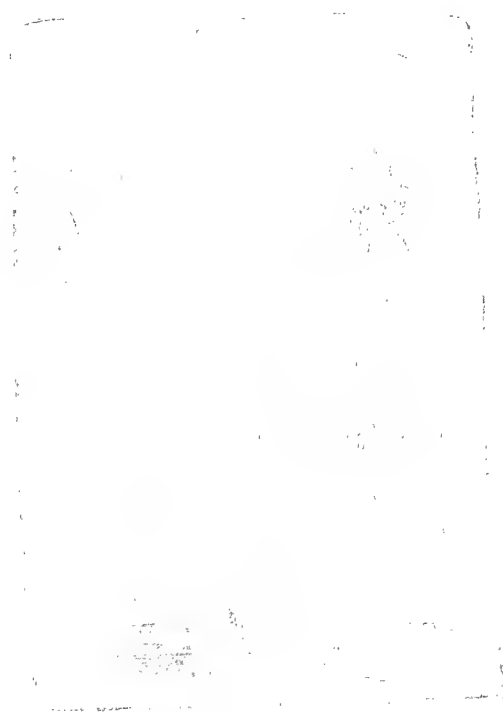
Added to this were the discordant cries of a large number of "bromley kites." These are large, brown, hawk-like birds, abounding in many Eastern places, where they are religiously preserved. For they are most effectual scavengers. They seem to know they are safe, flocking round in dozens, and even perching in nonchalant rows on the rigging.

As we neared Calcutta innumerable jack-daws, too, had greeted us. They were every whit as bold as the kites, and between them the noise was such that I wonder our friend of the trumpet was able to make himself heard.

That evening I bestowed scant attention on my dinner so eager was I to explore the wonders of Calcutta. About



LOOKING FOR CUSTOM.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

seven o'clock, armed with a stick and good English gold, I stepped down the gangway and stood for the first time on Indian soil.

The night was passably fine as I crossed the brilliantly lighted space behind the storehouses and made for one of the large entrance gates. The native policeman eyed me narrowly as I passed out.

With my usual stupidity I had chosen the wrong exit, and found myself in a dark, narrow lane fringed by native huts. Dusky forms flitted mysteriously about in the darkness and the hum of voices floated on the still night air. A weird and eerie sensation seized me.

Thankfully at length I emerged from this byway into a broad thoroughfare where traffic and lights were plentiful—the Kidderpore Road.

Kidderpore and the docks are about three miles from Calcutta proper, and joined thereto by a good straight road. Electric cars have just been established between the two places as a preliminary step to the adoption of an entirely electric system in lieu of the dirty, squalid horse-cars that now exist.

The new cars, which at the time of my visit had only been running about a month, are of the overhead trolley type and travel at a high speed. There are two distinct vehicles, the front one for Europeans and high caste natives, and the other for poor or low caste natives. The motors are located under the first car, and the tracks at each end of the section are so arranged that the positions of the cars can be altered by running round a loop. This does away with the shunting process gone through by steam cars.

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The fares are two *annas* or one *anna* all the way, equal to twopence and a penny.

Inside the cars are comfortable though not luxurious, while the natives in charge are obliging and civil.

Of an evening many Calcutta people ride down to Kidderpore and back on the car just to catch the breeze which is very refreshing. For the vehicles are mere skeletons and open to the four winds.

The system is most intelligently operated and must prove a success. The number of accidents has hitherto been small considering the proximity of the track to the huts at one side of the road ; and in and out of these huts native children are for ever running.

As I did not know whether all the cars ran to Calcutta I continued walking, expecting soon to arrive at a point where they stopped to pick up passengers.

The street was thickly thronged with all sorts and conditions of natives. Everybody walked on the road for there was no footpath. Strings of clumsy *gharries*, rattling ominously, cleared a passage through the crush by mere force of weight. The marvel was that no one got run over.

Both sides of the street presented almost endless rows of squalid, poverty-stricken shops and stores where appeared a heterogeneous collection of goods mostly of a nature that nobody requires. But the natives, doubtless, find much to please them there.

In one shop a fat native could be seen squatting in the midst of a number of heaps of grain—linseed, rape seed, maize, rice, and many others with obscure names.

Further on was a pottery and earthenware dealer's with huge red ewers, and fantastic-shaped vessels nameless in Europe, huddled together in wild disorder.

Then a smith's forge, perhaps, the glowing iron and furnace flinging a blood-red glare on the dusky, half-clad figures plying hammer and chisel.

Here a carpenter's, and next door a shop where paper kites constituted the sole commodity, and many more too numerous to mention.

Twenty minutes' tramp through this noisy thoroughfare brought me to the bridge that spans a tributary of the Húglí, known as "Tolly's Nálá." Here the car track is unavoidably single, for the bridge is narrow, and as the road dips suddenly at either end cars approaching from opposite directions cannot see each other. This has resulted in a man being stationed on the bridge with a flag. One side of the flag is red, the other green, and so he signals to the drivers when the course is clear.

Across the bridge lies the Maidán.

This, as its name denotes, is a large open plain, and, without doubt, contributes much both to the beauty and to the health of the "City of Palaces." Level almost as a billiard board, well-timbered with fine trees, it comprises an area of several square miles. Good roads, broad and flat, ring it round and cut across it in all directions.

Part of its area is occupied by Fort William, lying a furlong or more from the left bank of the Húglí, whose waters it commands, and part again by a capital race-course, where successful meetings have been held for many years. On the course are two grand stands, one for evening the other for

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morning use, so that spectators are screened from the fierce sun at either time. Races, of course, are not run during the heat of the day.

Football, cricket, and golf are played on different parts of the Maidán, while its high-ways are a favourite haunt for cyclists and those who ride or drive. In the evening there is frequently a cool breeze on the Maidán for which one is always thankful after the heat of the day.

I made my way, then, across this open plain beneath an avenue of mighty trees that skirts the palisading of the race-course. Cars met me, cars passed me, but none stopped. I remember noticing the noise of the trolley as it glided along the wire—it sounded very like the chirping of the tree-crickets or grasshoppers. These little creatures hold nightly concerts in the trees, and when a car came up and passed, it had almost the effect of making them seem to redouble their chorus, so alike were the two sounds.

I had now walked a considerable distance, but the city appeared no nearer than half-an-hour ago. True, I could see a few lights twinkling through the trees, but they were neither numerous nor brilliant enough for the lights of Calcutta. Was I, perhaps, walking away from the city? Impossible. I would get on a car and find out. But how? In the darkness it was useless to signal to the driver, while jumping on was out of the question for they travelled too fast.

Presently the problem was solved by my arrival at a point where the track was single and cars must stop or at least slow down for a moment. I had not long to wait. Far away over the Maidán appeared the bright eye of an

approaching car which soon pulled up close to where I stood. I climbed aboard and was whirled away.

"Does this car go to Calcutta?" I enquired of a spare, pale-faced man in glasses who occupied a seat in front of me. "Oh yes. but you might have walked it in ten minutes."

This was exasperating, and I was debating whether I should try to get off again when the point was settled by the appearance of the native conductor with hand extended for the fare. I produced a sovereign.

The conductor examined the contents of his bag but could not make up the change. Immediately the pale-faced man in front came to the rescue and in spite of remonstrances insisted on paying my fare. We soon fell into conversation and he asked if I was a stranger in Calcutta. I said I had arrived by boat that afternoon.

When the car stopped we alighted together and I asked my new-found friend, who by the way was little better than a living skeleton, whether he cared for a drink. He readily acquiesced and we made for the Bristol Hotel near the corner of Chowringhee and Dhurumtollah Roads.

Ascending to the smoke-room we took chairs at one of the marble-topped tables. Instantly an electric fan above us began to revolve, beating down a cooling stream of air. This is an enormous advance on the old hand *punkah*.

A native waiter, clad entirely in white, came noiselessly up to our table.

"What will you have?" I asked, turning to my companion.

"Oh, I'll take a gin and tonic, thanks."

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What, I mused, was a tonic? However, I gave the order for it and a ginger ale for myself. The waiter retired and swiftly placed the drinks on the table. I was about to pay when my friend interposed.

"Let him bring the bill first." I stared but obeyed.

In each tumbler among the liquid floated a large lump ice. This was my first introduction to the iced drinks of India—those drinks that are responsible for so many ruined digestions and shattered constitutions.

The "boy" (all male servants are boys in India even if they are old enough to be your father) had now returned and presented the bill on a salver. I laid a sovereign on it and received change in the shape of a pile of *rupees* and other silver coins. Thoughtlessly I gave the waiter two *annas*, remembering immediately after that it was a mistake. For the people of India and the East generally have set their face against the pernicious practice of "tipping."

The change amounted to fourteen *rupees* and four *annas*. A sovereign is a current coin in India and worth fifteen *rupees*, as the *rupee* has now a practically fixed value of 1s 4d. Fifteen *rupees* can always be got for a sovereign, and a few obliging persons will give a sovereign for the *rupees*.

The smoke-room, where we sat, was spacious and lofty, with a large semi-circular bar-counter at the side furthest from the stair-head. To the left we got a glimpse of the billiard-room, where, in a cloud of dense smoke, players in their shirt-sleeves were knocking the balls about, while over each table whirled a couple of electric fans. The draught from these fans is so great that it is necessary to retire to a distance to light one's pipe.

On the right was the "Tiffin" room where dinner was in progress, and through the folding half-doors floated strangely subtle odours of Indian cookery.

Presently a man seated himself at a piano near our table and rattled off a selection of melodies from "San Toy" for the diversion of the diners.

My new acquaintance pressed me to go home and dine with him, or at least allow him to shew me round Calcutta. I *had* dined, I explained, and, while thanking him cordially for his well-meant offer, hoped he would excuse me. For from earliest childhood I have always entertained doubts as to the intentions of strangers—often wrongly enough. So I bade him good-night and pressed his hand, thereby nearly crushing it, so slim and delicate was its construction, and watched his retreating figure vanish down the stairway.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LIPTON"—AN INTELLIGENT MERCHANT—VAGARIES OF THE WEATHER—A DUST STORM—MORE MOSQUITOS—BATHERS—THE EUROPEAN MARKET—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH—THE RACE COURSE—ON THE ALIPUR ROAD.

AFTER my companion had left me there was no need for me to remain, and, when I had finished my drink, I descended to the street. Walking slowly I looked for a grocer's shop. Most of the shops appeared to be closed, and the streets were dark and uninteresting.

I sauntered some distance up the Dhurumtollah Road, and here also the shops were closed. I came back again. Almost at the corner of the Dhurumtollah and Chowringhee Roads I espied a small shop, more like a large box than a shop, above whose front I read the words "Lipton's Teas."

It was just tea that I wanted. Thoroughly nauseated by the ditch-water blend served daily on the "Glamorgan-shire," I had determined to get some of my own and be independent.

Within the shop, which was badly lighted by a smoky, japanned tin lamp, a singularly handsome Hindu sat writing at a rickety desk. He was figuring out his accounts, and, quite oblivious to the din of traffic and babel of tongues, seemed wholly absorbed in his task. For a Hindu his figure was big and burly, crisp curling hair clustered about his ears and temples, and from beneath a broad full fore-



— A SOURABAYA SOUP VENDOR. —

head, his eyes, large, bright, intelligent, looked unflinchingly at the world. His nose, though too thick, was very straight, whilst his full red lips disclosed with every smile a double row of white, even teeth. In short, this was one of the most striking figures Calcutta shewed me.

At my entrance he laid aside his pen and addressed me in perfect English.

“What can I do for you, sir?”

“I want some tea,” I returned, when my astonishment had partly subsided. “Lipton’s will do.”

“Here is a tin of Lipton’s best tea. One *rupee* a pound.”

I said that would do, and asked him for a tin of “Three Castles Cigarettes.” He produced several different brands, but said he was out of “Three Castles.” “But I can get them for you,” he added quickly, seeing a customer slipping from him. And without more ado he whipped into the street and darted through the traffic, leaving me in undisputed possession of his whole stock-in-trade.

And a strange collection it was. There were all sorts of odd rubbish—scrap iron—rusty locks—dusty boxes of cigars—cigarettes—tea—aerated waters, and for use with these a block of ice lay in readiness beneath a bench.

In less than two minutes he was back again breathless, and placed in my hand one of the little green boxes of “Three Castles Cigarettes.” For this I paid him fourteen *annas*, and perhaps his trip across the street brought him a profit of two *annas* or even less.

We had a long conversation which I cannot recall in detail, but he told me that his father had sent him to an English school in Calcutta, hence his ability to speak and

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write the language. He impressed upon me that the natives are, as a rule, despised by the Europeans of Calcutta. I questioned him about the Viceroy, who was then at Simla, and learnt that he was popular both with natives and whites, was indeed beloved.

He expressed a desire to travel to England, bewailing his lack of the necessary funds. "And," he added with a sad smile, "if I go away who will look after my business?"

Finally he told me what I ought to see in Calcutta, mentioning Fort William, the Zoological Gardens, and the Native Theatres. He was particularly anxious for me to pay a visit to one of the latter, and explained the various hours at which performances were given. He named also the Eden Gardens where every evening a band plays from six till eight.

At length I bade this entertaining Hindu good-night, gathered together my purchases, and stepped into the street. The weather had undergone a somewhat sudden change. Ominous black clouds rolled across the heavens, obliterating the stars, and every now and then a brilliant flash of lightning threw out in bold relief the minutest details of the scene. Far away the thunder muttered angrily, while across the Maidán a gusty, forceful wind swept up from the sea, stirring the foliage of the mighty trees.

I was uncertain whether or not to return to the ship for it was still early—only nine o'clock. I stood in the middle of the Chowringhee Road, whence all or nearly all traffic had vanished, considering. Close by a gentleman and two or three ladies were debating round a smart dog-cart as to the advisability of postponing their evening drive. Just then the elements decided the point.

A flash of unexampled power lit up the whole scene, and was almost instantly followed by a fierce blast of wind that drove before it mighty clouds of dust. With one accord every one near sought shelter beneath an adjacent portico, myself among them. The dust was followed by a smart shower of rain with more lightning and thunder. Ten minutes later it was fine as ever, and the small crowd dispersed on their several ways.

For my part I got on the first car and was whirled back to Kidderpore. Fortunately the car terminus and the docks are not far apart, and though it was again raining heavily when I alighted, it did not have time to drench me.

I was tired and turned in gladly, though the temperature under my mosquito curtain was very trying. It is no use denying that the Calcutta mosquito got the better of me. The curtain was practically of no service. I found two or three inside it every morning perfectly gorged with blood. They certainly punished me in a most complete style. The backs of the hands, forearms, knees and feet suffered most. For two or three days the bites were very irritating and then died away. But fresh ones were added nightly. At first I rubbed "vaseline" on them, but deciding it made them worse allowed them afterwards to take their course. I enjoyed my visit to Calcutta, but I can never forget the mosquitos and the hearty reception they accorded me.

The morrow was a Sunday—but we were to leave in four days it was reported—so I began my sight-seeing at once, mindful only of the things to be seen and the limited time in which to see them.

After breakfast I donned my sun-helmet, shouldered my camera, and set out for the Zoological Gardens. By the

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time I had walked in the hot sun as far as the bridge over Tolly's Nálá I felt "done." Glancing from the bridge towards the muddy waters below I beheld a remarkable picture, to which, however, I soon grew accustomed.

The spot above the bridge is used by natives as a bathing place where at any hour of the day hundreds of them may be seen taking a dip in the yellow waters. On the left bank close to the bridge stands a building, evidently an undressing and drying house, whence a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the slimy bank of the stream. Natives of all ages and both sexes here enjoy their bath. The women, as in Java, and in some cases the men also, bathe in their ordinary clothes, walking in waist-deep and splashing the water over their bodies.

Few swimmers are seen, but here and there one braver than the herd makes feeble efforts to strike out. The little boys find chief delight in rolling down the slime-covered bank until they are plastered with mud, and then jumping in and washing it off. The women after their bath, return to the bath-house wringing out their hair and garments as they go, often presenting an appearance not unlike drowned rats.

Leaving this festive scene I retraced my steps a short distance and took a road on the left that meets the Kidderpore Road at an angle. Here I found myself in quite a native quarter. Swarms of Hindus, male and female, flocked up and down in the glaring sun, many with heads uncovered and all barefooted.

Presently I noticed a narrow archway above which were the words—

EUROPEAN MARKET.

Curiosity prompted me at once to enter. I expected to see numbers of English people doing their shopping, Sunday though it was. Judge of my surprise on finding myself the only European in the place!

It was a very large market, well stocked with provisions of all descriptions. There was method, too, in its arrangement, for each department had its own special corner.

I was hustled and jostled by crowds of natives, almost deafened by the babel of tongues, but no one offered to molest me nor indeed noticed me, unless it was some eager tradesman who thrust his goods unceremoniously under my nose, crying, "Sahib, Sahib."

Everything seemed clean and fresh, and, above all, there was not such a *very* unpleasant smell—too often, alas, the case with Eastern markets. I was much struck with the excellence of the fruit stalls where all the fruit displayed seemed freshly gathered. There were luscious melons, pine-apples, clusters of bananas, mangoes, lychees, cocoa-nuts, sugar-canes, and many others that are nameless to me. After taking a photograph of the poultry market I passed out again into the street.

Further up the road I came to a church whose lofty spire I remembered noticing as we came up the Húglí. This is St. Stephen's, Kidderpore, a very handsome building. On entering the church-yard—which, by the way, does not serve as a burial ground—I was met by a polite Hindu who made profound *salaams* and followed me respectfully about. He was there to attend to the flowers and shrubs, but seemed restless. He evidently suspected I was up to no good. Keeping me well in view, he gazed in mute astonishment when I passed through a gate at the far end into some

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grounds. I suppose I was trespassing, but could learn nothing from this silent sentinel who knew no word of English.

When I produced my camera and pointed it at the church he must have thought his last hour had come, for he stood erect before me like a statue of bronze. Curiously enough I cannot find him in the photograph.

I now made signs that I wished to enter the church, and, at once comprehending, he hurried towards a small, low building in the church-yard, where he doubtless lived. Presently he returned accompanied by a second native who carried a bunch of keys. Neither of them uttered a syllable, but the newcomer proceeded to unlock the large doors of the church. It seemed strange that no service was going on, but I learned later that morning services are unusual on account of the excessive heat.

The interior, though not startling, wore a cool, restful air, soothing to a mind fresh from the dust and heat of the seething streets. *Punkahs* hang over the pews as in the cathedral at Singapore. Beyond this the internal arrangements differ but slightly from those of churches at home.

I concluded my visit by bestowing on each of my silent guides a few *annas* for their services. They locked up the church and retired without a word, leaving me to find the way into the street at leisure.

I walked back past the "European Market" and over the bridge by which the cars cross Tolly's Nálá. Then, striking to the right across the Maidán, I pursued a broad road that skirts the race-course. By this the sun had nearly attained its full power so that I was grateful to the stately trees that fringed the roadside.

On my left lay the broad, green stretch of the race-course, flat as a billiard table and beautifully kept. Close to the road rises one of the grand stands, which, with its numerous accessories, forms a picturesque group of buildings, fine trees being planted at all points.

Finding the Zoological gardens without a guide book was like to prove an arduous task, so I looked about for someone to question. Strange to say the road on which I found myself was practically deserted, for, save an occasional native or *gharry*, not a human being was in sight. Accordingly I stopped the next *gharry*, got in, and desired the *gharrywallah* (driver) to drive to the gardens. He whipped up his skinny horse and off we went in the direction I had been pursuing.

Presently we turned to the right, re-crossing Tolly's Nálá by a second bridge, known as the "Zeerut Bridge." I have a dim recollection of reading the date, 1857, on this bridge, and shuddered inwardly at the thoughts it conjured up. That was a never-to-be-forgotten year in the annals of India.

For a mile or more the *gharry* rolled along a broad, white road—the Alipur road—shaded by magnificent trees, and at length drew up before the gates of the Zoological gardens. I alighted, paid and discharged the *gharry*, and made for the gates. My attention was at once arrested by a handsome arched gateway that faces straight up the Alipur road, some hundred yards past the entrance of the gardens. This is the main gate of "Belvidere," the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. It is a most imposing structure.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—ANTICS OF THE OURANG-OUTANG—AN INDIAN SQUIRREL—A WHITE PEACOCK—THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR—THE TIGER-HOUSE—BACK TO THE “BRISTOL”—TIFFIN—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—DOWN GARDEN REACH—A WET NIGHT.

ON Sundays the charge for admission to the Zoological Gardens is four *annas*, but on week-days it is free. The place is beautifully kept, and its tastefully arranged flower beds, shrubberies, and artificial lakes are alone worth a visit. Most of the houses where the various specimens are confined take the names of certain *maharajas* and native gentlemen whose liberality enabled the institution to be founded. There are two or three monkey-houses which contain a large number of fine specimens. Among these, two ourang-outangs amused me greatly. They have a covered den within the house whence, through a small door, they are able to pass into a cage in the open air. A swing is provided for them here and their antics thereon are exceedingly grotesque and entertaining.

One of them, while I watched, got upon the swing and, with one long skinny arm, swung itself to and fro with such vigour that I made sure it would be injured. Once it actually stood erect upon the board and held on like a man, uttering the while strangely human sounds and pouting out its loose lips.

Mr. D—, Passenger.

Mr. H—, Chief Officer.



Mr. B—, Passenger.

Captain E—.

Mr. K—, 2nd Officer.

Mr. J—, part owner.

Group of Officers and Passengers, S.S. "Glamorganshire," 1902.

There were a number of persons round the cage, whom it eyed individually by turns with an air of sublime indifference that seemed to say "What a queer lot!" Its mate, meanwhile, crouched on the floor of the cage picking up, from time to time, a few grains of some cereal which, with its nimble fingers, it placed between its lips. The whole performance converted me to the Darwinian theory then and there, so manlike were the actions of those unconscious monkeys.

I now strolled round by the deer enclosures where the collection is probably unique. The names of the various kinds I forget but there were many fine specimens, for the most part natives of India. Near the deer enclosures are one or two isolated animals, a solitary ostrich and a couple of bears among them. At the far side, beyond the deer, a family of wild boars is imprisoned. They were peacefully slumbering in the shadow of a central tree, but the bare, tumbled state of the ground testified to their rooting propensities when awake.

Passing on I reached an enclosure containing emus, and next a circular house where different varieties of otters are kept. Here I caught sight of a little grey squirrel-like creature skipping about quite free. I wondered at the moment if it had escaped from a cage, but later on saw there were dozens about all over the grounds.

They are known, I believe, as palm squirrels, and are of a yellowish-grey colour, with dark, chain-like stripes on the back and a long bushy tail. In size they are somewhat less than the common red English squirrel, and, if anything, rather more active. It was amusing to see how they intruded into every crevice and corner, slipping easily in and

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out of the cages in the parrot house, much to the astonishment of the feathered inmates.

The collection of parrots and cockatoos is particularly fine, the birds with their marvellous plumage and noisy screechings, proving equally bewildering to eye and ear. Among the parrots, in a separate cage of course, was displayed a wonderful white peacock. It was an exact counterpart of the green variety, of which there are several specimens in the gardens, but smaller and more elegant. The spotless whiteness of the plumage is really striking. He was, I recollect, in a bit of a temper that day, and his tail feathers spread out and forward quite encircling his body, while he shuffled angrily about with his feet. Possibly he felt it an insult to his dignity to be ignominiously sandwiched between two seedy-looking cockatoos, and that was how he shewed his disapproval.

Leaving the parrot-house I entered a second bird house hardly less turbulent. One bird in particular attracts the visitor's attention. It utters at regular intervals a shrill piercing cry. This I had heard on first entering the grounds and took to be the voice of some *animal*. It is only a small bird, not unlike a common rooster. I forget what the ticket on the cage was, but if it was not "Laughing Jackass" it certainly ought to have been.

I came next to a square tank surrounded by railings where a boa-constrictor is confined. Two youths, desirous of taking his photo., were engaged in trying to rouse him from his post-prandial lethargy by sundry digs with a stick and an occasional stone. But his snakeship (or her snakiness) was too far gone to be disturbed by trifles of that sort,

and continued to lie in a huge coil at the bottom of the tank, to all appearance dead.

Near the tank a couple of handsome zebras were vainly endeavouring to find a mouthful to eat on the sun-baked turf of their enclosure. I now reached the snake-house proper, which unfortunately is closed on Sundays, and this part of the collection, probably the best part, I failed to see. For, though I fully intended paying a second visit expressly to see it, an opportunity did not occur.

But the tiger-house made up for it.

There are, I believe, about half a dozen tigers, but I saw only three. One of these lay asleep in his inner den where I saw his huge limbs outstretched across the floor. Another cage was marked as containing a "man-eater" but its occupant was out of sight—possibly he, too, was asleep. A third cage contained two fine specimens, probably the most valuable creatures in the whole collection.

The tigress lay in a reposeful attitude upon an elevated platform some five feet from the ground, while the tiger, a tremendous animal, moved restlessly about the cage. He was being annoyed by a party of natives, who, conscious of the strength of the intervening bars, sat in a row before the cage and threw small pebbles and other missiles at the King of the Jungle.

He would walk stealthily by, close to the bars, and then turning his back, would bound easily and noiselessly on to the platform against the far wall. Along this he would walk, stepping carefully over the recumbent form of his mate, and, on reaching the other end, would stalk slowly and majestically down a sloping plank to the ground.

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Time after time he completed the circuit, softly swinging his supple tail and glaring at his tormentors out of large, green, glassy eyes.

At length he became calmer, and, crouching beside the tigress began affectionately to lick her face and ears. But five minutes later he was on his feet again, and down the plank, and up and round as before. Such is the King of the Jungle in captivity.

A few more carnivora, leopards, of which there are several, including two fine black ones, jaguars, hyænas, and more bears, bring the collection to an end, if the numerous cranes, pelicans, adjutants, and so on are added. It is remarkable that they have no elephants, nor did I see a hippopotamus, rhinoceros, or giraffe. I may, however, have overlooked them. The collection is said to contain about four hundred mammals, six hundred birds, and a hundred and fifty snakes and reptiles. It is far the best of its kind to be seen in the East.

On leaving the gardens I had difficulty in procuring a *gharry*, and was annoyed at the delay, for the pangs of hunger had begun to gnaw. After some loss of time a third-class one appeared and with this I had to be content. It was dirty and uncomfortable, and as like a prison van externally as anything I had ever travelled in.

There are three classes of *gharry* on hire in Calcutta. A first class one is a comparatively luxurious vehicle of the "Victoria" type, and usually has two men in charge, of whom one acts as footman. The second class *gharry* is generally a decayed specimen of the first class, but with one man only. Whilst the third class is the clumsy, rattling,

prison van affair above referred to. When sight-seeing it pays to hire your *gharries* by the hour. The rates are respectively, fourteen, twelve, and ten *annas* for the first hour, and two *annas* less for each additional hour.

My *gharry*, though in the final stages of decay, brought me safely to the "Bristol" without falling apart, and here I alighted, finding myself in time for the one o'clock *tiffin*. As I took my place at one of the tables, under a revolving fan, the manageress, a portly lady of a Jewish cast of countenance, came bustling up and wanted to know what I would have.

I consulted the menu and gave an order to the "boy."

"Oh, won't you have some soup first?" cried the lady.

I said I didn't care for soup.

"Curry then; have a little curry?"

"No, thank you. It is curried prawns. I have been told never to eat prawns out here, curried or otherwise."

"But these are all right—perfectly good and harmless. At any rate you'll have a grilled steak to follow. You must try our steak. Finest steak in India. I'll see about it at once." And the good madam hurried away to order it then and there.

It was nothing special when it arrived; but Indian and Oriental steaks generally are so notoriously uneatable that it might, as the manageress affirmed, have been the finest in India.

Tiffin over, I strolled into the billiard room, smoked a cigarette, and watched the players for a time. Then, after a brief rest, I started once more on my round of sight-seeing.

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Hailing a passing *gharry*, I desired the man to take me to Government House, which occupies the centre of Government Place, not half a mile distant from the "Bristol." The grounds are rectangular in shape surrounded by massive iron palisading, pierced by six gateways, some of which debouch on to the Maidán. There are two gates at the east and west sides, swung below substantial arches whereon is mounted the figure of a lion. The house itself has a considerable frontage, and a noble flight of steps before the main entrance. It is difficult to say what material was used for the building for it is all stuccoed and painted a light buff, a colour that contrasts well with the surrounding foliage.

I did not go inside the building as a special permit is required but took a photograph of the exterior. This was unfortunately a failure as indeed were all, or nearly all, the pictures taken in Calcutta.

The Viceroy was absent on his annual visit to Simla, and the building was undergoing repairs.

The weather had meanwhile assumed a threatening aspect, and presently rain began to fall. Early as it was I ordered the *gharrywallah* to drive to the docks for there is little satisfaction in trying to see things in the rain.

He took me down Garden Reach, a road that skirts the Húglí. During the drive I had a glimpse of the Eden Gardens, lying between the Maidán and the Húglí. This beautiful park was presented to the city by the Misses Eden, sisters to Lord Auckland, a past Governor-General of India.

Near the corner of the Gardens is a statue of Sir William Peel, the commander of H.M.S. "Shannon," who during the mutiny brought up his guns to the siege of Lucknow.

Rain was falling heavily by the time we gained the Kidderpore Docks, and, having paid and dismissed the grumbling *garrywallah*, I "did a sprint" for the ship to save myself from a good drenching. It continued raining all night so I remained on board, kicking my heels and wishing for morning

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EARLY START—THE KIDDERPORE QUARTER—
THE INDIAN MUSEUM—THE CATHEDRAL—ITS INTERIOR—
FORT WILLIAM—OLD GUNS—NATIVE TROOPS ON PARADE
—AT THE PUMPING STATION—AN ATHLETIC YOUTH—A
CURIOUS NURSE.

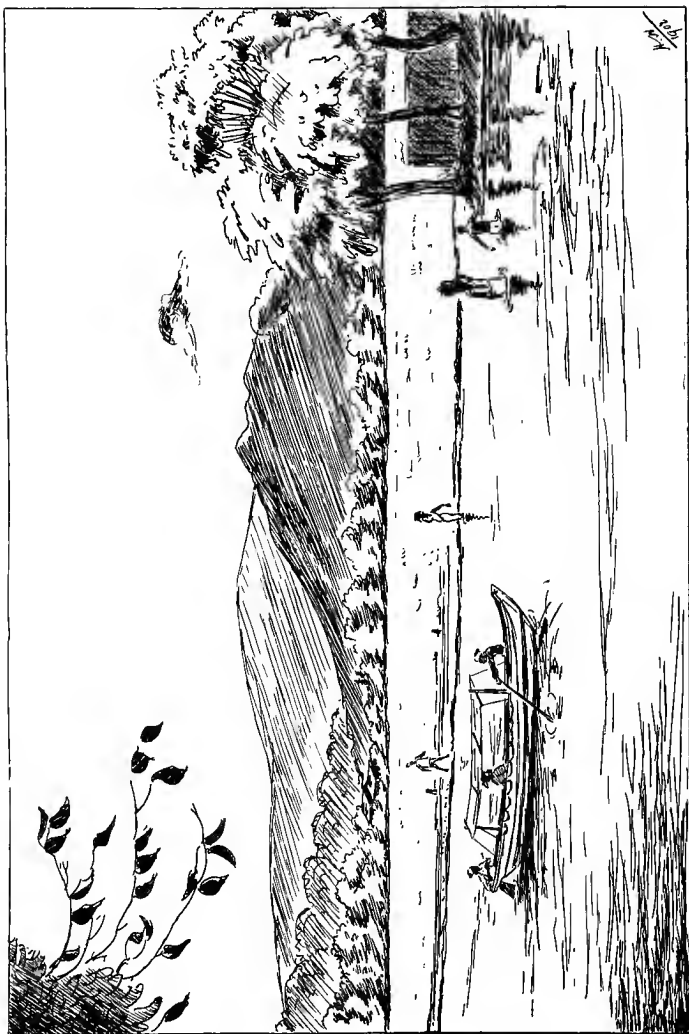
MONDAY morning dawned bright and fresh, the over-
night rain having cleared the atmosphere. By seven
I was dressed and ashore with my sketch-book before the
sun had grown powerful.

Leaving the docks I turned into the dark, narrow lane
I had traversed on the Saturday evening. Thence I soon
emerged into the Kidderpore Road where the cars run.

Early as it was hundreds of natives were hurrying
along, men and women in picturesque garb going in small
knots to their daily labours, others arranging a diminutive
stock-in-trade below a wayside tree.

Clumsy *hakris* (bullock wagons) lumbered slowly along
behind the patient, humped, grey and white oxen which
the sleepy native in charge kept moving by goading a small
sore on the hindquarters.

In one place a gang of labourers were repairing the
road. They had no steam roller, nor would such a machine
be economical. For the rolling was done by some fifteen
or twenty barefooted natives hauling a huge hand roller
after the manner of a cricket team rolling the pitch before
batting. The scanty earnings of these poor *coolies* would
barely suffice to feed a steam roller with coal.



THE RIVER SOURABAYA JAVA
The Mountain to the right is an active Volcano

By-and-bye I quitted the Kidderpore Road and wandered among a maze of quiet side streets. This quarter is almost exclusively native, though a few European residences stand here and there. Most of the houses are of stone and look fairly old. Presumably this was once a better quarter than it is to-day, when the houses all belonged to Europeans; but since civilisation passed further north across what is now the Maidán they have been gradually deserted, and so have fallen into disrepair, in which condition such natives as now occupy them are content to let them remain.

On the roadsides large ponds or *ghâts* are frequent, and as a rule a string of rough native huts fringes three sides of the banks. At all hours natives may be seen bathing and washing garments in these none-too-clean reservoirs—indeed, in the *ghâts* on the Maidán quite near the city it is a sight to see the crowds bathing any afternoon.

A deep trench is dug round most of the houses, sometimes containing a small quantity of green-scummed water, but oftener dry. I learnt that this is for preventing inundation of the houses during the heavy rains, when the Húglí overflows its banks.

After breakfast I took tram to the city, bought a guide-book, and set about seeing the place systematically. Hiring the indispensable *gharry*, I instructed the man to drive to the Indian Museum.

On alighting I found myself before a pair of massive iron gates, guarded by a native policeman. The dress of the Calcutta police consists of a white tunic and breeches, dark blue *puttees*, and a scarlet turban, evidently embodying the

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colours of the British flag. The mounted police are dressed similarly, but with the addition of a sword, and a red sash across the right shoulder. They are superbly mounted, and bear themselves like men proud of the king and empire they serve. Most of them are magnificent fellows, sitting their horses as if they knew it.

To this officer, then, I intimated my wish to enter the museum, and he, after some hesitation, threw open the gate and invited me to come forward. On reaching the portico he indicated a printed notice on the wall and waited while I read it. The notice stated that the museum was open to visitors all the year round except from the first to the fifteenth of the two months, May and November. This was the twelfth of May, so the Museum must be closed. The officer, seeing I understood, opened the gate again, and I resumed my seat in the *gharry*.

“Drive to the Cathedral,” I cried, half wondering if that too would be closed. Of course the driver made for the wrong gate, one that is evidently kept locked. I was on the point of proceeding on foot when I was observed by a native inside the grounds who hurried up with a bunch of keys and admitted us.

Walking round the Cathedral, I took a lengthy survey of the exterior before going inside. My scanty knowledge of architecture will not permit me to go into details. Suffice it to say that the general effect is both pleasing and imposing. Dedicated to St. Paul, the Cathedral was erected about 1840 at a cost of some £50,000. The architect, Major W. N. Forbes, modified the old Gothic style to suit the Indian climate, thereby inaugurating a new style known as

Hindu-Gothic. The spire reaches a height of two hundred feet and forms a land-mark for miles around.

The interior is probably unique, the ceiling being in the form of a very flat arch, blue in colour, with stars of gold, above which the beams and rafters of the roof are quite concealed. The windows on either side of the nave are filled with dark blue glass, and the cold light shining through them falls on the carved oak pews and tessellated floor with an effect indescribably weird. It almost seems to cool the atmosphere—a recommendation in Calcutta.

Almost every pew carries a card inscribed with the occupier's name. I peered about for the Viceregal pew but could not find it. Truly these were the seats of the mighty! Every other pew was labelled "Lord So-and-so," "Sir Somebody," or the "Honourable Someone Else," all the way down the nave.

The usual electric fans are rigged above the pews, while artificial light is furnished by a double row of electric lamps running down each wall over the windows.

There are several beautiful stained glass windows, but the greatest work of art is a life-size statue in marble of Bishop Heber, kneeling with his face to the east, that confronts the visitor on his entrance. It is a fine piece of work from the chisel of Chantrey, and bears the date 1835 on the pedestal.

Lady Canning's tomb, in the transept, is a beautiful example of inlaid marble work. It consists of a cenotaph, mounted on a marble platform, and surmounted by a cross, the whole inlaid with many-coloured patterns in mosaic.

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When I got back to the *garry* I found my driver peacefully slumbering. I shouted to him and he awoke on the instant, his hands mechanically tightening the reins. He was rather shame-faced but I made no comment as I took my seat, merely telling him to drive to Fort William. I paid two visits to this famous citadel, but shall set down here a description of both combined.

The fortress lies on that side of the Maidán nearest the Húglí, a mile or more from the Cathedral, which is at the opposite side of the Maidán. The present fort is some distance from the site of old Fort William, so closely associated with Suraja Dowlah, and the Black Hole horror, and was built as far back as 1773 at a cost of £2,000,000. It covers an area of about two square miles, being built in the form of an octagon. A capacious moat surrounds the outer walls, which, however, is not filled with water except on occasion. The moat is spanned by six drawbridges, leading to six gates that pierce the walls at various points, and are known as the Chowringhi, Plassey, Water, St. George's, Treasury, and Calcutta Gates. Between the gates are lofty bastions, called respectively the Queen's, the King's, the Prince of Wales', the Duke of York's, and the South Redan, the largest of all.

My *garrywallah* drove, to my surprise, straight into the fort, over a bridge and through one of the gates. I had thought it would be obligatory to enter the fortress on foot, but no. For after twisting and turning down many walled passages the vehicle emerged into the actual fort itself.

Desiring the driver to wait, I made a tour on foot. So extensive is the inside of this huge fortress that a full

description is impossible here, but perhaps a rough idea may be given briefly.

There are two or three parade grounds of generous dimensions, the chief of which is almost wholly enclosed within four rows of ancient guns, all of them spiked, and mostly taken from the enemy. Of various and quaint design, many are highly artistic specimens of the moulder's art. There they lie in cold and silent rows, a grim testimony to Indian history and the early struggles of the British for that supremacy which came, and ebbed, and came again to stay—how long?

Numerous buildings, officers' quarters, or barracks, flank the parade ground on all sides, and here can be seen a portion of the ammunition. Beneath one of the bastions, in large, cellar-like chambers, are piled thousands upon thousands of shells, all marked, labelled, and dated. It is hardly necessary to state that sentries are constantly on guard who pounce immediately on pipes or matches.

There is also the "Shot Park," as it is called, where round shells of various sizes are stacked in pyramidal heaps, doubtless to a weight of hundreds of tons.

Further on are the engineering and mining departments, the former of which is only open to visitors by special permission from the officer commanding the fort. The mining department is closed to all.

Fort William has its own church, the design being identical with that of Harrow School Chapel. The services are open to the general public and many Calcutta people attend regularly.

There is a post office, a bazaar where "Tommy Atkins" can make his modest purchases, and last but by no means

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least, the Outram Institute. Here at all hours the garrison finds amusement in the shape of current periodicals, books, cards, draughts, billiards, skittles, and what not.

Out-door games, too, take a prominent place in the life of the fortress. I saw some "Tommies" punting a football about one of the parade grounds, and again stood for a moment watching a rousing game of hockey. The officers and their families have tennis courts where they play when the sun gets low.

Suddenly came the roll of distant drums. Hurrying in the direction of the sound I reached the central parade ground, where I found several companies of khaki-clad native troops drawn up for inspection. Away to the rear a straggling line of ill-assorted recruits were being initiated into the mysteries of infantry drill.

Again the drums rolled, followed by the stentorian tones of the officer giving some unintelligible command. The troops executed a complicated manoeuvre, and began to march. Indeed, they marched almost over the rails before the voice of the officer pulled them up. Round and across, and round again they tramped, and then to rolling drums marched back to barracks—a fine disciplined troop moving like one man.

The afternoon was now wearing to a close, and more-over the *gharry* still awaited me. As usual I had hired the vehicle by the hour for it is cheaper when sight-seeing, and the patient *garrywallah* followed me round and round the fortress during a couple of hours. Occasionally I mounted the ramparts, remaining some little time. Several fine machine guns are placed on the bastions but they were always covered with a tarpaulin so that one saw little of the

mechanism. On descending from the ramparts I found the indefatigable *garrywallah* patiently waiting for me. He seemed to know that I could not give him the slip even had I so desired for the drop from the walls must be a clear thirty feet.

Weary with the effort of looking at so many sights I at length got into the *gharry* and sinking heavily on to the seat gave the order to drive to Kidderpore. It was about five o'clock when I reached the ship and the first person I met was Mr K——. His duties were over for the day and he was seeking for a place to get a swim.

"Are you on for a swim, Mr Holliday?" he asked. It had been a very hot day.

"Yes," I admitted, "if we can find a suitable place."

He pointed over the side. "The water is quite clean. What more do you want?"

"Yes—but there's a board down there expressly prohibiting bathing in the dock!"

"That makes no difference. If we can't find a better place in I go. But I tell you what we'll do. We'll go as far as the Pumping Station and find out if there *is* a bathing place handy."

Accordingly we strolled over to the Station, some two hundred yards from the docks, described in a previous chapter. Arrived there we made our way into a small office—which was also half workshop—where a burly, broad-shouldered Eurasian (half-caste) was vigorously manipulating a Sandow developer, while a second youth of slighter build looked admiringly on. The office was close

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to the boilers, and the heat of these combined with his violent exertions had thrown the young athlete into a profuse perspiration.

On observing us he ceased his operations and mopped his face and arms with a towel, at the same time enquiring in excellent English our business. Mr K——, who is himself something of an athletic enthusiast and uses a developer regularly, stepped forward and examined the apparatus. Turning presently to the Eurasian, who had the chest of a Hercules, he asked, "Have you been using this long?"

"No—only a few weeks. I developed myself chiefly with ordinary dumb-bells."

"But you like this better?"

"No. I think dumb-bells are best for the muscles."

He went on to tell us he was only twenty-one, and gave an exhibition of strength, raising with one hand a large iron bar from the scrap-heap outside. Mr. K—— then tried and managed to lift it with both hands, while I only succeeded in lifting it a foot or so from the ground. The strength of this half-caste was evidently enormous.

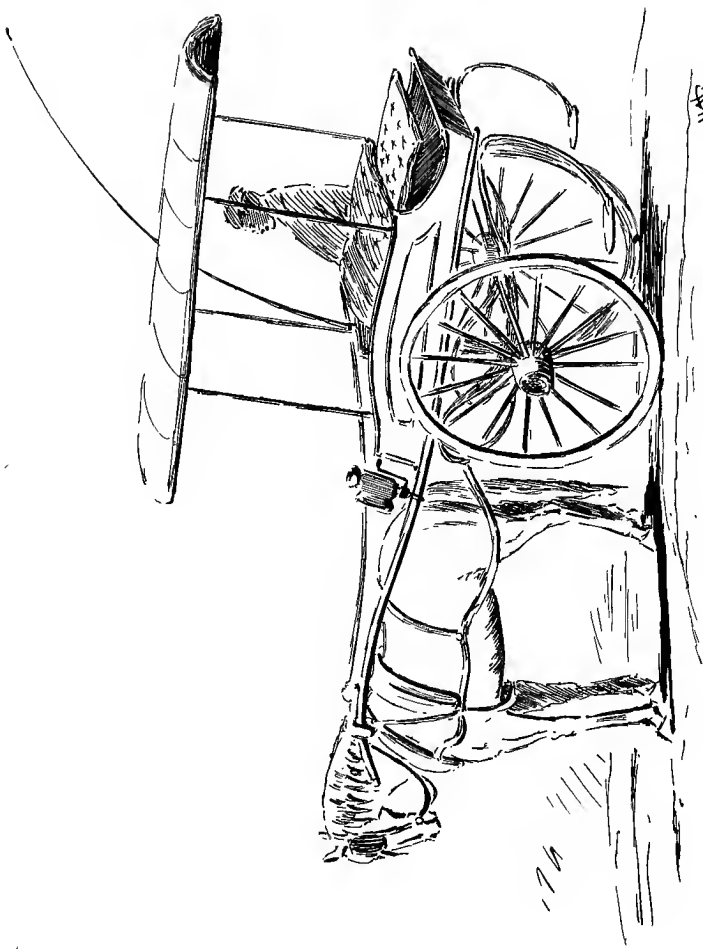
Bethinking us of our original errand we asked about the bathing, and learned that no one was allowed to swim in the dock—but that it was often done for all that. Several unfortunates has paid the penalty by drowning. I was a little dubious.

"But is there no other place where we could swim?" I asked impatiently.

"Well, there is a small pond behind the engine house, but it is full of weeds, and the bottom is muddy." I thought of snakes and other horrors and felt I should much prefer

A SORELY AGRICULTURAL

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the dock. When they had very kindly shewn us over the station and described the functions of the various machinery we bade them good-day and left.

As we walked back a curious sight presented itself. Some individual of a humorous turn had left a small monkey fastened by a chain to the wall of one of the go-downs, placing in its charge a puppy. The monkey held the puppy in his arms as a mother carries her child, soothing and caressing it in the most approved manner. The pup resented these attentions and exerted its puny strength in vain efforts to escape. But the monkey, faithful to his task, retained his grasp of the squirming prisoner, in which position the owner doubtless found them on his return.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SWIM—IN QUEST OF THE “ARLIE”—A CHECK—AT THE “ARLIE”—A CHATTER-BOX—THE WATERLOO HOTEL AND ITS BAND—TO THE BARA BAZAAR—BETEL-NUT—A TIMELY ARRIVAL—A DOUBTFUL ENTRANCE.

WHEN we got back to the ship Mr. K—— said, “I’m going into the dock.”

“So am I,” was my response. And a few minutes later in we went. The water was astonishingly warm, but we both felt much refreshed notwithstanding. Mr. K——, who is an expert swimmer, went up to the end of the dock and back, while I contented myself with swimming about near the ship. The worst of the business was getting out. The water-level was quite two feet below the quay wall, and, as there was nothing to lay hold of, one’s shins generally got well “barked” in the process of scrambling up. At times a barge or lighter moored alongside presented a friendly rope, which was most acceptable.

The “Glamorganshire” had not been twenty-four hours in the Kidderpore dock before the captain and most of the officers received a miscellaneous collection of cards, from various sources in the city, urging them to patronise the

sender. Among these, the following effusion was conspicuous:—

ARLIE TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 8, BRITISH INDIAN ST., (Off Bentinck Street). The only Temperance Hotel in Calcutta. <i>Board and Lodging by day or month.</i> <i>Breakfast, Tiffin, Dinners & Suppers available.</i> <i>Terms Moderate.</i> MUSIC AND SINGING EVERY EVENING. JOSEPHINE SHARLAND, <i>Proprietress.</i>

The information conveyed by the above reads very quaintly, and moreover is not strictly correct, for a *second* Temperance Hotel on more pretentious lines was open and doing good business not a hundred yards from the "Arlie."

Mr. H——, our chief officer, shewed me this card and suggested calling there at the first opportunity, just, as he put it, for the "fun of the thing." Accordingly, after dinner on the day of my visit to Fort William, we prepared for an evening's jaunt ashore. The car ran us up to Calcutta in a few minutes, and alighting we made our way first to the Eden Gardens. We were, it appeared, rather late, indeed the band was playing its last selection when we arrived. But there could be no two opinions as to the popularity of this daily institution.

Calcutta, as the saying goes, was empty, but despite this scores of elegant equipages were ranged rank behind rank for a quarter of a mile on the sweep of road that fronts

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the band-stand, while the owners either strolled up and down in the gardens or listened to the music from the carriages. The dark, stolid drivers and *saïces* also seemed to enjoy the harmony, for from all sides black and white faces mingling were turned in the direction of the music.

At the conclusion of the programme Mr. H—— and myself walked back across the Maidán to Calcutta, and eventually found our way to the Arlie Temperance Hotel. The exterior was profoundly uninviting, and had I been alone I should have foregone the delights of the interior as set forth by the card. A solitary gas-lamp bearing the name of the house burned fitfully above a narrow doorway, its faint light accentuating the squalor of the narrow street. Within the entrance a flight of stone steps led spirally upward into the darkness, whence, in throbs that rose and fell, came the plaintive notes of a violin. We stared at one another.

“Don’t look up to much,” suggested Mr H——.

“Rather not,” I agreed, “Are you going in?”

“Oh we might as well go in. If we don’t like it we can come out I suppose”—which was perfectly true. So we entered, and mounting the stone stairway, found ourselves on a semi-darkened verandah. The music was louder now and led us through a door into a small room communicating with two others, one large and one of medium size. Massive stone pillars upheld the roof, and some attempt had been made to decorate these, the walls, and floor, with gaudy chintz, paper flowers, and an assortment of seedy-looking skins. The proprietress came forward smiling. She was a small, dark woman with merry eyes, whom I took at first for a Eurasian. We learnt, later, that her father had been a Spaniard and her mother an Englishwoman.

"Won't you come into the larger room? It's brighter in there," she urged.

"Oh, no thanks," Mr H—— returned, "we are all right here. Could we have some ginger ale please?"

We sat down, removed our hats, and looked about us.

Round a table in the large room several soldiers in the uniform of a Highland regiment were smoking and drinking. Others, soldiers and civilians, were scattered here and there in small groups, and the low murmur of conversation filled the air.

Presently came a few resounding chords from a piano, and a rich contralto voice began to sing, "I can't tell why I love you but I do-oo-oo." The last notes died softly away and a burst of applause followed. The singer crossed the room and came towards us. She was a tall and stately girl of a dark olive complexion, and with bright black eyes.

"Thanks for the song," we exclaimed in a breath. The young woman smiled gaily and took a seat near us, rapidly manipulating her fan the while. She was very talkative, galloping along as if she had known us both for years. Before we left she had imparted a whole fund of information respecting her past life and that of her sisters. There were three of them, it appeared, and their mother. The eldest, the proprietress of the establishment, was a widow with one little daughter, and certainly seemed a managing sort of person. Our informant and her younger sister, a pale-faced girl with auburn hair, the very antithesis of the other two, had until quite recently been employed as barmaids at some large hotel in Calcutta, but the abolition of barmaids throughout the city had thrown them out of

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occupation. Then it was that the idea of starting a small temperance house occurred to them, and the three, with very limited capital at their disposal, plunged boldly into the scheme.

We even learnt peculiar and unnecessary details as to the cost of furnishing, rent, and the nightly hire of the musicians, pianist and violinist. Evidently their all was at stake, and both Mr H—— and myself hoped and felt that they would make it a success. I suggested a "ping pong" table, pointing out that the necessary materials were to be had cheap. They determined to give the matter consideration.

Two of the Highlanders contributed to the harmony of the evening, one of them singing "Fancy I'm off the earth," while the other obliged with "Everybody's awfully good to me" in capital style.

On leaving we were pressed to call again before we sailed, and this we promised to do.

From the "Arlie" we directed our steps up Bentinck Street till we reached Dhurumtollah Road. This we pursued for some distance but soon turned back on finding the shops all darkened and the thoroughfare almost deserted. It was still early so we walked towards the Waterloo Hotel where, we had heard, there played every evening a Viennese band of some pretensions.

The "Waterloo," standing in a street that debouches on Bentinck Street, we easily found, for the name loomed large over the door, and above in letters of fire were the words "AUSTRIAN BAND."

On the stairway we encountered the pleasant-faced manager, who rubbed his hands together and greeted us effusively. We asked him if the band was playing to-night, for we had as yet heard no sound of music.

"Oh yes; I have the band going—they'll be on again in a minute. It's a queer thing though—there aren't half-a-dozen people in the house. Up the stairs and turn to the right, gentlemen."

Reaching the stairhead we found ourselves in a lounge-bar which opened out at the far end into a spacious and lofty room, furnished with the usual marble-topped tables, and electric fans overhead. My companion and I seated ourselves at one of the tables and the fan above began instantly to revolve, beating a cool stream of air in our faces. A native "boy" was swiftly at our elbow and took our order.

I now had leisure to observe the band, which was stationed at the far end of the room upon a low platform, environed by green ferns and palms. The performers numbered about twenty, of whom, fully fourteen were ladies or young girls, attired for the most part in white silk blouses and dark coloured skirts. The ladies all played violins, some first, some second, and occupied the whole of the front row. Four or five men completed the band. Of these, the most conspicuous was an old wrinkled fellow who played the double-bass. He had a most interesting face, white hair, moustache, and eyebrows—irresistibly recalling the head on Austrian postage stamps, though more aged in appearance. He was evidently the leader, for conductor, in the ordinary sense, there was none. It was quite fascinating to

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watch this old man's face as he stolidly scraped away, with eyes riveted to the music.

I have heard many excellent bands, wind and string, at home and abroad, and can honestly say that the little orchestra at the Waterloo Hotel came very near, for perfect time and tune, to beating them all. It was self-evident that each individual player was a musician born—how else did they keep such marvellous time without a conductor?

At the conclusion of each selection the players laid aside their instruments and took a well-earned rest, the ladies quietly fanning themselves for their platform was out of range of the electric *punkahs*.

Both my friend and I thoroughly enjoyed the dainty music and departed an hour later quite convinced that we had heard the best thing in Calcutta that night. And so out into the street where we fell in with "Chips" and the Chief Steward with whom we shared a *gharry* back to Kidderpore, arriving on board about midnight and quite ready for bed.

The following day, Tuesday, May 13th, was exceedingly hot with occasional thunder showers. In the forenoon I took the car to the city and hired a *gharry* to drive to the Bara Bazaar. I would rather have walked but was ignorant of the direction. The *gharry* rattled up and down a succession of narrow streets congested with traffic, mostly natives on foot. Indeed the streets in many places were hardly wide enough to admit one vehicle. How two passed each other remains a mystery.

The bable of tongues was incessant—as indescribable as the mingled odours that assailed the nostril.



A Sourabaya
Barge.

Streams of busy natives hurried hither and thither from dingy counting-house to musty stores, from huge warehouses to minute shops. All were bareheaded, clad in a white *sarong* and plain cotton jacket, their feet sometimes thrust into clumsy shoes but oftener innocent of covering. Every native who can afford it carries an umbrella to screen himself from the sun, and when not in use he invariably tucks it beneath his arm, seldom using it to walk with. These umbrellas have once been black, now many of them are turning brown, but as they answer their purpose the economical Hindu guards them with his life.

At odd corners, in disused doorways or other convenient spots, dozens of street hawkers displayed their wares. Fruit-sellers, tobacco dealers, and heaps of others too numerous to name. Of these perhaps the betel-nut vendor drives the best business. From sunrise to sunset she—for they are mostly women—may be seen crouching at her own particular corner, beside the basket containing her stock-in-trade. As she awaits customers she thus prepares her goods for sale :—A small piece of betel-nut is carefully wrapped up in a leaf of the same tree, and, after being smeared with a pasty-looking preparation of lime, is ready for the mouth. A few *pie* will doubtless purchase a portion, which the devotee proceeds to masticate. After the chewing has continued for a time the mixture assumes a blood-red colour, so that the uninitiated mistake the constant expectorations for blood-spitting, and the performer for a victim of consumption.

In India the great majority of the lower-classes chew the betel-nut as the discoloured state of their lips amply testifies. It has a slightly intoxicating effect but is

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probably little worse than the chewing of tobacco, liquorice root, or other equally filthy habit.

Every now and then my *gharry* came to a standstill to allow the accumulated hordes in front to fall to one side. Then on we moved again, slower and slower as the streets became narrower, till at length the *gharrywallah* indicated by signs that he could go no further and that the bazaar was close at hand.

I accordingly alighted into the heart of an expectant crowd which, judging from its attention, regarded me as an official of some importance on a round of inspection. Gazing at the sea of anxious faces I asked the question:—"Does anyone here understand English?"

A short, thick-set Hindu trudging by, umbrella under arm, heard the words and came towards me through the crush. Turning a pair of clear brown eyes upon me, he said—"I speak a little English. What do you want?"

I said I wanted the Bara Bazaar whereupon he signed to me to follow him, and the crowd fell back to let us pass. He led me a short distance along the narrow street, whose houses almost met overhead, while from their fronts depended many kinds of merchandise—costly carpets, shawls, and Indian silks—until we reached a slit-like doorway leading to a dark passage and a flight of wooden stairs. This he entered and beckoned me to follow.

I am not naturally of a nervous disposition but I confess to a moment's hesitation before following my unknown guide. Then I stepped across the threshold.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BARA BAZAAR—THE RAIN GAMBLERS—A SHAWL DEALER—"LOST! A TEMPLE"—AN AWKWARD INTRUSION—THE TEMPLE AT LAST—A PARSEE PRIEST—HIS DRESS—ON THE ROAD TO KHALIGHAT—IN THE TEMPLE—GANESH—KRISHNA—KHALI—THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE.

THE stairway was old and rickety—and dark as a dungeon. Around us hovered a faint musty odour as of an atmosphere rarely disturbed by outer airs. Presently we emerged into a stone-flagged passage, long and narrow, with innumerable others branching off on either hand. Through these openings, when light availed, I caught passing glimpses of piles of merchandise and groups of buyers and sellers dallying over their bargains.

At length we found ourselves in a spacious, rectangular courtyard—really, I concluded, the flat roof of the building beneath—surrounded by the higher walls of the upper storey of the bazaar. This yard, or some similar place, is the theatre of the "Rain Gamblers," so ably described in the Calcutta guide-book. I am not certain whether this form of gambling still obtains as I saw no signs of the gamblers. Doubtless I missed that part of the Bara Bazaar which is their especial haunt. The guide-book says the gamblers assemble in a courtyard off the bazaar early in the day and make bets among themselves about the clouds.

A cloud appears in the blue sky framed by the houses round the courtyard. One man bets it will bring rain; another bets it will not. A few drops is not sufficient to

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give the victory to the former. A gutter is constructed on an adjacent roof to hold a certain amount of water before it overflows by a spout into the courtyard below. The bet is decided by the falling of water from the spout. Presumably, in the event of small showers rapidly following one another, the gutter is drained of its previous contents. Otherwise, when it had become full, the merest drop would cause it to overflow and the advantage would always rest with the man who predicted rain.

My friendly guide led me at my request to a dealer in Indian shawls, where I was accommodated with a hard wooden bench while the merchant and his assistants displayed their goods. The shop, if such it could be called, did not seem a likely place for getting a good bargain. To begin with, it was little more than a dingy, dusty wooden box perched at the top of a very dangerous flight of stone steps—dangerous because loose and with lumps knocked or worn off at awkward places. Secondly, no merchandise hung within the opening—window it was not—nor did there appear to be anything of that nature inside. The walls were bare, likewise the floor on which three or four lazy natives squatted in that way which asks unblushingly, “What *are* we to do?”

The merchant himself was old, with grey hair and beard, and having acknowledged our arrival with a polite *salaam*, resumed his seat in a corner whence he lazily directed the actions of his assistants.

My guide explained that I wished to purchase an Indian shawl, whereupon from some dungeon-like apartment in the rear many beautiful specimens were produced like magic. There seemed also to be no end to them, for the assistants

continued stolidly moving in and out, the pile of shawls growing, until I made a final selection, when we took our departure by the crumbling staircase and so back to my *gharry*. Having bestowed a suitable gift on my late guide I left him *salaaming* in the road and drove away.

It was now my intention to visit the Parsee Fire Temple in Ezra Street and I gave the *gharrywallah* the address. The finding of Ezra Street presented no difficulties beyond the constant dodging of other vehicles, and we reached it safely a few minutes later. But finding the temple was quite another matter and occupied the best part of half-an-hour.

In the first place, the houses are of a design to which the average traveller is wholly unaccustomed, and for aught he knows, each one of them may be a temple, for they are all fantastic and nearly allied in external appearance. Secondly, not a soul likely to understand English or the geographical position of temples was in sight.

Three or four times we traversed the whole length of that wretched street hunting for the temple which the Parsees, for reasons best known to themselves, had effectually concealed. I am not sure whether my driver really understood what I wanted for he inquired of several passers-by without gathering any information on the subject. I referred to the guide-book to see if I had mistaken the street, but no, there it was in black and white—"The Parsees have a Fire Temple in Ezra Street."

I had the *gharry* stopped before a likely-looking building at whose door stood a solemn native in fantastic garb, who spoke a few words at intervals to the persons passing in and out. Walking boldly up I enquired if that were the temple

India.

and if not would he kindly direct me to it. He moved no muscle to shew his comprehension of my remark, but waved me towards the door. I was evidently on the right track at last.

But I was no sooner inside than I saw my mistake and beat a hasty though noiseless retreat. I had found myself in a spacious vestibule with native servants standing silently about, while a group of men awaited, it appeared, the pleasure of an individual who could be seen through an adjacent doorway bending over a desk strewn with papers. Unwittingly I had invaded the quarters of some high official and crept out again trying to look as small as possible. I was thankful to have escaped observation.

To make a long story short, we found the temple at last, and it proved to be quite a commonplace erection, standing back some fifty paces from the street. Of oblong shape it is built within an enclosure of similar outline, entrance being gained thereto by a dilapidated gateway. The whole place wears an aspect of deterioration and disuse, accentuated, rather than not, by a number of scanty shrubs and ill-kept plots of grass. The design of the building itself is of the plainest, without either the towers or minarets one is apt to associate with Eastern places of worship. There is only one entrance for worshippers and this is at the end furthest from the gates. The priests gain access by a small door of their own at the side.

As I passed through the gateway, wondering whether or not the doors of the temple would be open, my attention was attracted by a slight sound to one of the windows, all of which are a considerable height from the ground. The casement was thrown back and in the opening appeared



PARSEE PRIEST

one of the strangest figures I have seen. The figure, that of a man, beckoned me to approach and, when I had done so, enquired in a soft melodious voice what I wanted.

"I came to see the temple," I began, when the figure suddenly vanished in a way that seemed to indicate it had fallen from its seat, and I was left to my own reflections feeling a trifle undecided. But a moment later I observed the priest, for such I rightly judged him, coming slowly towards me round the far corner of the building. His dress I cannot recall exactly but roughly it was as follows:—A large white turban covered his head, shaped like a flower-pot (this applies not to the head but to the turban), worn with the large end uppermost. The front is fitted with a linen veil which can be let down over the face, fastening behind the head with strings; this is used when the priest tends the sacred fire in the temple. For the rest he was clad in a long loose coat of black cloth, baggy black trousers, and Turkish slippers, while round his neck were several ornamental chains, badges doubtless of his priestly rank.

The man himself was of a singularly light shade,* with very black hair, beard, and eyebrows. A pair of spectacles, through which he peered curiously, gave to his features a look of gentle benevolence. He came towards me very slowly like one that is nervous, his hands clasping and unclasping in front of him. What English he spoke was good but so limited that his explanation of the Parsee rites and observances were difficult to follow.

The presence of a visitor seemed to afford him pleasure and he scrupulously shewed me all round the outside of the place. There was little to be seen. I then wanted to go inside the temple but this he would on no account allow.

* His being a Persian would account for this.

India.

Parsees and only Parsees could enter the temple he said, while the inner temple, where the sacred fire burns, can only be entered by the priests themselves.

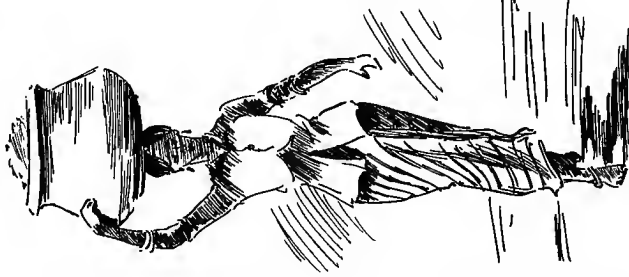
At one corner of the enclosure stands a small house wherein is a well and a drinking cup of brass. Before attending worship every Parsee visits the well which contains holy water, and taking a little water cleanses his mouth. Another sign of the faith was shewn me by the priest but the full meaning of this I could not grasp. It consisted in plucking a leaf from a tree and then tearing it into three pieces in a certain way.

A number of goats were tethered in an archway beneath the temple, and from these victims are periodically selected for sacrifice.

Finally I was allowed a peep through the open door into the blue mysterious atmosphere of the sanctuary, and then, having made my *salaams* to the kindly, mild-eyed priest, I returned to the *gharry* and the glare of the street, while my late guide slowly retraced his steps to once more mount guard at the open window where first I had observed him.

I come, now, to a most interesting feature of the sights of Calcutta—a visit to a native temple. The guide-book told me that at Khálíghât there is a temple of some importance, sacred to the goddess Khálí from whom it derives its name.

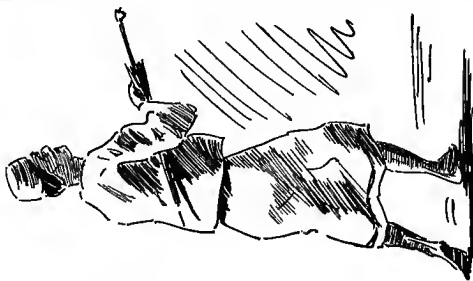
Though it was approaching midday I did not feel hungry and resolved to drive to Khálíghât, see the temple, and proceed thence to the ship. Having given the necessary directions I lay back under the shade of the hood



A JAVANESE WOMAN.



UBIQUITOUS "JOHN"



A YOUNG ARAB.

FAMILIAR FIGURES OF SOERABAYA

observing the traffic which rolls in a constant stream up and down the Chowringhi Road.

Leaving the lofty spire of the cathedral to the right we entered the busy, dusty Alipur Road, where the cars run along one side. Then, they were horse cars, wretched affairs at best, for European and native must sit side by side on the dirty wooden benches, and the odour of the unclean in front was wafted to the sensitive behind them, as the vehicles were open from end to end. The miserable horses, of an astonishing thinness, seemed ready to drop despite the sun-bonnets on their heads. Now, however, it is doubtless quite otherwise. Electric cars will have displaced the slow uncomfortable affairs I saw, and, judging by the Kidderpore section, the system bids fair to become one of the finest in the world.

As we neared Khálíghât we overtook crowds of worshippers making for the temple which it seems they visit at all hours. Many were on foot, a few in *gharries*, and the noise and dust were overpowering.

Each was dressed in the best he had, the women being literally covered with metal ornaments and tawdry jewellery.

At length we came within sound of the temple bell which gave forth a note of singular sweetness vibrating softly above the heads of the assembling worshippers.

The *gharry* presently came to a standstill, wedged in by the pack of vehicles and men. It was easy to see the entrance to the temple round which surged a brown human flood, but to reach it presented a task of no mean difficulty.

As I sat considering I saw a man—a Hindu—making gestures and forcing a way through the crowd in my direction. A moment later he stood panting beside the *gharry*.

India.

"Sahib want to see temple? I show Sahib — I a priest—*gharrywallah* can wait here."

The priest, if such he was, possessed a wonderfully handsome face with little or no trace of the thickened lips and distended nostrils common to coloured races. The hair was shorn from his head, his face clean shaven, while his only garment was a white *sarong* edged round with scarlet. Priest or no priest, he was, it seemed, a man of authority for with a few judicious shoves and rapid words he opened up a passage through the throng and we stood at length in the entrance of a long, dark and narrow alley leading to the courtyard of the temple.

For some distance the inflowing tide of people carried us along until we reached a kind of niche in the right hand wall some six or eight feet square, where, by an effort, we pulled up.

"This is the Elephant God, Ganesh—Goddess Khálí inside—come."

My recollections of the personal appearance of Mr Ganesh are hazy indeed, but he was certainly hideous, being so grotesquely painted and ridiculously adorned that his original form is wrapped in mystery.

The notes of the bell sounded louder and louder with every step till at last we passed beneath an archway and found ourselves in the main courtyard.

The chief building stands on the left, the façade upheld by massive pillars of stone fantastically carved and painted, the whole exterior being similarly decorated. The weather-beaten look of the structure marks it as of considerable age, and at the time of my visit scaffolding was up and repairs

were in hand. The stones and steps are worn smooth by the feet of generations—with that smoothness only human feet impart.

The God Krishna and his wife are first seen, looming vaguely in the dimness of the interior of the temple—for there are no windows, and light enters only between the pillars from the front. As far as I could see the figures were little different from large-sized dolls, having faces painted into diabolical expressions, and bodies touched here and there with red, blue, and green tinsel to render their costumes the more gorgeous.

The chief shrine, that of the Goddess Khálí, is the next and last. So dense a crowd surrounded the opening before it that my friend, the priest, must needs mount the steps and push the worshippers aside before I could get a glimpse. Entrance to the shrines is, of course, forbidden.

What I saw of the dread Goddess was little enough. In the shadows of the inner temple a ghostly shape was discernible, framed in a kind of blue effulgence, as it were the flame from some huge spirit-lamp. Face I saw none, nor hands, nor feet, only a faint outline suggestive of a figure. And then the devout crowd closed before the opening and the Goddess was lost to view.

From the shrine of Khálí we made our way round the back of another building to the place of sacrifice. Here a bloody and repulsive spectacle met the eye. Huge quantities of young male kids are sacrificed here daily, the number of victims often reaching a thousand and upwards. That day, the priest informed me, only a few—a hundred and twenty-five—had been dealt with. I cannot say that I regret not having seen the actual killing of the poor creatures. They

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are fixed by the neck to a block of wood, when the executioner (he deserves no other name) strikes off their heads with a sharp knife. Round the spot the ground is trampled to a crimson pulp and a sickening odour hangs in the air.

After execution the bodies are laid in a row and disposed of by the executioner to those who care to buy, for the Hindu considers this sacred meat. The heads become his property but what he does with them I cannot imagine.

From this gruesome scene my priestly guide conducted me out by the way we had come, past the long line of beggars and cripples who solicit an alms of every worshipper as he enters or leaves the temple, and we stood once more amid the seething traffic of the street.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TWO MAUSOLEUMS—A BURNING GHAT—A DIFFICULT QUESTION—AND A SNUB—ABOUT THE BRAHMINS—A NATIVE PHOTOGRAPHER—TRIALS OF BATHERS—A GRUESOME EVENT—BOW BAZAAR—THE FRUIT MARKET—A PAINFUL EXHIBITION—WHAT IS THE NEWS?

WE gained the shelter of the *gharry* after a struggle and the priest shouted an order in his own tongue. The *gharry* moved slowly forward, while the priest explained that we were now bound for the Burning *Ghât*. A burning *ghât* is a necropolis, and of these India contains many, for the body of a Hindu is always cremated, burial being contrary to their religion.

At the end of five minutes the *gharry* pulled up before a gateway on the right, leading to a short, straight avenue, and here we alighted. I perceived that a second native had joined us, and, on interrogating the priest, received the laconic reply—"That is my servant."

As we passed up the avenue there rose before us to the left upon a stretch of matchless turf, two buildings of wonderful beauty. Oriental to a degree, the many-coloured stones and tiles shewed to full advantage in the strong sun. Each seemed a miniature palace, upheld by graceful pillars, domes and tapering minarets crowning the whole, while giant trees behind and around threw up their delicate outlines.

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These are both mausoleums or monuments, the one—if I remember right—in memory of a past Prince of Mysore, and the other of a Babu named Maimen Singh, whose remains were, I take it, cremated in the neighbouring *ghât*.

Passing through a gate we stood within the *ghât*. It was rectangular in shape, a side and one end enclosed by a wall. The opposite end was flanked by a building, while on the fourth side flowed the yellow waters of Tolly's Nálá.

Two or three bodies were burning, but these had reached a stage where no trace remained of what had once been a man. A native moved leisurely from fire to fire stirring the embers with a stake so that the last morsels might be consumed. The smoke floated towards us, but I could detect no unpleasant odour. That, if any there be, comes earlier in the operation.

When the body has been fully burned the ashes are carefully collected and consigned to the waters of Tolly's Nálá, which bears them to the Húglí, a fork of the sacred Ganges. And thus the poor Hindu floats on to Paradise.

We returned to the *gharry*, and as we drove back towards the Temple I debated in my mind whether I should or should not tender to the priest some reward for his services. He would hardly have done all this for nothing. The awkward question arose, "What is the proper sum to offer him?" And of course I bungled it as he very plainly shewed me.

At the Temple he got out and extended a brown palm into which I dropped half a *rupee*. He eyed the coin disdainfully for a moment, and then slowly said—"This is not a very nice present!" I doubled the amount, and was rewarded by the approach of his servant also with outstretched hand,

though I never could see what use he had been. However, I gave him half a *rupee*, and both, seeming satisfied, vanished in the crowd.

The priests at Khálíghât are, says the guide-book, extremely rich, and it is matter for question whether the fellow who took me round was in reality a priest or only an impostor. He pointed out to me that his red-edged *sarong* was distinctive of his order, and shewed me in addition a couple of vermilion streaks on his forehead. But neither of these is reliable evidence, for many Hindus affect such streaks, while I saw several men in similar *sarongs* far away from Khálíghât.

If he was a priest my money could have been of little importance to one of such a wealthy class as the Brahmins are known to be, and he should have refused it rather than ask for more. If on the other hand he was merely a poor Hindu I cannot grudge him the money for it was well earned and but scant remuneration for introducing me to scenes at once so interesting and so impressive.

Lunch was long over when I got back to the "Glamorganshire" but I was able to satisfy my hunger with what remained. After four o'clock tea I took car to Calcutta. Near the portico of the Bristol Hotel I was waylaid by a good-looking Hindu who desired to take my photograph. I brushed him aside and moved away, but he was not so easily got rid of.

"Only one *rupee*, *sahib*—t'ree pictures like dis on glass—only one *rupee*."

India.

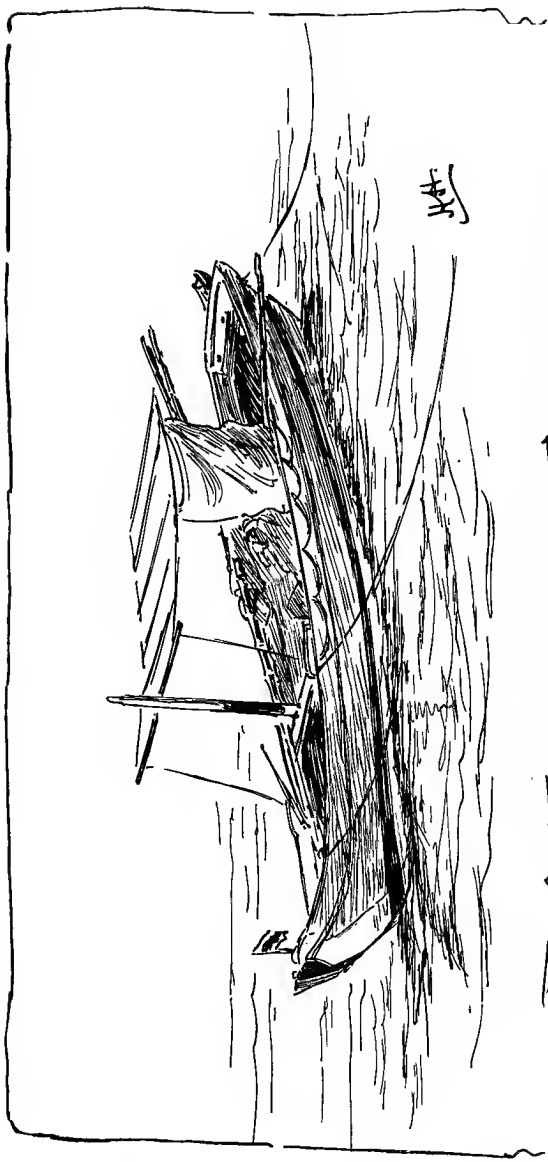
Something in the tone of the man's voice appealed to me. "How far is it to your shop?" I asked.

"Not far, *sahib*—this way—only short way." He turned the corner into Dhurumtollah Street and dived through the stream of passengers that daily throngs this thoroughfare. Every now and then he glanced surreptitiously over his shoulder to make sure I was following. Presently he halted at the corner of a block of buildings where, partly concealed by a dilapidated door, a spiral staircase of well-worn stone led to an upper floor. Darting up the stair he called on me to follow.

On gaining the top I found myself in what had once been a small roof-garden but was now untended and in disrepair. On three sides scanty trees and sun-scorched plants in tubs made vain efforts to render the place private, while against the fourth—a wall pierced by a doorway to the studio—was ranged one of those artistic neutral-toned canvas screens peculiar to photographers' establishments. Before the screen a camera stood in readiness on a tripod.

We first entered the studio, if such it can be called, where my late guide shewed me various styles of photographs. I decided on a full length, cabinet size, and was then taken out to the seat before the screen and photographed. While the picture was being developed I sat in a dusty chair in the studio, fanned by a supple native with a palm leaf fan which he swung to and fro perilously near my face.

When the picture was ready, lo and behold it was on glass. I objected, explaining that I wanted several copies like the cabinets I had seen.



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A JAPANESE SAMPA.

"Oh, *sahib*, I lose money—must pay six *rupee* for six copies."

A long argument followed the upshot of which was that I paid down three *rupees* and was to receive in exchange six photographs. I was taken again in two positions. Then a second attempt was made to extort money as follows:—

"*Sahib* have three sitting, three standing?"

"Yes," I said.

"*Sahib* must pay six *rupee*—three *rupee* more."

"Why, you said it would be three *rupees* altogether."

"Oh yes, *sahib*—three *rupee* for six standing—three *rupee* for six sitting—three standing, three sitting, six *rupee*."

This was a puzzler. But I was equal to the occasion and said, "All right, I'll take six standing and none of the others."

That settled it.

"Oh *sahib*, *sahib*, I lose money—I very poor man, *sahib*," &c. &c. But I remained firm, and eventually, when three or four days later the photographs came, I found he had given me three of each. Still they cost something over three *rupees* for I had to pay his tram fare to Kidderpore and back when he delivered them. This incident shews what natives will do to get money out of Europeans—especially travellers. The pictures themselves were only moderately good, certainly not worth the fuss they engendered.

I got back to the ship just in time to join Mr K—in his evening dip. During our stay we had several enjoyable swims together but I had always great difficulty in getting

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the water out of my ears. Once I thought I was going deaf for I had to listen very attentively when conversing. Mr K—— was even worse than myself in this respect, and finally we both reluctantly gave up bathing on that account. I never had the same trouble at home and cannot tell what was the true cause of it.

It was, perhaps, as well that we desisted for soon afterwards a man was drowned in the docks. None really knew whether he had merely gone over for a swim or had destroyed himself. He was a European, a fireman on a vessel that lay almost opposite the "Glamorganshire," and was missed about 7.30 in the evening. Next morning his body was picked up in the water near the dock gates. It was a very sad affair.

Several similar disasters have occurred, and it has been suggested that a strong suction below may account for these. Land sharks infest the Húglí and perhaps an odd one sometimes finds its way into the docks. A man attacked in the water by one of these would have small chance of escape.

May the 14th was a scorching day, but I was getting scornful of high temperatures by this and set off as usual soon after nine o'clock. From directions in the guide-book I found my way, after a long hunt, to another important native market—the Bow Bazaar. Here are to be seen many different phases of Indian life. The ubiquitous Chinaman has here his headquarters—or rather the well-to-do tradesmen of the race, amounting to some three or four hundred, dwell here or near at hand. Opium dens are found in the

neighbourhood but I visited them not, being quite satisfied with the description in the guide-book.

It seems these places are licensed by Government and are compelled to close at six p.m. What they do with those smokers who are too overcome to move is not explained. Presumably they are allowed to remain until the effects of the drug have worked off.

I confined my attention, then, to those stalls that shrank not from the open light of day, visiting among other departments the fruit market. This is always a bright and busy scene, lighted by the glowing colours of the fruits themselves and the picturesque garbs of buyer and seller. I spent half an hour here sketching a stall that presented a wonderful variety of fruits. The atmosphere was sultry, while a noisome odour of decomposing vegetable refuse filled the nostrils. I felt the moisture trickling down my back as I stood, and experienced difficulty in handling my pencil.

While I was thus engaged my attention was caught and held by the extraordinary behaviour of a lean native who knelt beneath the awning of a stall some fifteen yards to my left. With long, bony arms he hugged his shrunken body, rocking himself to and fro, bowing his head to the ground, and through it all maintaining a most dismal groaning. Then a coughing fit would seize him so that I thought he must vomit his internal organs. Next he fell to violent expectoration, groaning as if in mortal agony, and at intervals his teeth chattered horribly.

There was plague in Calcutta I knew; this man was evidently sickening for it. I felt it was time I went. As I

India.

moved away a smiling Hindu came up with the following curious question :—

“ Well, what is the news? ” I stared.

“ I have no news,” I said, closing my sketch book and hurrying away.

Later reflection suggested that he had taken me for a newspaper correspondent.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A STRANGE PROCESSION—THE BENGALI THEATRE—THE INTERIOR—A TALKATIVE HINDU—THE CURTAIN RISES—THE SCENERY—THE PLAY—A QUEER PERFORMANCE—GRAND FINALE—THE POST OFFICE—SITE OF THE BLACK HOLE—THE MONUMENT AND ITS INSCRIPTION—STATUES—A PARSEE MERCHANT—ABOUT HUBBLE-BUBBLES.

ON the evening of the same day I visited one of the Bengali Theatres. Of course I drove in the orthodox *gharry*, and during the drive a terrific outburst of barbaric music suddenly reached my ears. So loud was this music that the noise of traffic was swallowed by it. The *gharry* halted near a corner and round the corner was passing the most weird procession imaginable.

The musicians I did not see for they were far ahead, but, from the din they made, the instruments must have consisted chiefly, if not wholly, of drums, cymbals, and gongs. The *band* (?) was followed by several clumsy vehicles, on which were mounted gorgeous and hideous representations of different Hindu gods. Between and around the cars marched a yelling stream of natives, some carrying flaring torches, others huge bunches of paper flowers on sticks. The torches flung a lurid light on the whole scene, and, when the last of the procession had vanished, all was dark and ominously silent.

India.

A passer-by whom I questioned, said he thought it was a festal procession in honour of the god Ganesh, but afterwards in the theatre, a native who sat next me explained that there was no feast at that date, adding that I had probably witnessed the passing of a Hindu bridal party.

On alighting from my *gharry* I found myself in the midst of a large crowd before a brilliantly lighted building of considerable size. This was evidently the theatre. By dint of elbowing I gained the vestibule and found the pay-box, where a native was busy dispensing tickets. My seat cost two *rupees*, and to reach it I passed through a door into an open passage that ran along the side of the auditorium. At the end of this passage I turned to the left through another door and stood in that part of the house which we call the "pit-stalls." The seats consisted of straight-backed wooden chairs and were far from comfortable.

A printed programme had been thrust into my hand when I entered but as it was in Bengali I made no attempt to peruse it, and occupied myself till the curtain rose in examining the house. The size of the auditorium amazed me for it was as large as that of an average English theatre; but, while some attempt at ornamentation had been made, the general effect was not specially artistic. In many respects the arrangement of the house did not greatly differ from what we see in this country. The audience sits in tiers, there being about four of these including the ground floor. Near the proscenium are a few private boxes. In the centre of the roof, which is lofty, is the usual circular light.

The only noticeable difference was the position of the orchestra, if such it can be called, for it consisted of only

four performers. These were ensconced in a small box on the left of the proscenium, whence I imagine the leader must have difficulty in discovering when he is expected to chime in.

There sat next me a very communicative native who was good enough to explain briefly what the play was to be. It seemed there were three pieces for that evening, the first of which he alluded to as an *allegorical* play. These were his very words and serve to typify the advanced state of education among high-caste natives.

Before the curtain rose he had acquainted me with much of his history. He had recently visited England where he conceived the idea of investing in a cinematograph and giving entertainments in India. The speculation had proved a huge success, and he now found himself in a position to attend private or public functions and give an exhibition of pictures unequalled throughout India. And certainly his *repertoire* was quite up-to-date, for I mentioned several pictures I had seen in London previous to my departure which I knew to be the very latest, and all these he said he had. An interesting talker and of excellent education, it was not wonderful that his bold scheme had met with reward. Only when the curtain rose did his tongue cease.

In the meantime the orchestra had been emitting a series of dismal sounds supposed to be music. These now came to an end and the curtain rose for the first piece.

The scene disclosed evidently represented a fertile valley in the shadow of mighty mountains, probably the Himalayas, and a stream, broken by a fall, flowing through

India.

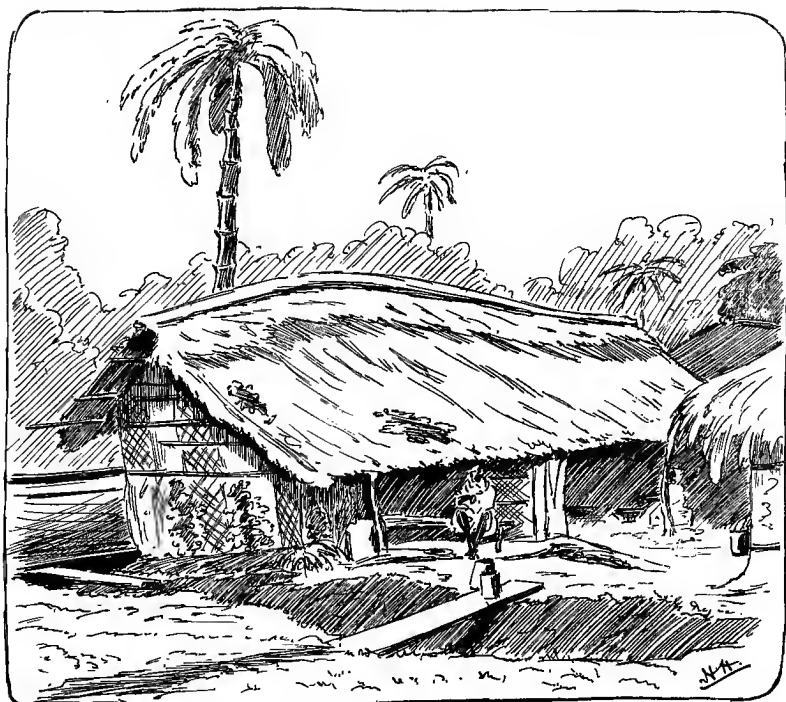
luxuriant vegetation. Obviously the work of a native artist, it possessed, from the European standpoint, great faults ; but on the whole, the effect—though unnatural—was not unpleasing. The outlines of the hills and trees were too regular, a failing with all or nearly all oriental painters, but what struck me as the cleverest part of the scene was the water, which had been so arranged as to appear to move. The device was simple but effective.

Circular lengths of timber (or canvas stretched between two wooden discs) some two feet in diameter, sloped from the back of the scene towards the front, their ends concealed by a foreground of rocks and bushes representing the bank of the stream as it altered its course. These rollers as they may be termed, had been painted with wavy blue and white lines after the manner of the threads of a screw. Some hidden mechanism, probably a man turning a handle, caused the three or four rollers to revolve, and so gave the impression of moving water.

In this country, of course, we frequently see real water used on the stage, but perhaps no better substitute has been tried than the above, which is, I fancy, unique. I never saw it elsewhere.

The play was entirely musical, or more properly, the actors chanted their parts ; for at times the notes were so weirdly jumbled that the effect was most *unmusical*.

At the rising of the curtain a solitary female was discovered reclining on a rude couch beside the stream. She was dressed in a becoming costume of dark brown cashmere, while garlands of paper flowers adorned her hair and neck. She was not, as far as I could see, made up in



▷ AN INDIAN HUT —
NEAR THE HUGLI.

any way, unless it was a touch of colour at the lips, and quite one of the handsomest women I saw in Calcutta.

She sang for some time in a musical voice, still reclining on the couch. At length she rose, whereon the couch, apparently unaided, made a noiseless exit. At this juncture the band gave vent to a terrific outburst and a portion of the scenery flew open disclosing a second girl, gorgeously arrayed as a fairy.

A long and monotonous duet followed, and finally the fairy disappeared as she had come, while the first girl walked off in the usual way.

Then came a sound of male voices from without, and there came strolling in, one behind the other, three of the strangest figures I ever beheld. Their "get-up" was very funny. Each had long hair (wigs most likely) artistically curled and greased. Their faces, moreover, shone with oil. Each wore a sort of tunic, resplendent with gold braid and bright buttons, a pair of baggy knickerbockers, stockings, and buckled shoes. The costume of the first was red, that of the second, yellow, the third, blue; and each had garlands of paper flowers round his neck.

Their performance was most peculiar. For a long time they sang in unison, walking slowly and solemnly round and round the stage in single file. Next they favoured the audience with solos accompanied by gestures astonishingly ludicrous. Then two of them appeared to try to persuade the third to do something distasteful to himself, and a heated argument arose.

At this point entered a fourth man more grandly arrayed than the others, and the momentous question was

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seemingly referred to him. The rest of the piece escapes me except the end which befell suddenly by the re-appearance of the fairy. Waving a wand before the different trees she produced therefrom a bride for each of the four men, the girl in brown did a sort of little dance in the midst of the group, and the curtain fell amid thunders of applause.

One piece satisfied my curiosity, so, leaving my loquacious friend, I quitted the theatre and drove down to Kidderpore. I never found out what the actual plot was, but assume it dealt with some phase of Buddhist legend beyond the grasp of ordinary minds. There was about the entertainment this to recommend it—a total absence of vulgarity. Of course I cannot vouch for the dialogue, but the acting itself was simple and refined. Our English stage might do worse than take a lesson in this respect from the poor Bengali play-actor.

Thursday, May the 15th, dawned dull and showery, but later on this turned to an overpowering heat. In the afternoon I went to Calcutta to post some letters, and while at the post office, an enormous building in Dalhousie Square, I recollected that the site of the "Black Hole" is close at hand,

The entrance to the numerous postal departments is reached by a huge flight of steps, extending almost the full length of the building, and here, partly in the steps themselves, partly in the pavement below the façade, is embedded a double line of brass. This serves to mark the inner and outer faces of the wall at one corner of the old Fort William, and, worn smooth by the feet of passing thousands, is kept a burnished record of that awful spot.

Between the post office and the adjoining building there is a space some twenty feet wide, and, within a few paces of the side walk, a marble pavement surrounded by an ornamental iron railing covers the exact position occupied by the "Black Hole." To the wall of the adjacent building is fixed a tablet bearing the following inscription:—

THE MARBLE PAVEMENT BELOW THIS SPOT
 WAS PLACED HERE BY
 LORD CURZON,
Viceroy and Governor General of India,
 IN 1901,
 TO MARK THE SITE OF THE PRISON IN OLD
 FORT WILLIAM
 KNOWN AS THE BLACK HOLE, IN WHICH
 146 BRITISH INHABITANTS OF CALCUTTA WERE
 CONFINED ON THE NIGHT OF THE
 20th JUNE, 1756,
 AND FROM WHICH ONLY 23 CAME OUT ALIVE.

THE PAVEMENT MARKS THE EXACT BREADTH OF THE
 PRISON, 14 FT. 10 IN.,
 BUT NOT ITS FULL LENGTH, 18 FT.,
 ABOUT ONE THIRD OF THE AREA AT THE NORTH END
 BEING COVERED BY THE BUILDING ON WHICH
 THIS TABLET IS FIXED.

The tablet tells its own story.

There are a large number of statues in Calcutta, most of which are situated on or near the Maidán, the chief ones being those of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Napier of

India.

Magdala, Lord Canning, Lord Bentinck, Lord Lawrence, Lord Northbrook, Lord Hardinge, Lord Mayo, and Sir James Outram. All of these are equestrian statues with the exception of Her late Majesty's, and all are above life size and of cast bronze.

Some facetious wag has dubbed Calcutta the city of "stinks and statues," and assuredly it has more than its share of both.

Near the post office I lit upon an attractive curio-shop and went in to buy a malacca cane. This cost me about three *rupees*, but, before I left, the artful proprietor, a polite Parsee, had run me up a bill for twenty-two. He was, I feel no hesitation in saying, the smartest salesman I met during my travels. He did not urge and press me to buy. Oh no! He merely gave me a chair and shewed me everything he had.

Most of the goods I bought of him were Indian brass-work, curiously carved and wrought, and finished in colours. The whole of this class of work, he protested, came from the North West Provinces—but I have heard queer tales about Birmingham.

He dealt, it seemed, in most things— curios of every description from China—from Japan—from outlying parts of India. Cigars from Java and Sumatra—hubble-bubbles of various designs—ivory, embroidery, and inlaid wood-work—in short everything to the art fancier's taste.

I chanced to have with me the stick I had bought in Japan and, while I inspected his goods, his dark eye kept wandering towards the stick. At length he spoke.

"Where did you get that stick may I ask?"

I told him. He considered a while and then asked for the dealer's address. The name of the town was all I could give him and he concealed his disappointment badly. Such a stick, he said with a sigh, would have sold well in Calcutta.

All this time I had been seated at a table while a native stood by swinging a fan, for the day was hot. Indeed, the proprietor desired to have a drink brought me, but this I declined.

He was very anxious to sell me a hubble-bubble or hookah—but they were too expensive. The Indian hubble-bubble differs from the Turkish hookah, being constructed of long wooden pipes without the rubber tube and water vessel. Strictly speaking it is not a hubble-bubble at all, for the smoke merely passes through a series of long pipes to the mouth.

The tobacco used is a strange mixture of raw tobacco and molasses pounded into a sticky mass and smoked while wet. It has a strong aromatic smell. I often saw the poorer natives having a smoke from their fantastically-shaped pipes. These are not unlike a cocoa-nut with a stem at one end about a foot long and a large bowl on top. Mouthpiece there is none, but the smoke is drawn through a hole cut in the bottom of the nut-like bowl. It is very droll to see the natives squatting on their haunches smoking these pipes and pulling excruciating faces; for a powerful suction is needed to keep them burning.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SUDDEN DECISION — WHERE IS THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE?—STARTING FOR THE PLAINS—A CHECK—HOWRAH STATION — ON THE PLATFORM — AN INDIAN RAILWAY CARRIAGE—DEPARTURE—A NIGHT RIDE—DAWN—ACROSS THE PLAIN—MOKAMEH.

WE had now been six days in Calcutta, and of the cargo, which was to have been stored in four days, only half had been got in. The cause of the delay was the non-arrival of part of the cargo from the interior. I made enquiries of the chief officer and learnt that, even if the rest of the linseed turned up that day, we could not possibly leave before Tuesday. To-day was Friday.

Now I had all along been aware that a friend of mine, a Mr F——, who had left England some two years before, lived at Jamalpur, a “station” on the East Indian Railway three hundred miles up country. On first arriving at Calcutta I had determined to look him up, but the shortness of the time led me to abandon the idea as impracticable. When, however, our stay was protracted to a week with every prospect of continuing for several days, and feeling that I had “done” Calcutta fairly thoroughly, I decided to pay him a surprise visit.

On the Friday afternoon, then, I repaired to the post office to send a wire to my friend, for, as there are several “stations” called Jamalpur (pretty place), I judged it advis-

able to make sure which of these it was. At the post office I hunted about for some time but could not find the telegraph department. I enquired of a passing Englishman where I could send a telegram.

"Oh," said he, "you ought to be over at the other corner of the square," and he indicated a large building two hundred yards away.

"But," I asked, "why is the telegraph office not at the post office? It always is in England."

"Ah—that I cannot tell you. Nobody knows. Visitors always make the same mistake."

I thanked him and passed on almost half round the square with its artificial lake and beautiful trees, when I reached the desired spot. On making enquiries I was assured that Jamalpur, Bengal, was sure to be the one I wanted, so I wrote my message requesting a reply to the Bristol Hotel.

There are in India three classes of telegraphic messages, viz: deferred, ordinary, and urgent, the rates per word being varied accordingly. Mine I marked urgent to save time, and an hour and a half later the reply was placed in my hand by the manager of the hotel. I had wired that if convenient I would travel through by that night's mail. The reply read "Shall expect you."

The mail leaves Howrah—the terminus of the East Indian Railway—at 9.45 p.m. It was then six. I had just time to run down to the ship, get some dinner, and pack a few things. Two hours later or thereabouts I left the ship accompanied by the the chief steward, and together we walked towards the entrance gates of the docks. I was

India.

carrying a bag. At the gates we were stopped by a native policeman who muttered something in Hindustani and pointed at the bag.

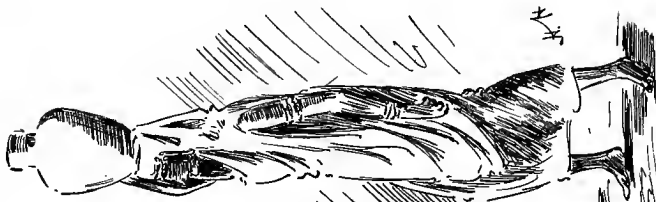
The steward said, "He thinks you might have contraband goods in the bag, sir. Let him look in and see for himself."

I opened the bag but the dusky sentinel only shook his head. After some delay we resorted to *backsheesh* which did not fail to have the desired effect.

In less than fifteen minutes I was getting off the car at Calcutta. I hailed a *gharry* and told the man to drive to Howrah. It was now about nine o'clock and a wonderfully clear, bright night with a silver moon in the second quarter. I was advisedly giving myself plenty of time at the station as there is often a difficulty in getting places by the night trains. Everyone going long distances tries to travel at night, for the trains are more like ovens by day.

There was little traffic in the streets we traversed until the *gharry* turned the corner of Clive Street and made for the Húglí Floating Bridge. Here a greater activity was apparent and ours was only one of many vehicles hurrying to or from the great terminus of Howrah. We rolled across the long, low wooden bridge and, turning to the left, drew up before an enormous building. A projecting peristyle supported by massive columns runs the full length of the frontage, giving access through a spacious booking-hall to the various platforms.

Having paid the *gharrywallah* I proceeded to book a second class ticket—first class was beyond my purse. I had hardly left the window and was counting my change, when I felt a hand on my arm. It was the dissatisfied *gharrywallah*.



A WATER CARRIER



A COOLIE



CALCUTTA POLICE

— SKETCHED IN CALCUTTA —

He gave forth the usual "rigmarole" about being a poor man and what not, but, considering him sufficiently remunerated, I ordered him off, and made my way to the platform where the train was already drawn up and passengers taking their places.

It was a scene of bustle and animation. The long platform was thronged with people, white and black. Native porters hurried up and down, hauling and bestowing baggage. Anxious passengers dodged from coach to coach seeking the places they had already booked, and which would be marked with their name. Mute servants followed them, stolidly bearing rugs and bedding, for the Indian traveller brings his own blankets and makes up his bed in the train.

By the purest luck I secured a berth which had been engaged by a gentleman who now found himself unable to travel by that train. A polite *Babu**, who himself had engaged one of the other berths and was busy with the help of his servant preparing his couch for the night, explained to me in perfect English that he knew for certain the man was not coming, and added that there was no reason why I should not take the seat if I so desired. I did so promptly and thus avoided further difficulty.

Enquiry elicited from the guard the information that for Jamalpur I must change at Luckeeseraï, where the mail was due at about five in the morning.

The Indian railway carriage was a novelty to me and, I think, deserves description.

Mail trains are almost exclusively composed of coaches with two compartments entered respectively from opposite

* Native gentleman.

India.

ends, and divided by a central partition. Each compartment can accommodate five persons with sleeping room, but will hold considerably more during the daytime. The berths run longitudinally, one at each side, about a foot below the windows, and a third in the middle between these. This middle berth, I should imagine, is the worst of the lot, for it is only eighteen inches wide and there is nothing to prevent the occupant from rolling off. Above each side berth is an upper one which lets down on hinges attached to the side of the compartment and is held in position by a couple of leathern straps.

All second class berths are upholstered in polished leather and fairly comfortable, but for sleeping purposes a rug or a few blankets is desirable, if not indispensable. The windows are made to slide back, a distinct advance on the common English practice of raising and lowering with a strap; of course those in the doors are of the latter type for obvious reasons.

The carriages are always well ventilated, even when the windows are shut, by means of louvered ventilators, but the unique device whereby incoming air is cooled is, perhaps, the strangest feature of these strange coaches. In Calcutta one frequently sees outside the larger shops a heavy curtain of fibre or cocoa-nut matting suspended in the doorway. This is kept constantly damp by a flow of water, and hot air is thus excluded. In the railway carriages a similar plan is adopted. A thick disc of matting some three feet in diameter is placed in a convenient position at either side of the compartment. Its upper half partially blocks a semi-circular opening while its lower half is concealed within a

metal tank containing water. By means of a handle and spindle the apparatus is made to revolve, so that when the sun has evaporated all the water in the top half the other is brought uppermost, and so on. When the water in the tank gets low, fresh can always be admitted by turning a small tap at the side. The device is simple, compact, and efficacious.

Ten minutes, perhaps, after I had taken my seat the warning bell sounded, and a moment later the long, heavy train began to move on its two days' journey to Bombay.

Howrah is quite on the outskirts of the city, and it was not long before the few straggling buildings gave place to wood and jungle broken at intervals by tracts of open country. I was too excited and interested to care for sleep but lay in my berth scanning the moonlit landscape as we flew past.

There is something indescribably grand about the Indian night. Seen, as I saw it then, beneath the moon's pale beams it is twilight rather than actual night. The purple sky, studded with its myriad stars, is cloudless and against it the trees and other objects are black and clean cut—astonishingly distinct. The air hangs motionless, but a breeze is created by the passage of the train that almost seems to stir the whispering palms.

On we flew past tiny villages nestling in sequestered clearings, where huge fires threw a lurid light on the quaint huts and the trees of the encircling jungle. I at first supposed these fires were kept burning to scare tigers and such marauders, but learnt afterwards that this was not the case. They are the fires of the charcoal burners who here prepare vast quantities of charcoal for commercial purposes.

India.

We pulled up at several stations during the night but few passengers alighted or joined the train. The names of the places were curious, and, as a rule, a native porter walked the length of the platform droning out the word in such a sleepy voice that it was next to impossible to hear what he said. At Assansol a native *boy* from the refreshment room came by with a pot of tea. It was then about one in the morning, a strange hour for tea, but I felt so thirsty I could not resist it. The quality was not special—still, what can one expect at such an hour in such a place? An Assansol porter, whom I questioned, told me to change at Luckeeserai for Jamalpur, and added “Above all don’t go on to Mokameh or you may never get there at all.” I said I would be careful. Twice told should not forget.

Again we rushed onward, and it was darker now for the moon had set some time ago. About four came the first faint streak of dawn, and by its light I saw that we were flying across a huge, flat plain. Slowly the light crept upward, and dusky shadows could be seen going forth to another day of toil. Suddenly the yellow sun flashed up from the horizon and it was day. The scene it revealed I can never forget.

Far as the eye could reach lay a pale-brown, sun-baked plain—hardly a tree was in sight—water there was none, save for occasional green-scummed *ghâts*, stagnant and foul.

But this seeming barren plain is in reality very fertile, and the whole of it is under cultivation. There are no hedges, but boundaries are determined by innumerable mud dykes perhaps about a foot high by twice as broad. These have another purpose even more important—they serve to

retain the precious water of the "rains" on which the Indian harvest so much depends.

As the train sped onward bands of men and women were to be seen trudging stolidly to the fields it is their lot to tend, the women often bearing *ghoyalas* of water on their heads, the men driving their bullock team before them. In the fields the wooden plough of Bengal is seen at work as it has been seen any time these thousand years; and alongside it flies the express which has doubtless long ceased to be a source of wonder to the simple native urging his bullocks along the furrow.

A few minutes before five we stopped at a station called Kiul. Here I should really have alighted, but it was perhaps better that I did not do so, since I must then have gone breakfastless. For there was no refreshment room at Kiul. When the train began to move again I started getting my things together preparatory to alighting, when to my chagrin I saw a station slip by and read the word, "Luckeeserai" on the name-board. There was nothing now but to wait for Mokameh.

One of my fellow-passengers, whom I took for a Parsee, kindly consulted a guide he had and found that I should be able to catch a train from Mokameh to Jamalpur at half-past seven. I thanked him for this welcome information, and, as the train was slowing down for Mokameh, prepared to get out.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST—A NATIVE VILLAGE—LEAVING
MOKAMEH—AN ELEPHANT—A CURIOUS MISTAKE—OPIUM
FIELDS—JAMALPUR—E. I. R. LOCOMOTIVE WORKS—A
MEETING—CHARLEY'S BUNGALOW—ABOUT CASTE.

IT was about 6 a.m. when I stepped on to the platform at Mokameh, feeling very grimy and very stiff. Having made sure that my train did not leave until 7.30 I crossed the line by a bridge, and, after a very necessary wash, made for the refreshment room. This proved quite a grand affair for so small a station, and would be out of place were not Mokameh a junction where many passengers are obliged to wait. Here, then, I indulged in a light breakfast or *chotah hazri* consisting of boiled eggs, toast, and coffee. The food was good and well served.

All the refreshment rooms on the East Indian Railway are in the hands of one firm—C. F. Kellner & Co., of Calcutta—and if the one at Mokameh is a fair sample they are by no means to be despised. A list of those stations, about twenty-five in all, where refreshments are obtainable, is posted in every railway carriage. My breakfast cost me one *rupee* which the most parsimonious must consider cheap.

From half-past six to half-past seven was rather a tedious wait, but I managed to while away the time watching the natives that passed to and fro among the huts of the adjacent village. The scenery at Mokameh cannot be called

impressive. At awkward angles a few scraggy palms jut here and there from the bare, sandy soil, the majority favouring as a growing place the banks of a filthy water *ghât* near the station, where naked little native children play and paddle and women vainly endeavour to wash clothes.

At that hour the sun had little power and the native seems to take advantage of this. Running about and hard work he does early, reserving lighter tasks for the heat of the day. Women came and went between the huts and a well, getting water for the day in huge, red, earthen vessels which they balance gracefully on their heads. The vivid colours of their simple garments form a bold contrast to the red-brown soil and light with effect a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Extensive shunting operations were going on between the main line and sidings. It appeared they were collecting coaches for the 7.30 and these were eventually backed in to the platform. I looked in vain for a second-class compartment and as I objected to a seat among hordes of natives in one of the prison-like thirds, the station master put me into a first. And thereby hangs a tale.

We got punctually away from Mokameh and soon reached Kiul, for the Jamalpur branch goes back some distance over the main line. At Luckeeserai the railway crosses a river that runs between treacherous banks of sand. So insecure are these banks that at one side the bridge extends a full hundred yards further than the river's edge with a view of getting a firm foundation.

As we crawled—this was a slow train—across the bridge I saw the one and only elephant of my travels. He was

India.

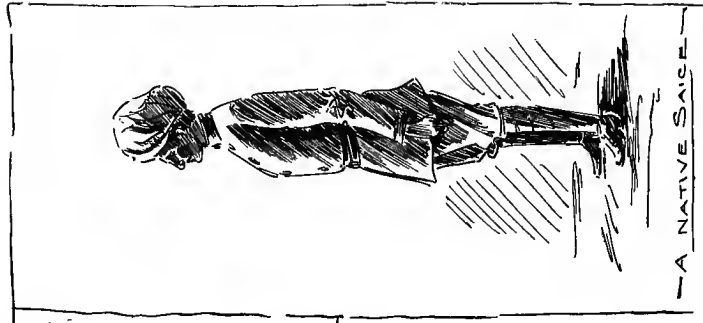
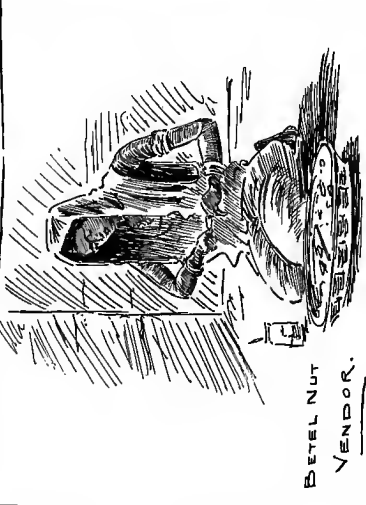
swinging ponderously but rapidly along the river bank towards what must have been the town or village of Luckeeserai to reach which he must cross the river. At length he came to the ford, and in obedience to his *mahout*, plunged into the water waving his trunk from side to side. Half way across he drew some water up with his trunk and blew it high in the air like a shower of silver. The river now reached his middle. The last glimpse I had of him was his big, broad back as he scrambled with his riders up the opposite bank.

Presently we drew up at Kiul. Here the carriage was opened at the side opposite that from which I had entered, and a small man in white cottons, whom I took to be a Eurasian, appeared in the doorway. On seeing me he cried, "Hello! what are *you* doing in here? This is a 'Ladies only,'" and he pointed to a board hung on the outside of the compartment. I stared, but found voice to explain that the station master at Mokameh had put me in the carriage, not knowing the board in question hung on the other side. Then the joke seemed to strike him and he laughed as he remarked, "That's all right; but suppose we take it down." He unhooked the board and handed it to a native porter who had been bestowing his luggage beneath the seat. This little man was evidently an official.

After the train started we fell into conversation and I learnt that he was in the service of the East India Railway, and, like myself, bound for Jamalpur. I mentioned my friend Mr. F—— but this man knew him only by repute.

As we neared Jamalpur a line of low, rugged hills came into view, a welcome relief from the hitherto monotonous flatness of the landscape. My companion pointed out to me certain tracts of land devoted solely to the raising of opium.

FIGURES OF CALCUTTA.



The opium plant is a species of poppy having a white flower, which, fading, leaves behind a bulb containing the precious drug. Some time before the crop is ready for collecting, armed soldiers arrive, sent by Government to protect the plants and the natives that work among them.

According to my companion the fluid containing the drug is collected as follows :—The workers go round in the evening armed with sharp knives with which they make incisions in the capsules or bulbs of the plants. The knives are so constructed as to cut several incisions at once. Next morning about sunrise a second tour is made when the juice that has exuded is scraped off. Three times the whole process is repeated and the harvest is complete. This statement is corroborated by the “National Encyclopædia.” I did not gather whether the Indian Government owns the crop or purchases it from the producer, but it provides a strong guard during the whole period of collection and manufacture.

The heat in the train that morning was terrific but, strange as it may seem, I did not perspire. In Calcutta I perspired freely but at Jamalpur, though it was even hotter, there was no tendency in that direction. This it is that makes the heat of the plains so much harder to bear, though, as Mr F—— afterwards told me, the dry heat of Jamalpur is considered healthier than the moist heat of Calcutta.

It was a little after ten o'clock when I got down from the train and scanned the platform eagerly and rapidly for the familiar face of my friend. He was not there. Concluding that business had detained him I enquired of the station master the way to his bungalow.

India.

"F——, F——," muttered this personage, "I know the name but I can't tell you where his bungalow is. You had better go to the works." I marched up the platform and across the line pursued and pestered by a small knot of half-naked little natives, each of whom wanted to carry my bag. Selecting one of them at random I made him walk in front so that he should not bolt with my property, and set off for the works.

Fifteen minutes' walk under a scorching sun, whose fierce rays were held back at intervals by graceful and luxuriant trees, brought us to the locomotive offices of the East Indian Railway, at one side of which entrance is gained to the works. A high wooden hoarding prevents entrance elsewhere and jealously screens the inside from the eyes of the curious.

As I passed between the gates I was stopped by a tall, lean native attired in white linen and a scarlet turban. I asked this individual if Mr F—— was at the works. For answer he produced a small printed form something like this—

MR

TO SEE MR

About

This I soon filled up and a messenger vanished with it into the works. The lean janissary indicated a log of wood beneath a tree and I sat down gladly, for the heat was over-

powering. While waiting I eyed the scene in the yard with some curiosity.

The offices are built in the form of a half rectangle, enclosing the yard on two sides; a forge flanks the third side, whilst the fourth is bounded by a paling pierced by the main gateway. On passing the gates the visitor sees at his right hand a raised pedestal on which is mounted an early Indian Express Locomotive, built by Kitson & Co., Leeds, in 1855. It has outside cylinders and a single pair of driving wheels about six feet in diameter.

The messenger presently returned saying that "F—*Sahib*" would see me. I rose and followed him into the works. After passing over innumerable sets of metals, engine pits, and the inevitable accumulations of scrap and lumber peculiar to engineering works, we reached comparatively open ground where grass still grew though it was parched with the sun and all but smothered in dust. Here, on the outskirts of the actual works, stands the laboratory, a large building of red brick, and towards this my guide led me. At one end was a verandah, and, mounting this, the stolid native pulled aside a water-soaked fibre curtain and ushered me without a word into Mr F—'s office.

Before a large writing desk piled with books and papers my friend Charley sat at work beneath a swinging *punkah*. At sight of me he fairly gasped, for, though he knew me at once, his first words told me I was the very last person he expected. We shook hands and he asked what brought me to India. I explained that I was "travelling." His surprise having somewhat subsided he went on to tell me why he had not met me at the station. There happens to be an

India.

official on the E.I.R. called "Halliday," and, as my telegram was signed "Holliday," he had naturally enough assumed that this was the man.

"If," said he, "you had signed your message 'Hubert' I should have known at once. However, I am jolly pleased to see you. Those devils kept you waiting outside in the sun; it's as well you have a *topi*. Well I'm finished now as it's a Saturday so we'll go along to my bungalow at once."

He was but little altered from my recollection of him when, two years earlier, he had left home for India. True, he was a shade thinner but looked remarkably well notwithstanding.

We set off in the direction of the entrance gates and during the next few minutes I was kept busy answering innumerable questions about all the people at home, about my travels and myself. Leaving the works we walked towards the European portion of Jamalpur, which for convenience has been systematically laid out with all the roads running parallel and at right angles. As we passed, Charley pointed out the more important buildings, such as the Club and the Volunteer Headquarters. He himself is a volunteer with the rank of lieutenant.

Almost exactly fronting the Club stands Mr F——'s bungalow which is entirely at his own disposal. It is a rough rectangle in plan with a square tower at one corner, built of brick, and painted an appropriate buff colour. The grounds are about an acre in extent, hemmed in by luxuriant trees, among them mangoes which, Charley tells me, always yield a crop. There are two entrance gates, one at either corner of the garden frontage, and the drive passes

thence to a stable, coach-house, and other out-buildings behind the bungalow.

Entrance is gained to the house at the front through a verandah or at the back into the dining room direct. Charley shewed me all over the bungalow which I will endeavour to describe in brief.

In the first place the whole structure rests upon a foundation some eight or nine inches above the ground level, the chief object of this being to lessen the chance of contracting malaria from the ground. The plan is, as stated above, rectangular, the drawing-room being at the front leading on to the verandah and communicating, by a doorless opening through the opposite wall, with the dining-room. Indeed, all the rooms inter-communicate and perfect privacy is secured but rarely.

From either side of the dining-room a door leads to a room used as a bedroom, each of which has a small bathroom attached, and for window, an open trellis-work porch overgrown with tropical creepers where lizards sport in the sun.

There is a third room leading out from the right hand side of the drawing-room which Mr F—— uses as a library and smoke-room. His own bedroom, situated in the square tower previously mentioned, is reached by a flight of stairs, being the only room in the building not on the ground floor.

Lunch was laid for three, and Charley explained that he had a visitor from Calcutta who would turn up shortly. In the meantime we indulged in some iced drinks and chatted away gaily. Charley told me he kept thirteen native

India.

servants who did all the work on the place including gardening and cooking.

“Thirteen servants!! It seems a lot for one house.”

“Perhaps it does, but you see a man will only do certain work in India. The man who cooks your dinner won’t wash your clothes. If a native does anything that is properly the duty of a lower caste man than himself he ‘breaks his caste’ and is ruined both now and hereafter. Caste is a curious thing and requires a lot of understanding. Now here’s a case. I have a well in my garden and one of my servants draws water there daily. To-day he came to me and said he couldn’t draw the water because a man of lower caste than himself had been there previously and spilt a few drops near the well. And nothing I could say would make him do it either. To-morrow he will go as usual, but not to-day at any price.”

“What a strange idea!”

“Yes. We have constant trouble with it, but still it endures. The chief of my servants is my *bearer* or body-servant; all the others look up to him and call him *Sirdar*. Then I have a cook and another man to help him, and a *khitmatghar* or table-servant. Him you will see at *hazri* (breakfast).

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN INTRODUCTION—HAZRI—A TOUR OF INSPECTION—
FRIENDLY FACES—SOUND ADVICE—TEA—AND TENNIS
—AN EVENING STROLL—SNAKE STORIES—A DINNER
PARTY—NIGHT—AND MORNING—THE BATHROOM—MAN-
GOES AND LYCHEES.

THE conversation was cut short by the arrival of Mr. F——'s friend, who came forward fanning his face with his handkerchief, looking as though recent exertion had warmed him more than was comfortable. He was introduced to me as Mr B—— and we shook hands. I took to him at once and the three of us were soon chatting away like old friends.

Presently we sat down to *hazri*—my first meal in an up-country bungalow. I forget the various dishes but there were several meat courses with each of which potatoes in some form were served. The silent *khitmatghar* flitted continually to and fro in his uniform of spotless linen, slashed across the breast with a band of maroon and gold, and his high turban similarly adorned, anticipating every want—obeying the slightest gesture of his master.

Hazri ended, we lit cheroots, and Charley shewed me all the curios he had collected during his two years in India. Skins of jackals and other animals shot by himself cover the floor of the drawing-room. At that time he had recently killed a tiger, the skin being then on its way to

•

India.

England. I have since had the pleasure of seeing it at his father's house and consider it an excellent specimen.

Mr F—— shewed me some wonderful Indian work—ebony inlaid with ivory—which he tells me is made only at one place in the empire, namely, Monghyr on the Ganges, some eight miles from Jamalpur. There were a small cabinet, a table, and a couple of walking sticks, all of this work, and I admired them so much that he insisted on my taking one of the sticks back with me.

Many of the photographs on the walls and tables were well known to me—best of all, perhaps, the familiar faces of the Derwent Valley Hockey Club of which, for a number of years, Mr F—— was both secretary and an active member.

On the walls of the dining-room some artistic friend of Charley's has sketched in a couple of seascapes which are most effective. On one of the drawing-room walls hang two ugly-looking *kukris* (Ghurkha knives) which my friend bought at the door from native pedlars. I afterwards saw a photograph of these pedlars, taken by Charley, as they squatted on his lawn. Wild, fierce-looking men they were with tangled hair hanging about their eyes—men one would not care to meet by night upon a lonely road.

There is a piano in the drawing-room but I could not coax Charley to play. He laughed and said it was horribly out of tune, and no wonder, for tuners are scarce up country.

“Let us go for a walk then,” I suggested.

Charley and B—— stared.

“Why, man, this is the hottest part of the day. It's quite out of the question, isn't it B——?”

Mr. B—— nodded reflectively.

"The best thing," Charley went on, "the best thing you can do is to try and get some sleep as you didn't sleep in the train; for I don't suppose you'll sleep much to-night. We have tea about five, and after that we'll go over to the club if you care for a set of tennis."

So I said no more, but retired to the room which had been prepared for me, closed the half-doors and lay down on the low bed that stood in the very centre of the apartment. The *punkah* hanging from the high, vaulted roof presently began to swing to and fro, and, as I lay watching it in the subdued light, I could not help recalling Edgar Allan Poe's vivid tale of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition—"The Pit and the Pendulum." There was, about the movement of the *punkah*, something strangely fascinating as it passed over me, and at length it lulled me to sleep.

I was awakened by Charley's voice asking if I wanted any tea. "You needn't eat much, you know," said he when I had joined him and Mr. B—— at table, "because you'll get a big dinner at eight. Have you had a good sleep?" I admitted that I felt rested, and drank the tea he poured out for me. Then I drank a second cup and a third—in fact they had to make a fresh brew for me. I might have overdone it only Charley pulled me up at the fourth cup.

Feeling wonderfully fit I got inside a suit of Charley's flannels, and the three of us strolled leisurely across the way to the Club. For devotees of tennis there are two turf courts, used on alternate days, and in addition one cement

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court. Several men were already on the ground and some others arrived later, together with a couple of ladies, and to all of these I was introduced.

I played three sets, two on the grass and one on the cement, but as I had not held a racquet for some months I gave an equally feeble display on each.

During play the balls are picked up by little native boys dressed in the club livery. This lessens the fatigue of a set very appreciably to the players.

After the tennis those who cared for a swim adjourned to a covered swimming-bath behind the courts. The water was delightfully cool, and after the bath I had the experience of being dressed by Charley's own *bearer*, who put the studs in my shirt, laced up my boots, and everything as quick as thought. The queer part of it was that he had found all the things in my bag without any instructions from me.

When the *bearer* had dressed me to his satisfaction, I joined his master, and we strolled together round the "station" in the gathering dusk. Before starting Charley cautioned me to keep on the alert for snakes, and himself with eyes on the ground, walked close beside me all the time.

"This stick," said he, "has been most useful. I have killed thirty-three snakes with it since I came to India!"

I was much astonished, and enquired what kind of snakes.

"*Kraits* mostly—and one *cobra*. I sent the skin of the latter home to my people. Cobra-skins, you know, make very handsome belts." But his people prefer to use the

skin as an ornament to their drawing-room, where it now graces the top of the piano.

"The *cobra*," I supposed, "is the most deadly of Indian snakes?"

"Well—we don't think so. The *krait* is considered the more poisonous of the two, though much the smaller reptile. It has, moreover, the advantage, or disadvantage, perhaps, of being able to climb. Roughly, it is said that the bite of a *cobra* will kill a man in forty minutes, while that of a *krait* has been known to prove fatal in about half that time. There is, of course, an antidote for the poison, which, however, is seldom at hand. I have myself seen three men—natives—at one time all dying of snake-bite, and no one able to save them.

"The *krait* is so small that he is easily overlooked, being on an average from eighteen inches to two feet in length. He is fond of climbing on to gates, especially if there be any iron-work about them on which he will stretch himself out to sleep. I found one in my bath one morning—luckily before I had stepped in. And once I saved my servant from certain death by pulling him back just in the act of setting his foot upon a *krait*. He was walking as usual in front of me and had failed to observe the creature."

These stories were hardly calculated to inspire visitors with any sense of security, but the truth must be told that during my two days' stay at Jamalpur I saw no sign of a single snake—nothing more harmful in fact than a lizard—nor was I altogether sorry.

On our return to the bungalow we had time for half an hour's chat before dinner. Charley was giving a small

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party that evening and there were to be some half-dozen guests besides Mr B—— and myself. These began presently to arrive, and it was not long before we found ourselves seated at table. As the table was of an oval shape everyone saw everyone else without turning his head, and the conversation was very general.

The dinner was a lengthy one of about twelve courses, beginning with *caviare* on toast and ending with cheroots. Everybody, except myself, drank "Whisky Pegs" (whisky and soda with a lump of ice in it), of which they seemed able to consume fabulous quantities without being in the least affected.

One of the guests created much merriment by pretending to be tipsy though in reality sober as a judge. The table was constantly in roars of laughter, and altogether the evening proved an unqualified success. For my part I was feeling tired and begged my host to excuse me somewhat earlier than I had intended, but before I fell asleep I heard the guests departing and their jovial voices singing "He's a jolly good fellow" before they left. Then the murmur of their receding talk was lost in the dead silence of the Indian night.

Before I retired Charley had asked me whether I used a mosquito curtain. I told him I used one but had not brought it. "Well, that doesn't matter, the *punkah* will keep them off." He pinned a towel to the *punkah* curtain saying, "This will give a better breeze. If you want anything in the night just call *Bearer* and he will come. And if that confounded *punkah-wallah* stops pulling tell me in the morning and I'll dock him a month's pay. Good-night, Hubert."

When he had left me, closing behind him the folding half-doors over which a second door can be closed at will, I lost no time in getting to bed. As soon as I lay down the *punkah* began to move. It was clear the *punkah-wallah* could see me though he was at the other side of the wall.

On the dressing table burned a tiny oil-lamp—not more than six inches high—shedding a soft mellow light on the floor, but deepening the gloom of the high arched roof.

After the party had broken up the bungalow was silent as the grave. No sound broke the stillness save the faint rustle of the *punkah* as it swung regularly to and fro; and outside, the sharp bark of a distant jackal or the weird, wailing cry of the “brain fever” bird. And then came sleep, profound and dreamless, and I awoke to find broad daylight and Charley standing by the bed, arrayed in a dressing-gown with a cup of tea in his hand.

“How have you slept?”

“Very well indeed.”

“Ready for some tea.”

“Thank you.”

“My mail is just in,” Charley went on. “After breakfast I’ll shew you the ‘Consett Guardian.’ It’s wonderful how I look forward to that paper nowadays, though it *is* a fortnight old when I get it. I read every blessed word—right down to the very advertisements.” I was much amused.

“You can get up whenever you like—the man is filling your bath for you. Breakfast at nine.”

I remembered it was Sunday and felt very thankful for that day of rest.

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On going to the bathroom I found my bath prepared. I had never before seen a bathroom like this one. A door led from it into the garden, and the servant who filled the bath brought the water direct from the well. The bath itself was not unlike what is domestically known as a "copper" and seemed to be made of some kind of cement the surface of which was exceedingly smooth. The floor was of the same material, as indeed were all the floors of the bungalow, for this was the raised foundation mentioned above. Charley told me he rarely used soap in his bath, adding instead a few drops of some strong disinfectant, the name of which escapes me.

At *chotah hazri* (small breakfast) I was introduced to the Indian mango and the fresh lychee. The mango is green in colour, egg-shaped, and perhaps four inches long. The inside of the fruit is a rich orange colour, soft and pulpy, rather like a peach; but the flavour is totally different. This beautiful fruit is somewhat marred by the presence of a huge stone in the centre. In eating them you slice off one side and scoop out the fruit with a spoon in the manner of eating boiled eggs.

Charley cut three mangoes before allowing me to eat. The first was over ripe, the second under ripe, each of which, he said, was equally dangerous. With the third he was satisfied, and I was permitted to eat the only fresh mango I have ever had. It is a delicious fruit but inferior, in my opinion, to the mangostine.

The lychees were also very good. In appearance they strongly resemble the white variety of strawberry, but a close examination shows that this is merely the outer husk.

This removed, a small grape-like fruit emerges. The flavour, too, is something like that of the white grape, while the fruit is full of juice. Dried lychees, which I have had often, are, not unnaturally, very like raisins.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A QUIET SABBATH—AN INDIAN WELL—ROUND THE WORKS—THE STEEL PLANT—AN EVENING DRIVE—PALM TREES—SUNSET—MONGHYR—THE VILLAGE—A WEDDING PROCESSION—A LEPER—THE FORT—THE SACRED GANGES—HOMEWARDS.

WE spent the day quietly until after tea, remaining indoors nearly all the time. Mr F— shewed me his store-rooms, kitchen, greenhouse, and garden. In one place his gardener had planted some vines from which he expects a crop of grapes next season. They are outside in the open, fully exposed to the sun which, it is to be hoped, will not scorch them.

The well, from which all the water used at the bungalow is drawn, stands in the middle of the boundary fence, serving also for the adjoining establishment. The water is raised by means of a long bamboo pole supported at its middle by a second pole. Tins (old kerosene oil tins, by-the-way, the most useful article in India as Charley observed) are lowered by a rope attached to one end of the horizontal pole, and as there is a weight at this end, descend by gravity. When the tins are full, the water-drawer pulls them up by means of a rope at the other end of the pole. It is a simple device which has probably been in use in India for hundreds of years. For very deep wells it is obviously useless.



HINDU PRIEST AT KHALI-GHAT.

During the forenoon, before the sun had attained its full power, Charley took me round the works. It was at best but a hurried visit, and I had little chance of seeing how things are done out there, for the whole place stands on Sundays.

I saw the erecting shops with their rows and rows of dismembered locomotives—some building—others undergoing various repairs; the machine shop with its numerous lathes and every description of machine tool—all driven by electricity. Most of these machines are worked by natives at wages varying from six to eight *annas* per day (sixpence to eightpence), and it is a singular but undeniable fact that they turn out work equal to the best skilled British machinist, and in less time, for the Trades Union waves no sword of Damocles above them.

The native fitters are, I understand, marvellously skilful, especially at delicate brass work, while their wage can only be termed a paltry pittance.

The forge and smiths' shop, which contains two hundred fires, we did not visit, but passed on to the Siemens Martin steel furnace, which is under Mr F——'s own supervision. It is but a tiny plant, the furnace being of ten tons capacity, fired from four gas-producers, though it is sufficiently large to furnish their requirements in steel for foundry castings and a few ingots for the forge. I saw some steel castings lying near, including a large driving wheel centre, which was rather badly honey-combed. The pattern-makers and moulders are all natives working for ridiculous wages. A native can live on a trifle over nothing per day.

Returning we looked into the deserted drawing-office, where the inevitable *punkah* hangs above every board. Even

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a few native draughtsmen are employed, and, as I gather, are exceptionally neat and skilful workers.

The Jamalpur works is wholly devoted to the building and repairing of the locomotives of the E.I.R. From wheel to chimney the entire engine is turned out on the spot, and, while European foremen have charge of the various departments, practically the whole of the work is in the hands of natives. The place is a credit to India and to British enterprise.

There was not much to do during the afternoon, when indeed it seems usual to remain indoors and sleep. After tea Charley announced that he had borrowed a horse and trap from a friend (he has since set up one of his own), and if I cared for a drive he would shew me the fort at Monghyr and the sacred river Ganges. I gladly agreed, and about half-past five we set off, Mr. F—— driving, and the silent native *saiice* (groom) sitting behind.

Our way lay across a fertile and gently undulating plain, while the road—none of the best—was of a reddish colour, soft and sandy. For part of the distance the road was flanked by luxuriant tropical trees, which in some cases even met overhead. Palms of different kinds and mango-trees predominated. I wondered whether anyone was at liberty to pluck the fruit. Perhaps the owner of the nearest bungalow claims it, or, more probable still, the owner of the adjoining land.

The road was very busy with traffic—mostly foot-passengers—for it was near sunset and the heat of the day was over. Strings of natives hurried along to or from Jamalpur, heedless of the occasional carriages containing

Europeans, except in those cases where the *Sahib* was known when a deferential *salaam* proclaimed the fact. It was noticeable that the Englishmen always returned these salutes ; indeed, Mr. F—— told me that the natives were deeply offended if their *salaams* were not acknowledged, bearing in their breasts a grudge towards the defaulter though he might never know it.

The mangoes presently grew thinner and at length entirely gave way to the more stately palm. The Indian palms are wonderful trees. Each year they shed their bark, leaving a series of rings all the way up the trunk, and by these their age is known.

“That stumpy little palm to the right,” said Charley, indicating a fern-like tree sprouting from a stem some three feet high, “is probably older than you or I ; at a guess it is about forty years old. While as for those chaps to the left, a thousand years would hardly be too much.”

This information rather staggered me. I have seen old trees in England, and they looked old. Indian palms can never be said to look old if every tree sixty or seventy feet high is a thousand years, for they looked as fresh and green as the mere striplings of forty or fifty summers.

As the sun neared the horizon there suffused the landscape a wonderful pink glow, unlike anything I have ever seen, turning the road from madder to rich orange and pointing the palm-stems with a streak of gold. Far away to the left rose a stately building, really of white stone, but now gleaming like pink coral. This was the residence of the Adjutant of the E.I.R. Volunteer Rifles in which corps my friend is an officer.

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Half-a-mile from the native village we met knots of women and children walking hurriedly towards Jamalpur. They were arrayed in all their finery, their faces streaked with pigment, their wrists and ankles hung with tawdry jewellery, while each carried a huge bunch of paper-flowers or similar gew-gaws.

A few moments later we reached the outskirts of the village of Monghyr, and the beating of *tom-toms* was plainly audible above the noisy hubbub of an unseen crowd. Few people were in sight, and these were mostly crouching in various graceful attitudes before the doors of their humble dwellings. The men were sucking their curious pipes, from which an aromatic odour filled the air, and the women either squatted round conversing with them or moved in and out through the doors engaged in household duties.

As we drove by *salaams* were thick on either side, Mr. F—— continually raising his hand in acknowledgment.

“There’s a native bed, Hubert. Funny looking object, isn’t it?” The object in question was apparently an oblong wooden frame supported on four legs about nine inches in length, a network of cord being woven across the frame. It embodies the idea of the wire spring mattress, though I should imagine it preceded it by many hundreds of years.

Our pace had now been reduced to a walk, for we were in the midst of a crowd of natives most of whom were too excited to observe our approach. Festivities of some sort were obviously going on, though it was difficult to say exactly what. Mr. F—— espied a *Babu*, or native gentleman, elbowing a way through the throng, and called to him, “What is it, *Babu*?”

"A native wedding," was the reply, and our informant vanished in the crowd.

"Of course, I ought to have thought of that before," exclaimed Charley. "It is a great event in the life of a Hindu, the marriage of his daughter. He begins to save money for it as soon as she is born, and will even pinch and starve himself to give her a good send-off."

We now encountered the procession proper and were obliged to draw rein until it had passed. My recollections of it are not very vivid, but each member of the procession bore in his hands either a banner, a bunch of artificial flowers, or representations of the various Hindu deities. And all were dressed in their best clothes in honour of the occasion. The happy bride and bridegroom we did not see; doubtless they were partaking of the wedding feast at the house of the bride's father, where the feasting and revelry would be kept up for many days.

The procession had hardly passed when Charley gripped my arm. "Look," he cried, "look—a leper!"

Following the direction indicated, my eyes rested on a spectacle as piteous as it was repulsive. A long, lean native, clad in the filthiest rags, was slowly descending the stone steps of a large building on our left. So exceedingly thin was he that the outline of every bone in his body was plainly visible; one might have easily counted his ribs. He was, perhaps, sixty years old, a scanty grey beard partially concealing his bony jaw, and as he walked he leaned heavily on a long staff, glancing fearfully from side to side, as though he wished to escape notice. Those portions of his body whereon the dread disease had laid its

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hand were bleached to a creamy whiteness, one bony arm affected from the fingers to the elbow, hanging listlessly in a curious curve with fingers curling like the withered claw of some ancient eagle. He did not, as he went, give warning of his approach by calling out "unclean, unclean," nor did the other natives fall back before him; indeed, they hardly seemed conscious of his presence. This is, however, not so surprising as I thought it at the time, for leprosy is very common in the East, more particularly in Burmah, and at Mandalay there is a large leper hospital.

In these Eastern countries I saw many horrible and pitiful sights; men with elephantiasis in the feet and legs; distorted bodies and faces; men of a supernatural fatness and other monstrosities too numerous to mention; but the most appalling of all, and one I can never forget, was this poor leper at Monghyr.

The crowd had now almost entirely dispersed, and it was not long before we passed through one of the gates leading to the old fort, which now-a-days are never closed. Inside the walls well-kept roads cut across in all directions, and here Europeans take riding or cycling exercise during the cool of the evening.

The old walls are of enormous thickness and enclose an area considerably greater than that of Fort William in Calcutta. In the grim days of the Indian mutiny this stronghold played an important part and there are still means, if it were ever required, of rendering it as impregnable as of old. The citadel itself stands boldly on a rocky eminence commanding the Ganges, and as we drove up made a fine picture, its great brown bastions thrown into

relief by a blood-red sun as it dipped towards the sacred river.

The road brought us at length within a stone's throw of the Ganges, and we got down to stretch our legs and admire the scene. Near at hand a broad flight of steps led down to the water's edge, and here at sundown the Hindus come to pray and bathe themselves. At this point the Ganges is more than a mile in width, and sweeps round in a mighty curve, churning and gurgling over the rocks and boulders of the bank. Far away the faint smoke of a steamer was visible, but I looked in vain for the gruesome spectacle of the floating bodies so often alluded to.

Beyond the road on a low, tree-grown mound, is a Mohammedan burial place where the quaint-looking grave-stones jut from the turf at curious angles between the huge trunks. The sun went peacefully down, flinging a final flush on the breast of the glittering Ganges, and the first cool breath of night stirred in the trees.

"Come," said Charley, "we shall be late for dinner."

So we climbed into our places, and the *saice*, who had been keeping the flies off the horse, let go the animal's head and sprang nimbly to his seat behind. The particular fly that troubles horses in India is of the same nature as the African "tsetze" fly, though I cannot say whether it is so deadly. More than once during our drive the *saice*, at a word from Charley, leapt from his seat, and skilfully caught and killed one of these flies. Indeed, that was the only reason for bringing him with us at all.

Driving home by another route we skirted the village of Monghyr and reached Jamalpur in comfortable time for dinner.

CHAPTER XL.

INDIA AND ITS CLIMATE—THE MAIDAN BY NIGHT—A LONELY GRAVE—ABOUT “TIPPING”—FAREWELLS—IN THE TRAIN AGAIN—A FRIENDLY BABU—CALCUTTA ONCE MORE—ACROSS THE FLOATING BRIDGE—THE INDIAN MUSEUM—CONCLUDING REMARKS ON INDIA.

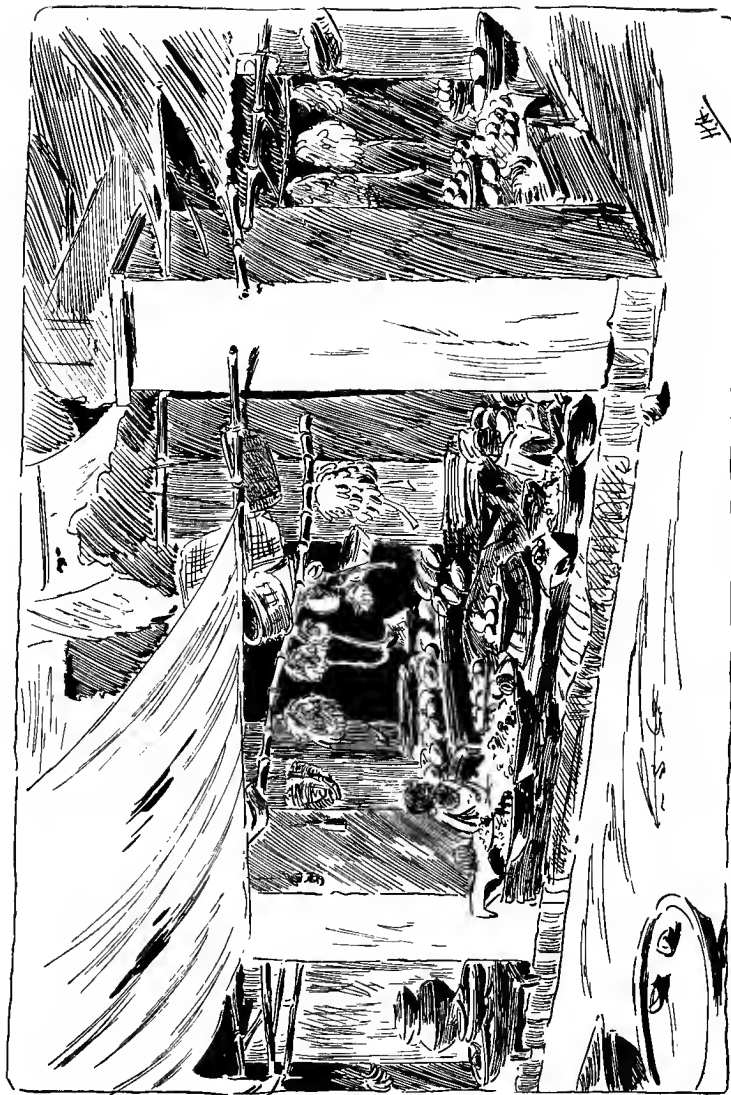
DURING Dinner Mr B——, who had remained quietly at home, asked how I had enjoyed the drive, and I found no hesitation in saying it figured among the most interesting experiences of my tour. We drifted from topic to topic, the conversation always returning to India and things Indian, and both my host and his friend let fall many scraps of information.

The most trying time in Jamalpur and in the plains generally, seems to be the few weeks immediately preceding the breaking of the annual rains.

“You feel,” said Charley, describing it to me, “as if you were in a Turkish bath. You are in a constant state of clamminess, and it is so stiflingly hot that you can hardly breathe. For days the leaden sky is heavy with clouds, but no rain falls until the appointed time. But when it comes it brings a wonderful relief. The air clears and cools, and you can breathe with comfort.”

“And it rains very heavily, of course.”

“Rather. It comes down perfectly straight like rods. You will gain a faint idea of it when I tell you I cannot see



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across my lawn through it. And so it continues for about a month. Last year the 'rains' failed and we are beginning to run short of water. Fortunately there is not long to wait now. After dinner we'll take a stroll across the Maidán and you shall see our reservoirs—'tanks' we call them."

The food supply at Jamalpur is rather limited as far as meat is concerned. In deference to the religious scruples of the Hindu, beef is prohibited, and mutton alone eaten. This is very small and quite lean, a chop consisting of about one or at most two mouthfuls. *Moorghis*, or chickens, are consumed in vast quantities, but they are not particularly good. These two kinds of meat are served up in every conceivable form—roast, boiled, curried, as ragoût, kedgerree, and goodness knows what else. And really, to give him his due, the feats performed by Charley's Indian cook with an ordinary open range, fired with charcoal, deserve special mention. With such limited utensils at his disposal a Parisian chef could not have done better—if indeed as well.

The moon was shedding a brilliant light as the three of us quitted the bungalow and walked leisurely in the direction of the Maidán.

This large stretch of turf, once the scene of the Jamalpur race meetings, is now utilised for drilling operations, being within easy reach of the volunteer headquarters.

Charley carried the stick he kills the snakes with, and, always on the alert himself, cautioned me as before to "keep an eye skinned"; but not a single snake did we see, though doubtless there were many lurking close at hand.

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The Maidán is, perhaps, a mile across, and near the far side we came upon the mound of a grave marked with a small headstone. I stopped and read the inscription by the light of the moon. It told, in appropriate words, of the death of an early settler on the station. A tiger had seized him and he had died on that very spot. That was many years ago, but one almost instinctively glanced round to see there were no man-eaters approaching. There were not, of course; but, high in the palms that rear their stately heads above this stranger's lonely grave, the night breeze sang a faint, weird song, that roused in one of us at least a feeling of awe.

There on the lone Maidán for ever sleeps the slain, while from her purple realm looks down the pale, sad moon, flinging the shadows of the palms, like giant blots of ink, upon the earth. The jackal yelps; the "brain-fever" bird shrills forth its dismal note; the silent *cobra* glides through the grass, but none of these can wake the sleeper.

When we had seen the "tanks" and heard the croaking of the many frogs that dwell there, we walked quietly back to Charley's bungalow. A silence had fallen upon us, for the time of my departure was drawing near. I had determined to leave Jamalpur at midnight as the "Glamorgan-shire" was expected to sail early on the Tuesday. Ultimately she was delayed until the Thursday, so that I might have remained with my friend two days longer. I must always regret not having done so, for Charley himself was distressed at my abrupt departure. Indeed, the reception he gave me was so cordial and his hospitality so liberal that

I could well have put in a month with him had circumstances permitted. And, though my brief stay at Jamalpur can only be called a flying visit, I shall always be able to contemplate it in retrospect as one of the sunniest memories of my Eastern travels.

Charley and Mr. B—— both accompanied me to the station, the faithful *bearer* marching in front with my “traps.” Had I had my own way I should have bestowed on this worthy fellow a liberal “tip,” but Mr. F—— would not allow it.

“Don’t give my man anything, Hubert,” he said, “I’ll make it all right with him.”

“I did intend giving him something, of course. But why do you object?”

“Well, in the first place he has a good wage, and secondly he expects nothing. It is not that I object, you see, but we do not make a practice of ‘tipping’ servants in India.” Which statement fully endorses previous remarks on the subject, though many will agree with me that exceptions ought occasionally to be made.

We had not long to wait, for the mail drew up punctually beside the platform. A few moments later the good-byes were said, some home messages entrusted to me, and the train moved out into the blue Indian night while I waved my *topi* to the two white-clad figures on the platform, rapidly fading, and at last completely lost to view. I sat down on one of the couches with a sigh and something very like a lump in my throat. But I remembered that I was homeward bound and felt thankful indeed. For the two others it was doubtless very different.

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That night, strange to say, as the train thundered on I slept, and was only awakened by the morning sun as it flashed into the carriage. One comprehensive glance told me I was no longer alone, and I quietly sat up to examine my companion. I saw before me a handsome native of maybe forty, with crisp black hair curling about his temples, keen dark eyes, and a countenance quite devoid of beard or moustache. For the rest he was scrupulously attired in spotless linen, after the manner of the well-to-do *Babu*, and sat calmly sorting out from among his baggage some articles he required.

On seeing that I was awake he made a polite *salaam*, which I returned, and we soon fell into conversation. He spoke fairly good English—though not the best one hears from natives—and seemed a man of considerable intellect.

We breakfasted together—I on some sandwiches that Charley's forethought had provided—he from a supply of food which he carried in a number of linen bags. From these linen bags he produced, among other things, some samples of Indian pastry which he insisted on my tasting. I found it exceedingly good, very light and flaky, but quite lacking any flavour of sugar. Indeed, it was salt rather than sweet.

At each stopping-place there emerged from some part of the train a grotesque-looking native carrying bottles of soda-water and lemonade. Walking the full length of the platform he emitted at regular intervals a monotonous chant—"So—dah, lem—nade; lem—nade, so—dah." He was the queerest figure imaginable. His forehead receded suddenly beneath his round skull-cap. His nose turned upwards and yet had an appearance of being flattened, while his lips were

so thick that the upper one seemed to touch his nose and the lower one his chin. His long hair, coarse and matted, hung in a stiff fringe all round his head, and he wore the blue uniform of the E.I.R.

Curiosity prompted me to hail him, and—I was thirsty. He came stupidly up to the window. “So—dah, lem—nade?” he queried.

“Have you got any ice?” I asked.

He shook his uncomely head.

“Ice—no,” said he, and passed on. It was queerly put. He really meant “I have no ice.”

As we neared Calcutta the train filled up rapidly and the heat became stifling, for it was high noon. The sun seemed to pass through the woodwork of the carriage as through a sieve, and to expose a hand between the louvers of the sliding ventilator was to feel it scorching.

The scenery, as I now saw it, was wonderful. Two days earlier I had rushed through it by night, when it had seemed an impenetrable jungle. But now by the full light of day it was more like a series of extensive parks composed of every kind of tropical vegetation. The foliage was green and fresh, probably at its best, but for all its beauty doubtless concealed many terrors in the shape of beasts and reptiles.

It was almost one o'clock when we drew up at Howrah station, and a few moments later I was being driven towards Calcutta in a dusty *gharry*. Very different was the scene on the floating bridge from what it had been when last I crossed it. Then it was almost deserted. Now it was nearly blocked with traffic, wide as it is.

India.

From sunrise to sundown lines and lines of bullock *hakris*, *gharries*, carriages, and foot-passengers cross and recross this bridge—for Howrah is the most important terminus in India, and through it must pass all merchandise and travellers that come and go between Calcutta and the North West Provinces.

On the bridge the noise is tremendous—ceaseless—and the dull rumble of the heavy *hakri* wheels audible from afar, while the clouds of dust rise up and fall and rise again so that one marvels how men breathe and why the steaming bullocks do not drop in dozens. But they do not, and the drivers, white to the loins with dust, trudge stolidly beside their teams or, more often, lie lazily athwart the load.

And thus day after day continues the gigantic commerce of the greatest city in the East—a commerce whose vast machinery only those who have seen and know can realise.

At the Bristol Hotel I changed my *gharry* for a seat in the car and a few minutes later arrived at Kidderpore. There was some doubt in my mind as to whether the “Glamorganshire” had not gone, for I had left no address with the captain in case of an earlier departure. My fears were dispersed, however, on reaching the docks by the sight of the huge black funnel and familiar grey hull in the same position as before. But in my brief absence the delayed cargo had arrived, the bulk had been stored, and it was expected that Wednesday would find us ready for sea. As a matter of fact that day only saw us out of dock and we were obliged to anchor in the river and await the morning tide.

The intervening two days I spent in comparative idleness for the weather was hotter than ever and I had almost exhausted the sights of Calcutta.

On May the 21st, our last day in India, I paid a second visit to the Indian Museum, this time with better success. The building is spacious, and the exhibits are interesting, valuable, and carefully classified. I was most impressed with the collection of stuffed animals and skeletons. These include lions, tigers, bears, and many species of deer and monkeys, while the skeletons of two huge elephants and a whale arrest the eye at once.

There is a fair collection of fossils of pre-historic creatures—some real others plaster casts—and the walls of the hall devoted to them are decorated with imaginary pictures of the different types represented.

The collection of reptiles is very large indeed and includes some splendid specimens.

But to the archæologist, perhaps, the museum presents the greatest attraction, for here he will find relics of ancient India and Buddhism galore. Old carvings on wood and stone covered with hieroglyphics telling over and over again the story of Buddha. Idols and images of every hideous design known to the Buddhist religion.

Apart from this, however, the ordinary visitor can always spend a pleasant hour in the museum, and it will not be time lost.

This then is all I have to say about India—little enough in substance though long in the telling—and I trust the reader has not been bored, for the subject is of great national interest and importance.

India.

The enormous resources of this wonderful empire are as yet only partially known. Fresh discoveries of mineral and other forms of natural wealth are constantly being made, and, though at present the revenue barely balances the expenditure of the Government, the day cannot be far distant when a great reward shall be reaped.

And the people themselves seem willing to co-operate with us towards an end for the common good—indeed without them nothing could have been accomplished. Of a second “mutiny” there is little or no danger for affairs are differently organised from what they were fifty years ago. Telegraphic and telephonic communication—rapid railway transit—excellent highways—privileges of all kinds now extended to natives—all these tend towards the consolidating of the whole fabric of Empire. And finally we have to-day in India an army ten times as large as that of 1857 and infinitely better equipped.

But upon this empire, grand as it unquestionably is, there rest certain social blots, largely induced by the hot climate, not always apparent yet none the less real. Drink is one of the greatest evils, and coupled with gambling and other vices works more havoc than the average stay-at-home Englishman even suspects.

It is the common practice for young fellows to assemble at clubs night after night drinking and gambling until the small hours. I myself saw in Calcutta a well-dressed fellow-countryman being carried in an utterly helpless state from the Bristol Hotel to his *gharry*—and carried by native waiters who must soon lose respect for “*Sahib*” though, in all conscience, they are well accustomed to such sights.



A LEPER

Another time I was walking towards Kidderpore from Calcutta and had just reached the bridge over Tolly's Nálá when I was confronted by the sickening spectacle of a drunken English soldier being marched back to barracks between a couple of native comrades.

Whether the natives themselves are much given to intoxication I cannot say, but this I do say, that I never once saw a native in Calcutta under the influence of liquor.

Evil as society appears in India it is even more depraved in Shanghai and Hong Kong, where often enough men are sunk so deep in debt they cannot quit the colony if they would. The very clothes they wear, the carriages they ride in, are not their own but raised with borrowed cash, and to be chained for ever to the place that wrought their ruin is the price they must pay for early folly.

Homeward bound.

CHAPTER XLI.

OUR FRIEND THE PILOT AGAIN—COLOMBO—DEPRESSING WEATHER—GOOD NEWS—PERIM AND BETTER NEWS—A PHENOMENON—AN EXCITING CHASE—RATS AND COCKROACHES—THE BROTHERS—SHADWAN ISLAND—SUZ—THROUGH THE CANAL—PORT SAID—A CONJURER.

THE Captain expected a few fresh passengers as many were going home to witness the coronation ceremonies, but it was not to be, and for me there remained the somewhat doubtful satisfaction of continuing in sole possession of the saloon.

One poor fellow had almost begged Captain E—— to take him, saying he was destitute and friendless, but, as the captain sagely observed, it was not likely he would take him home "on tick."

During the afternoon of Wednesday, May 21st, our vessel moved out of dock into the Húglí, and the following morning began the tedious descent to the sea.

The same fussy old pilot took us down the river. This time he was accompanied by a young Englishman, whom he was coaching, but, of course, had not forgotten either his bed or his *bearer*. The latter rigged up the former on the saloon table beneath a voluminous mosquito net, and here the old fellow grunted himself to sleep much to my amusement.

It was not until the Friday at one p.m. that we came abreast of Saugur Lighthouse and the pilots bade us fare-

well. We were then compelled to wait for the evening tide, but at half-past seven drew anchor and got fairly out to sea.

The South-west monsoon usually sets in about the middle of May, considerably hampering vessels that go westward. But the "Glamorganshire" was lucky indeed, for she was well under the lee of the African coast before she encountered it at all, so that it hardly affected her.

We reached Colombo about nine p.m. on Friday, May 30th, and the ship slowed down while the usual blue lights were burned to summon a pilot. After half-an-hour's delay a steam launch came bobbing along over the choppy sea, and a boat put off and pulled in our direction.

Captain E—— grew impatient for he was anxious to "coal" and get quickly away. The boat came alongside in a gingerly fashion.

"Hurry up there," yelled the captain, "one would think you'd never boarded a steamer before!"

At last the pilot had scrambled up the rope ladder and we began to move towards the harbour.

Colombo Harbour is almost entirely artificial, or, to be more exact, ships could not anchor there but for the two long breakwaters that protect it. Of these, that to the north is not quite complete though it is sufficiently far advanced to be of service.

I was disappointed to learn that the captain's intention was to take coal that night and leave early the next morning, for my friend Mr. F—— had urged me to see Colombo if possible. He had himself spent a day or two there during his voyage to India and described it as a veritable paradise for scenery. But in any case, had we remained longer than

Homeward bound.

we did, I must have contented myself with the glimpse afforded from the steamer, seeing we were but six days out from Calcutta. For the presence of plague there demanded nine days from date of leaving to date of disembarking at other ports.

Little sleep was possible during the night as the operation of coaling continued till daylight, and I turned out at eight a.m. to find a dull morning and rain falling in torrents. It was difficult to believe Colombo a beautiful place. The little I saw of it from the "Glamorganshire" is not worth description, and I confess I was glad to hear the anchor chain rattle through the hawse-hole and feel the vessel begin to swing round towards the narrow entrance of the harbour.

Three large French mail boats lay at moorings side by side, their bows facing the southern breakwater. These were boats of the "Messageries Maritimes"—long, narrow wedge-like craft—built for speed at the sacrifice of comfort; for I am told they roll abominably.

Outside the harbour a few fishing *catamarans* were riding up and down on the heavy swell that broke at intervals with a dull roar over the breakwater, and thousands of gulls circled overhead with harsh screaming cries. The *catamarans* we soon left behind, and Ceylon vanished in a heavy cloud-bank, but the persistent seagulls clung to us for miles.

At Colombo we had good news—the Boers were on the point of surrendering, and news of peace was expected daily.

Our first day at sea dawned fine and bright. Several sharks made their appearance and literally millions of flying

fish. For miles we seemed to pass through shoals of these small creatures scattering them like dust before the wind.

The next day we passed within sight of the Maldive Islands, a coral group lying so low in the water that they look like mere floating masses of vegetation. Cocoa-nuts are plentiful on these islands and the natives pay a yearly tribute to the Government of Ceylon in the form of *copra* or shredded cocoa-nut.

On Thursday, June 12th, at 5 p.m., we passed Perim Island, and, after we had hoisted our number and marked the answering pennant at the signal station, Captain E—— ran flags up asking, "Is peace proclaimed?" And the answer came back, "Yes!" This was news indeed, and everyone went temporarily mad with delight. It seemed too good to be true.

An enormous flock of white gulls attached themselves to our train at Perim. Some came very close and I examined them with interest. Each had a black head and perfectly crimson beak and legs. The Chinamen of the crew had just finished their evening meal, and flung pieces of meat into the sea for which the gulls fought viciously. When a morsel fell, ten or a dozen gulls swooped down like lightning, the successful competitor receiving a severe pecking from the rest, and oftener than not, dropping his prize into the ready beak of another. "John" quite enjoyed the sport, uttering cries of delight at each successive battle.

On the same day, during the forenoon, Captain E—— pointed out a dolphin swimming along close to the vessel's side. It appeared to be about two feet long and of a silvery blue colour.

Homeward bound.

A curious thing happened the following day, but navigators in the Red Sea are well used to such occurrences. The weather had been very hot, but a strongish breeze sprang up towards sunset and perceptibly cooled the air. The sun disappeared behind what seemed to be a bank of mist, and it grew suddenly very dark. A few minutes later the ship was enveloped in a heavy sandstorm, and it was impossible to see more than a couple of hundred yards ahead. Fortunately we were far from land with no ships in sight when the storm began. At the end of three-quarters-of-an-hour it had passed and the air was clear again, no trace remaining save a brown stain on rigging, funnel, and other parts of the ship to which the sand had clung.

About 8 p.m. I was sitting smoking on the lower bridge when I heard a shout from Captain E——, who appeared suddenly from his cabin, and yelled for the quarter-master. When the latter came up the captain told him to get a stick.

“There’s a great rat in my room,” he explained to me.

“What a pity the terriers are gone,” I mused.

The quarter-master soon returned with a stick and entered the cabin. The captain and myself viewed the chase through the port-holes. It was really wonderful to see how the rat evaded the blows showered at it by the quarter-master, and we began to think he would never be caught. But just then the sailor brought down his victim with a heavy bang on the neck, and Mr. Rat’s troubles came to an abrupt termination.

Rats were quite a nuisance on the “Glamorganshire.” One of their favourite plans was to “sneak” the supper placed in the saloon for the officer on watch. This usually

took the form of sandwiches ready cut and covered over with a plate. After dinner the saloon was always empty, and the little vermin succeeded more than once in conveying the sandwiches to an adjoining cabin and there holding a feast, the remains of which the steward found next morning, while the officer on the bridge went supperless. At other times, especially if the saloon was in darkness, dozens of cockroaches attacked the food, and it was always advisable to examine every morsel before venturing to eat it. Once I found a cockroach in my curry !

On June 17th at 7.45 a.m. the two islands known as the "Brothers" came abeam. On one of them is a lighthouse, the only habitation on either. Some years ago a large vessel was lost on these islands in broad daylight—an Anchor Liner called, I think, the "Numidia." How the accident happened seems a mystery for the islands are well out of water even at high tide. It is said that the officer on the bridge at the time had never been "in steam" before, and, when told by the captain to keep her off a point or two, thought the order referred to the wind and directed the helmsman accordingly, with disastrous results. Fortunately no lives were lost.

Shadwan Island which marks the entrance to the Gulf of Suez lay abeam about six the same evening. Here a lighthouse was in course of construction by the French Government, I understand, and through the glasses we could see numbers of men and horses moving up and down the steep places above the sea. The lighthouse itself in an unfinished state was easily seen standing alone on a projecting bluff.

Homeward bound.

The following day was a "scorcher"! Not a breath of wind stirred the glassy surface of the sea. The noise of the engines echoed with a strange hollow sound through the whole length of the ship. The very sharks seemed to feel the heat for I saw two or three skimming lazily along the surface—their back fins just shewing out of the water—as though they sought for air. A large German "mail" passed us outward bound going at full speed. Long before she came abreast and long after she had passed, the rush of water under her bows was plainly audible, and, as she flashed by, the muffled throbbing of her engines floated towards us over the limpid sea.

At two p.m. we dropped anchor at Suez, hoisted our signals and waited. Here the heat was even fiercer. A hot "brick-duster" fanned us from the land bringing with it an atmosphere like that of an oven. I was almost overpowered after the cool sea breezes of the past few weeks.

At half-past four on June 18th we entered, for the second time, the great canal. Since last we quitted it much had happened. I had visited many lands, seen strange sights, heard uncouth tongues, and was back to within a fortnight's run of that little island whose name and power stretch to earth's furthest limits. And meanwhile the greatest war of recent times had reached its close, and Britain, if not perfectly at peace, was nearer to it than she had been for three long years.

During the night I was awakened by a violent shock and jumped from my berth thinking we had collided with another vessel. On deck I heard shouts, orders, confused tramplings; then all was quiet. The engines had stopped. I went to sleep again almost at once.



"
SODAH-LEM'NADE-LEM'NADE-SODAH!
EAST INDIAN RAILWAY.

At breakfast next morning I turned to Mr. K—— and asked what had been the reason for the stoppage. His laconic reply, jerked out between the intervals of mastication, was—"Ship got aground"!

In fact the "Glamorganshire" had been twice aground during that night, from one cause or another, but fortunately no serious damage had been incurred either by the vessel or the canal.

We duly reached Port Said, where we took in our last supply of fuel. Mr. R——, the chief engineer, was in capital spirits despite the noise and dust. He was glad to see good Welsh coal again in place of the "Indian rubbish" he had been using. The "chinks" who "dumped" the ashes overboard had even greater cause for rejoicing, since whereas the Welsh coal left about seven bucketfuls of ashes to be disposed of by each watch, the Indian coal verged on seventy!

That day an Arab conjurer came on board and shewed his tricks, some of which were really clever. He produced live chickens out of a cork, and afterwards made them disappear, but the effect of this trick was not a little spoiled by the lusty chirping of the chickens from among the folds of the performer's voluminous garments. He then announced that he could change a half-crown into a penny. Most people can. It is changing pennies into half-crowns that bothers them. The conjurer got Mr. H——, the chief officer, to hold out his hand with a half-crown on the palm. (N.B.—The half-crown was the property of the chief officer). The performer then placed his own hand over the coin and told Mr. H—— to close his fist. At the same moment the conjurer closed his own hand, and when Mr. H—— opened his

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fingers a general laugh went round. He was in proud possession of a penny. The half-crown had vanished. The chief officer was so pleased with the trick that he allowed the conjurer to keep the coin.

Port Said was very busy that day.

Shortly after our arrival a French "mail" that had preceded us through the canal took her departure, and perhaps half-an-hour later the Orient Liner, "Orizaba," outward bound, made her appearance, to be almost immediately followed by a large vessel of the Russian Volunteer Fleet.

Horrible as Port Said undoubtedly is from a social or moral standpoint, there can be but one opinion with regard to its commercial advantages. Half-way house on the high road to the East and a calling-place for all vessels traversing the great canal, untold wealth passes through it yearly, of which a goodly portion is caught in passing by fat French chandlers and Maltese merchants. But I had rather be a beggar at home than a millionaire in Port Said!

CHAPTER XLII.

LEAVING PORT SAID—GOOD STEAMING—UNHIDDEN JOY—ALGIERS AND GIBRALTAR—A DAY OF GLOOM—BERI-BERI—A FUNERAL AT SEA—FRENCH WARSHIPS—HOME AGAIN—SOME FIGURES—CONCLUSION.

BY about five o'clock the coal which was to provide us with steam enough to reach "Old Albion" had been all taken in, and thirty minutes later the great whistle sounded our departure. We moved slowly towards the narrow exit between the narrow break-waters, leaving to starboard at her moorings the "Osiris," sister ship to the "Isis," and to port the giant statue of Lesseps that stands on the western breakwater.

A few last looks at the fast receding town—a glint of the setting sun on the harbour and the splendid dome of the Suez Canal Company's offices—and we were out in the open sea meeting a crisp clean breeze from the nor'west. The magic gate of the East had closed behind us and there was no "open sesame" to unlock it now.

Day by day it grew steadily colder and colder till on the 22nd of June I found it necessary to take to a vest—a garment I had dispensed with since leaving Japanese waters almost three months earlier. But I felt the sting of the northern breeze and rejoiced—and counted the hours to home.

Even the ship seemed to know where she was—like a tired horse as he nears the stable—and day after day the runs increased until Mr R—— fairly rubbed his hands with satisfaction. On the 21st of June she did 214 knots; on the following day 219; and then 228 for three consecutive days. On July 2nd she did 229 knots—the best performance after leaving Port Said. But she did not once drop below two

Homeward bound.

hundred, whereas, previous to taking in the Welsh coal, it was exceptional to get more than a hundred and ninety out of her. The above distances are all in knots and reckoned from noon to noon, a period rather exceeding twenty-four hours as we were travelling with the sun.

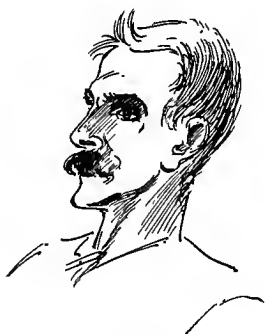
The weather was beautiful—fine and clear with an almost motionless sea. And the nights were glorious. The moon, for one or two evenings, rose exactly in our wake with an aspect red as blood, turning the sea to liquid gold as far as the horizon. And in the heavens the dear old stars of the northern hemisphere began to take their places. Night after night I tramped to and fro alone on the lower bridge, singing for very gladness of heart at our near approach to Britain.

Sometimes I walked forward and, standing close to the rail on the forecastle head, watched the great vessel's nose as it churned up the crisp blue waters of the Mediterranean. Then I would turn and look back at the ship herself—her neatly battened and tarpaulined hatches—the great, brown ventilators gaping to the breeze—the cosy lights in the saloon—her two bridges, one above the other; on the top—most the silent, vigilant officer walking mechanically to and fro—behind him the dark form of the man at the wheel—and at the back of this again the great black mass of the funnel, vomiting at intervals huge clouds of smoke that hung above, then, in fantastic shapes, floated away like weird winged creatures—then the two tapering masts, each carrying a light about half way up. And from the depths of the vessel came the steady, muffled ring of the engines, never pausing, never varying. At odd intervals came a cry from the “look-out” in a strangely musical voice. There were no other voices to be heard.

THE CHIEF.



2ND



3RD



4TH

H.A.

THE ENGINEERS.

On June the 26th we passed Algiers, but we were all thinking and speaking of that great ceremony appointed for this day—the crowning of England's King and India's Emperor. Had we known what was actually taking place, that our Sovereign was at death's door, the nation breathless with anxiety, our talk and laughter must have been hushed in solemn awe. Not until we reached Hull, nine days later, did the truth in all its unexpectedness burst upon us, dulling to some extent the satisfaction of our home-coming.

At noon on the 28th we passed the famous "Rock" and had if possible an even better view of it than on the outward voyage. The brilliant sun threw strange shadows every here and there on the weather-beaten flanks of the great fortress. As we rounded the point it was wonderful to note the changes of form developed in the rock from different aspects. From the east it looks like a ridge of hills, while from a point abreast of the lighthouse it assumes something of a pyramidal form, and appears inaccessibly steep. This, however, cannot be the case, for a road is easily discernible running some distance upwards from the breakwater on which the lighthouse stands..

On Monday, June 30th a sad event occurred on board—the only one that cast any serious shadow upon a prosperous voyage. A Chinese seaman, Wong Look by name, succumbed to that mysterious malady known as *Beri-beri* or the Ceylon sickness.

This disease has received much attention recently, and medical men have, after deep research, decided that the eating of rice in large quantities is the main cause of it. I know little about it myself, but as far as I can gather it is something in the nature of a dropsy, affecting the joints,

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causing swellings and boils, finally reaching the heart, when the patient dies.

I was on the lower bridge a few minutes before breakfast and saw the boatswain emerge, with a scared face, from the forecastle and run rapidly towards the saloon. Half a minute later he was speaking breathlessly with the captain who, when the man was gone, came towards me and said :—
“The old fellow’s dead !”

I did not even know that anyone was ill.

“What old fellow ?”

“Why, old Wong Look—the man with *Beri-beri*. He died just a few minutes ago !”

I went down to the saloon when the bell rang but did not feel as if I wanted any breakfast. Afterwards I came on deck and watched the gruesome proceedings. “John” could not be persuaded to so much as touch his dead comrade, and, though anxious for the immediate removal of the body from the forecastle, would not himself lend a hand. He feared devils !

The boatswain objected to the body being buried at sea and begged Captain E—— to keep it on board till we should reach Hull. Of course the captain refused and preparations for burial were at once begun.

The chief officer and the steward themselves carried the body out from the forecastle and laid it on a plank. An old sail was fetched and poor Wong Look sewn up inside it with three old fire-bars to speed him on his way.

His comrades, braver now that he was hidden from view, came round and presented his knife, pipes, and tobacco, together with numerous *joss* papers for bestowal within the sail-cloth ; for he might want a smoke, while the *joss* papers would keep away the devils. Finally they

sprinkled a quantity of *samsui*—a gin-like spirit—over the body and left the “foreign devils” to complete the burial.

A flap door in the ship’s bulwarks was propped open and a plank laid thereto from the fore-hatch combing. The engines were stopped and a signal hoisted to shew that the vessel was not “under command.” And then the plank was slowly raised, and old Wong Look slid down it through the door and fell feet foremost with a sounding plunge into the blue waters of the Atlantic. Down, down he went, leaving nought to mark his course save a long trail of bubbles that rose and hissed around the place where he had disappeared. No funeral service marked his passing, no friend stood by to shed a tear; yet he was received from our sight so gently, so completely, that one could only feel he was gone, poor heathen though he was, into the presence of his Maker.

On July the 1st we found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, but the “dreadful thunder” roared not, while the sea was almost calm; still there was felt that restless, ever-present swell caused by the broad Atlantic.

We had a grand view of some French warships about 11 a.m. First a cloud appeared on the horizon right ahead, and glasses were levelled with the usual curiosity. Then, a few minutes later, the naked eye could discern the grey hull of the foremost vessel. And then they swept by—a cruiser and three “destroyers.”

The cruiser headed the line, her curved nose cutting swiftly through the crisp water, and as she passed she rose, and fell, and rose again on the swell so that her ram appeared above water and the red and green paint below flashed in the sun.

Behind her, two hundred yards apart, tailed out the three “destroyers”—long, low, snake-like craft with stunted

Homeward bound.

black funnels, that slipped silently through the water. Not a man could be seen, nor a flag, nor a gun—and the four grey shadows rushed past like ghosts until the distance swallowed them. They were travelling at sixteen or seventeen knots I was told.

Four days later we arrived at Hull, where, bidding all my friends good-bye, I disembarked bag and baggage, and finally turned my back upon the vessel that during six long months had been my only home.

The "Glamorganshire" has, I believe, since been sold, for the company have no vessel of that name now on their list.

To the reader who has had the endurance required to reach this stage the few statistics here given may be of some interest. The figures, of course, are only approximate, but nevertheless they will convey some idea of the magnitude of British maritime commerce as represented by the work of a single vessel engaged in that commerce.

The "Glamorganshire" was actually at sea and on the move about 125 days, at an average cost per day of £50—or, during the whole sailing-time, a total cost of £6,250. In this period of 125 days about 4,000 tons of coal were consumed, or an average of 32 tons per day. This raised sufficient steam to cause the engines to rotate the extraordinary number of 9,894,650 times (by Harding's counter). The total distance traversed by observation was about 23,192 nautical miles (knots), which, according to the number of revolutions and pitch of propellor should have actually been 26,732 miles, the discrepancy being caused by "slip" of propellor, and by adverse currents and winds. During the voyage the best day's run was 245 knots and the worst 96 knots.

Finis.



